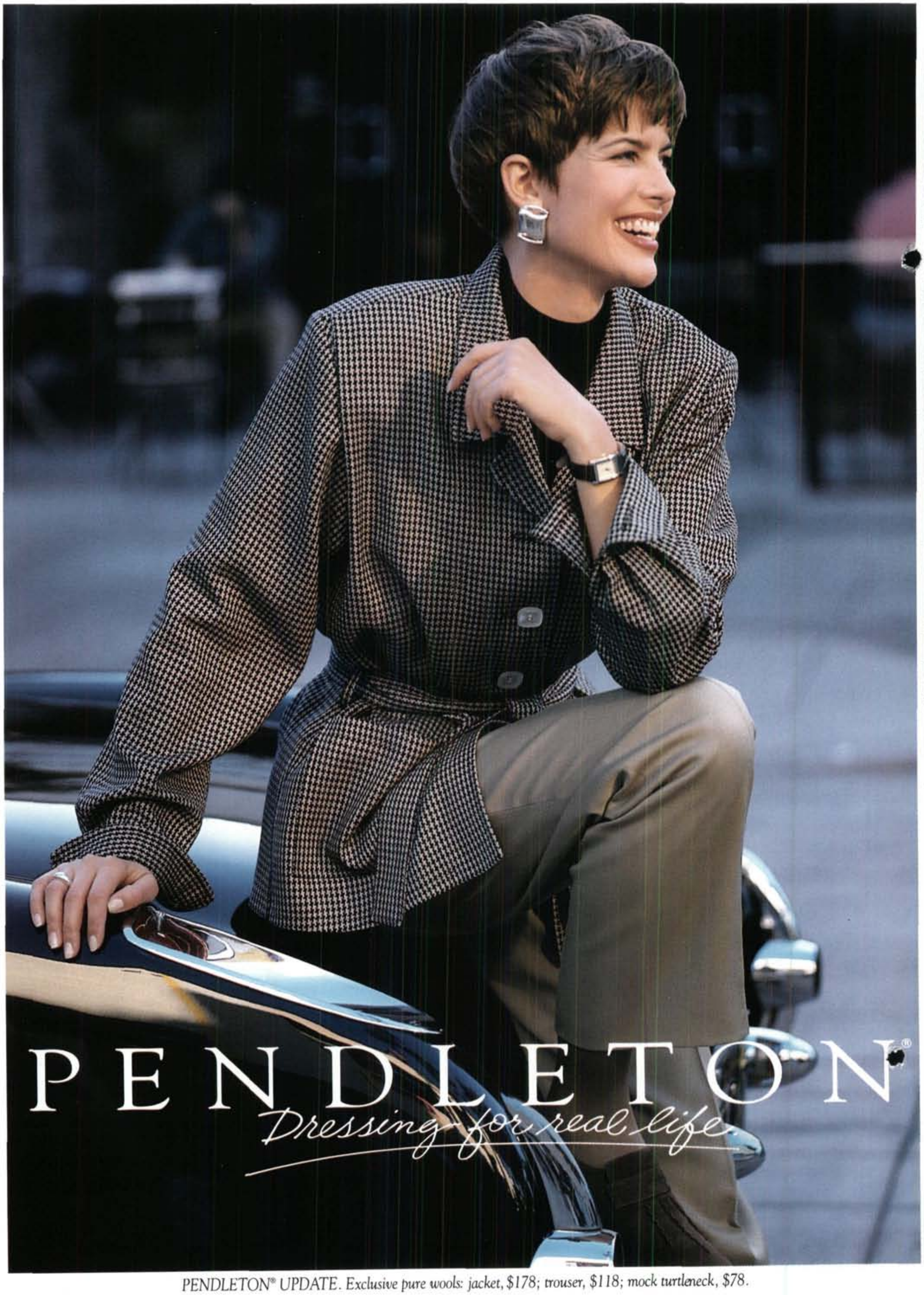
July 25, 1994 Price $2.50

THE NEW YORKER

$BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 757
$SABA0000099 0$690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 30 95
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 $GE28
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111


PENDLETON®
Dressing for real life.

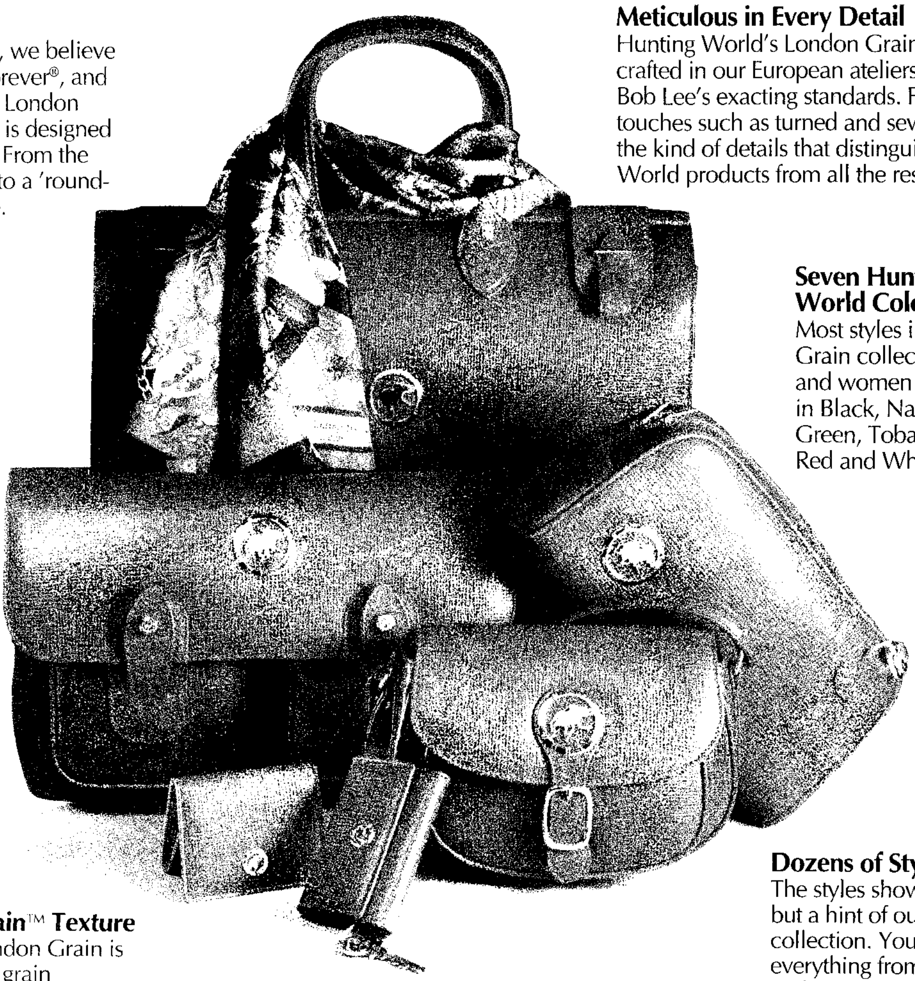
PENDLETON® UPDATE. Exclusive pure wools: jacket, $178; trouser, $118; mock turtleneck, $78.

For store locations and information, call 1-800-841-7202.

CONSERVATION • EXPLORATION • EDUCATION
HUNTING WORLD®

Our London Grain™ Collection is in a Class by Itself.

The Proof is in the Details.



Timeless Design
At Hunting World, we believe that a Classic is Forever®, and every piece in our London Grain™ collection is designed with that in mind. From the smallest key case to a 'round-the-world suitcase.

Meticulous in Every Detail
Hunting World's London Grain is hand-crafted in our European ateliers according to Bob Lee's exacting standards. Finishing touches such as turned and sewn edges are the kind of details that distinguish Hunting World products from all the rest.

Seven Hunting World Colors
Most styles in our London Grain collection for men and women are available in Black, Navy, Battue® Green, Tobacco, Sand, Red and White.

The Finest Cowhide Leather
We start with the softest, smoothest cowhide leather available. Then we add the texture that gives London Grain its distinctive look.

Dozens of Styles
The styles shown here are but a hint of our extensive collection. You'll find everything from handbags and attaches to key cases, briefcases, small leather goods and luggage.

Subtle London Grain™ Texture
Hunting World's London Grain is inspired by the cross grain Morocco patterns that have been best sellers in our small leather goods for over 25 years. The understated elegance of London Grain has become the reigning favorite of all our collections.

Often Imitated, Never Duplicated
To those who say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, we say there's nothing like the original. Copies made of plastic or with plasticized finishes cannot compare with our custom finishes. For quality, style and craftsmanship, Hunting World's London Grain collection is in a class by itself.

HUNTING WORLD® KEEP THE ADVENTURE ALIVE®
16 EAST 53RD ST.•NEW YORK, NY 10022•212-755-3400•LONDON•PARIS•ROME•TOKYO•HONG KONG•SINGAPORE•SYDNEY
80 other locations worldwide. For the one nearest you contact: HUNTING WORLD, P.O. Box 5981, Reno-Sparks, NV 89432, USA Tel. (USA) 702-331-0720, FAX 702-331-1130.

Visit the new San Francisco Hunting World® store located on the corner of Grant and Geary Streets.

©1994 H.W. INC. TNY 7/25

HOTEL CIPRIANI VENICE

MEET THE STARS OF GASTRONOMY AT THE CIPRIANI IN VENICE

The Hotel Cipriani in Venice announces its Fall Culinary Program featuring stars of the world of gastronomy:

Eileen Yin-Fei Lo (Oct 2-7)
Julia Child (Oct 9-14)
Carol Field (Oct 16-21)
Giuliano Hazan (Oct 23-28)
Paula Wolfert (Oct 30-Nov 4)
Johanne Killeen and George Germon (Nov 6-11)

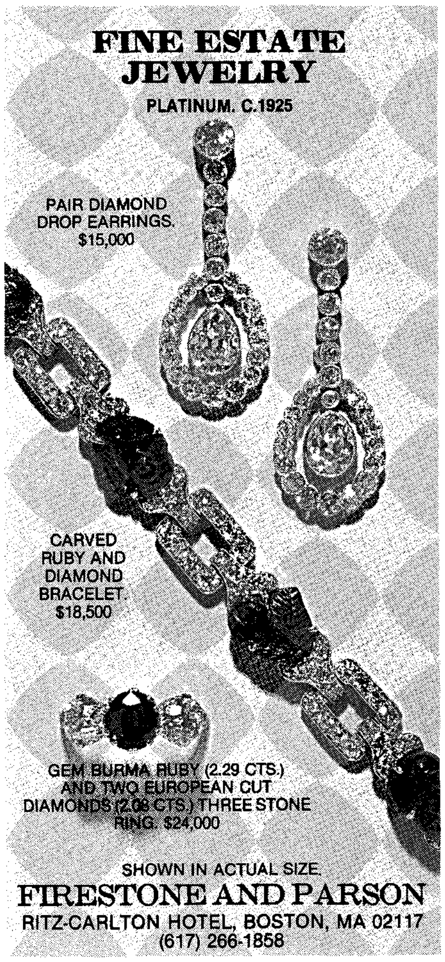
Based at the legendary Hotel Cipriani, the programs, coordinated by Faith Willinger, include cooking lessons, wine tastings, market visits, an excursion to the Venetian mainland and free time to explore Venice.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Hotel Cipriani will open for the first time during Winter this year.

For full information call:
Orient-Express Hotels, (800) 237 1236
or The Leading Hotels of the World®,
USA (800)223-6800

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS



FINE ESTATE JEWELRY
PLATINUM. C.1925

PAIR DIAMOND DROP EARRINGS. $15,000

CARVED RUBY AND DIAMOND BRACELET. $18,500

GEM BURMA RUBY (2.29 CTS.) AND TWO EUROPEAN CUT DIAMONDS (2.08 CTS.) THREE STONE RING. $24,000

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

REC'D JUL 20 1994

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 25, 1994

COMMENT Chappaquiddick's Echoes . . . . . *Michael R. Beschloss* 4
From tragic accident to political scandal to historical hinge.

IN THE MAIL 6

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
4,300 New York stories, speed-chess grand prix, etc.

DEPARTMENTS
Letter from China To Get Rich Is Glorious . . . . . *Orville Schell* 26
Unofficial channels are challenging the state's control of information, but not everyone's taking the high road.
The Sporting Scene The Three Sisters . . . . . *Susan Orlean* 36
Bulgaria's Maleeva sisters are among the world's top women tennis players—and a bit of a mystery on the circuit.
Annals of Communications Network for Sale? . . . . . *Ken Auletta* 42
What does the uncertain future of CBS ownership say about mergers in the new electronic age?

ANNALS OF POLITICS One Drop of Blood . . . . . *Lawrence Wright* 46
With preparations for the 2000 census under way, the logic of categorizing Americans by race is coming under attack.

ANNALS OF LAW An Incendiary Defense . . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 56
O. J. Simpson's attorneys have a new strategy—one that pits their client against a cop. Photograph by Richard Avedon.

ARTFILE D'Accordion . . . . . *R. Crumb* 60

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS Auden's Heir . . . . . *Ian Parker* 62
James Fenton, bard of the "New Recklessness," is now Oxford's official poet. With two poems by Fenton.

FICTION "European Night Journey" . . . . . *John Berger* 70

THE CRITICS
On Television "Models Inc.," "The Real World" . . . . . *James Wolcott* 74
The Current Cinema "True Lies," "Forrest Gump" . . . . . *Anthony Lane* 77
Books "Three Squirt Dog" . . . . . *Hal Espen* 80
Briefly Noted 81

POEM "History: The Home Movie," 1934 . . . . . *Craig Raine* 52

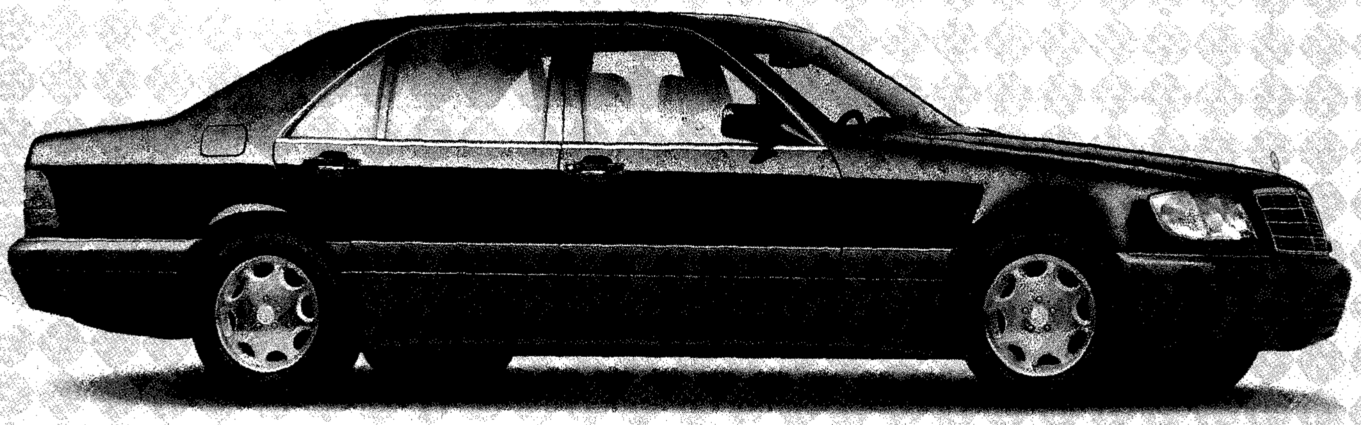
SHOUTS AND MURMURS How I Met My Wife . . . . . *Jack Winter* 82

COVER *Distracted, by Barry Blitt*

DRAWINGS *Joseph Farris, Barry Blitt, Michael Maslin, Richard Cline, Leo Cull[illegible], William Hamilton, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Mischa Richter, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Bernard Schoenbaum, Steve Brodner, Danny Shanahan, Charles Barsotti, Edward Frascino, Alec Stevens, Bruce Eric Kaplan, George Booth, Roz Chast*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 22, July 25, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



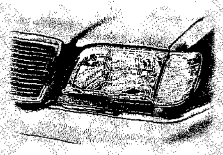
One of those rare occasions when the sequel is even better than the original.

Introducing the New S-Class

Technologically speaking it had no rivals. It had innovations designed to protect its passengers and the planet on which they live. And seventeen awards including Best Car in the World in its class for three years in a row.*

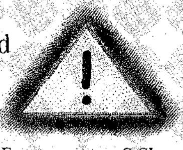
So what do you do next? At Mercedes-Benz you have a cup of coffee and get back to work.

Which brings us to the 1995 S-Class sedans. Even standing still the S320 easily leaves other cars behind. The wheelbase has been lengthened and the body streamlined for a sleeker, more elegant look. But get a good look because its 3.2 liter in-line 6 can take it from 0–60 in 8.9 seconds, a mere four-fifths of a second behind its 8-cylinder counterpart.**



Even the low beams now perform 35% better.

Though Mercedes-Benz invented the crumple zone and helped pioneer the air bag, it's the accident avoiding capabilities of the S-Class that are its most impressive safety features. Recirculating ball steering provides handling precision more typical of sports cars than luxury automobiles and, standard for 1995, every S-Class automobile will have a sophisticated traction control system. Even the telephone is voice activated so you need not take your hands off the wheel.***



For every new S-Class there's a standard traction control system.

Finally, there's one last line that's been streamlined. The bottom one. Which is in itself a feat of engineering when you consider IntelliChoice's The Complete Car Cost Guide named the 1994 S320 and S420 sedans among the cars named "Best Overall Value" in their class.

Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES for more information on the 1995 Mercedes-Benz S-Class, a car with only one rival. Its predecessor.

The New S-Class

---

*auto motor und sport, Germany **Stated rates of acceleration are based upon manuf.'s track results & may vary depending upon model, environmental & road surface conditions, driving style, altitude above sea level & vehicle load. ***Standard equipment on S600 optional on all other S-Class models. For safety reasons, the driver should not use the cellular telephone while the vehicle is in motion. ©1994 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

LAST WEEKS

ANGELS

MILLENNIUM APPROACHES
BEST PLAY
1993 TONY® AWARD

PERESTROIKA
BEST PLAY
1994 TONY® AWARD

TO ORDER TICKETS CALL:
TELE-CHARGE®: (212) 239-6200
OUTSIDE METRO NY: (800) 432-7250

WALTER KERR THEATRE, 219 W. 48TH STREET

"NEIL SIMON HAS NEVER BEEN FUNNIER!"
—Joel Siegel, WABC

"UNBRIDLED HILARITY!"
—The Wall Street Journal

In the Golden Age of live TV,
9 comedy writers
take hysteria to new heights.

Photo by Martha Swope

LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR

Get exact seat locations by phone.
TICKETMASTER® (212) 307-4100
Outside NY/NJ/CT (800) 755-4000
Groups: (212) 765-8058
Richard Rodgers Theatre,
Broadway & 46th Street, New York City.

COMMENT

CHAPPAQUIDDICK'S ECHOES

The "character issue" has never stopped resonating.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, Senator Edward M. Kennedy's Oldsmobile plunged into the murky torrent off Chappaquiddick Island, Massachusetts, drowning an engaging and promising young woman named Mary Jo Kopechne. The accident, together with the uproar that it triggered—a set of events immediately and indelibly dubbed Chappaquiddick—has reverberated down the years, demonstrating, among other things, the truth of the historian's conceit that the ultimate meaning of a political event becomes clear only after a generation.

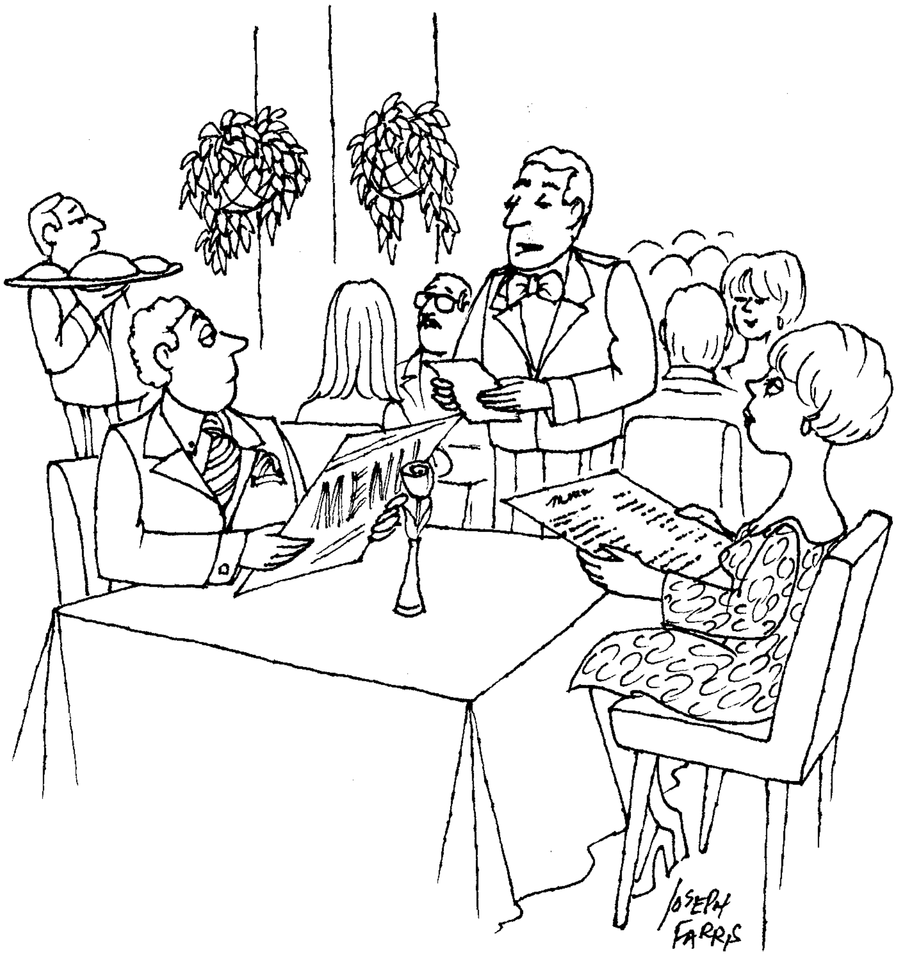
In the summer of 1969, Americans did not expect Chappaquiddick to prove a signal event in their history. At the time, the incident was viewed, variously, as a human tragedy for Miss Kopechne's family and friends, as an embarrassment that could delay the political ascent of Senator Kennedy, who was then thirty-seven years old, and as a demonstration that the Kennedy-family machine was not what it had once been. (In a tinny echo of the Cuban missile crisis, Theodore Sorensen, Robert McNamara, and other apparatchiks had loyally rushed to Edward's side to help manage the situation, this time with less heroic results.)

In the retrospect of a quarter century, it is evident that Chappaquiddick altered the course of American political history. First of all, the accident probably kept Edward Kennedy from becoming President of the United States. Without Chappaquiddick, the Massachusetts senator might well have run for President in 1972, and he might well have been elected—if not that year, then in 1976. One need only read the recently published diaries of H. R. Haldeman to see how seriously President Nixon took the threat of a Kennedy candidacy, even after the chastened senator formally removed himself from consideration for 1972. Had Edward Kennedy served one or two terms as President, he would have sent our politics onto a very different trajectory from the one that led to Wa-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Lawrence C. Burstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president/human-resources director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Gary Van Dis, vice-president/corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Rob[illegible]t A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, pro[illegible]ion director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd., 37 New Bond St., London W1Y 9HB, England; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

tergate, Jimmy Carter, and Reaganism.

Chappaquiddick also opened an aperture into the underhistory of the Kennedys. Before the accident, journalists and historians had tended to take John F. Kennedy and his dynasty at face value. Lurid insinuations about what might have happened at Chappaquiddick fed curiosity about the secret history of the martyred President and his Administration, and the result was a revisionist auto-da-fé as Judith Campbell Exner and bizarre plots against Fidel Castro were exposed. The Kennedys began their descent from mythic figures to human beings. The very timing of the senator's accident seemed arranged, as if by some mordant ironist, to signal to the public that in the Kennedy tapestry a dark pattern was interwoven with the brighter, nobler one: why else would Chappaquiddick have occurred on the eve of the realization of one of President Kennedy's fondest dreams, the landing of men on the moon? (When Mr. Nixon described that week as the greatest since Creation, he may have had more than Neil Armstrong's small step in mind.)



"The specials marked with asterisks are recommended by the Christian right."

• •

Evidence that Edward Kennedy had initially tried to cover up his role in Miss Kopechne's death helped to usher the character issue into American politics. Until 1969, voters were inclined to view candidates in almost cartoonish terms. The previous year, to judge from the results of the election, they happily swallowed the notion that a "new" Nixon had, at age fifty-five, purged himself of the hatreds and jealousies that made him so controversial. Such public inquiry into the psyches of complex leaders as then existed was limited to ham-handed ventures like the public warning by a group of psychiatrists in 1964 that Barry Goldwater was mentally unfit to be President.

After Chappaquiddick, amateur psychoanalysis of politicians became commonplace. The psychological dynamics of John Kennedy—and of Robert Kennedy—had seldom been publicly discussed during their lifetimes; throughout the nineteen-seventies, Edward Kennedy's were probed ceaselessly. Even as friendly a book as James MacGregor Burns's "Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy" (1976) included a section headed "A Question of Character." The revelation of personality flaws in the man who, according to a 1968 Gallup poll, had been one of the three most admired Americans of the day helped to make the seventies the decade of political psychobiography, yielding such folk classics as "The Kennedy Neurosis" and "President Nixon's Psychiatric Profile." If nowadays we are perhaps a little less inclined to think that we can psychoanalyze leaders from a distance, American voters remain far more curious and savvy than they once were concerning the impact of personal psychology on political decision-making. In 1954, Americans heard little about how being shaped by life in a large family and in the Army may have made President Eisenhower averse to political confrontation; in 1994, they hear a lot about how President Clinton's turbulent upbringing has made him eager to conciliate.

As for Edward Kennedy, his circle dreaded that, like his brothers, he would fall victim to a murderer's bullet. He may owe the fact that he is alive today to Chappaquiddick's interference with his destiny: a magnetically handsome, liberal, young future President is far more provocative to lunatics than an aging politician with an aura of melancholy. Soon after President Kennedy's death, Jacqueline Kennedy wrote to Richard Nixon that if he should not become President, "as you have hoped for so long—please be consoled by what you already have—your life and your family," adding, "We never value life enough when we have it." Edward Kennedy's hopeless run for the Presidency in 1980 notwithstanding, he has done what few could have expected when he was first elected to the Senate, in 1962, to fill his brother's seat: he has made his life on Capitol Hill, taking his job seriously, as no other Kennedy ever did, and becoming one of his era's great parliamentary leaders. Sadly, that is likely to be only half of his political epitaph.

—MICHAEL R. BESCHLOSS

TAX-DEFERRED

FRANKLIN VALUEMARK II

For the Retirement Portion of Your Portfolio

Tax-Deferred Long-Term Growth

Dollars that you invest in Franklin Valuemark II are tax-deferred. You generate earnings on the principal invested, plus earnings on those earnings, plus earnings on money that would have been lost to taxes.

No Initial Sales Charge

100% of your investment goes to work for you immediately since there is no up-front sales charge.†

Freedom of Choice

Franklin Valuemark II also offers the freedom to choose among 18 diverse portfolios.

Call your investment representative or Franklin today.

1-800-342-FUND Ext. 109

The annuity is issued by Allianz Life Insurance Company of North America or by Preferred Life Insurance Company of New York, a wholly owned subsidiary of Allianz Life. The Valuemark Funds are managed by Franklin Advisers, Inc; however, two of the funds are sub-advised by its Templeton affiliates. The annuity is distributed by NALAC Financial Plans, Inc.

†The contingent deferred sales charge declines 5% to 1.5% over five years for each purchase payment.

Franklin Valuemark II
777 Mariners Island Blvd.
San Mateo, CA 94404-1585
TNY94
109

Yes! I would like a free prospectus containing more complete information on the ***Franklin Valuemark II annuity****, including charges and expenses. I will read it carefully before I invest or send money.*

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State/Zip ______

FRANKLIN

IN THE MAIL

FIRED FOR BEING GAY

James B. Stewart's harrowing account of Dan Miller's firing (Annals of Law, June 13th) shows that it is not just in the military that job and personal life can come into conflict. Mr. Miller was certainly terminated because of his status—that is, on the basis of appearances, associations, and statements, and the presumptions that follow—and not for any provable misconduct. Mr. Miller's employer believed that retaining a known homosexual could hurt his business and trample on clients' personal convictions. However, the employer would not have been allowed such prerogatives concerning an employee's racial or religious associations.

Protection against discrimination because of sexual orientation should be viewed as an issue of recognizing individual rights and attendant responsibilities, not as a matter of creating another "oppressed group."

Bill Boushka
Arlington, Va.

In referring to "several large cities," Mr. Stewart understated the extent to which cities have adopted laws protecting everybody from discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. When I sat down about a year ago with a list of gay-rights laws and an almanac, to do some calculations for an article I was writing, I found that thirty-one of the fifty largest cities in the United States had such laws, and I concluded that almost half the people of the United States now either live in states or cities that have such laws or work in jobs where nondiscrimination is mandated by administrative regulations, civil-service rules, union contracts, or other enforceable policies. Several more municipal ordinances have been enacted over the past year, and several courts have now ruled against the validity of repeal initiatives in Oregon, Colorado, Florida, and Ohio. It is important to note these facts, lest readers form mistaken conclusions about the degree to which lesbians, gay men, and bisexuals have advanced in the struggle for equal rights. In important ways, the cup is at least half full.

Arthur S. Leonard
New York City

Mr. Stewart's article made it clear that gay men and women in America must begin to join forces as fervently as black Americans did in the sixties to demand fair and equal treatment regardless of where they choose to live in this country. Nothing more, and certainly nothing less.

Alan Philip Stolz
Houston, Texas

The issues in the article about DeMuth versus Miller seemed to confuse or shock Mr. Stewart. In reality, the comments made and behavior displayed by Don DeMuth, Dan Miller's employer, are all too commonplace in American society today, especially in regard to homosexuals. People like Mr. DeMuth attempt to disguise discrimination, hatred, xenophobia, and ignorance by spouting the need to restore "American values" to our workplaces and communities. At this time of drastic change in our world, if there is an American value that needs to be fully realized it is that of Thomas Jefferson's idea of inalienable rights, which all Americans should fully enjoy.

James H. Walther
Arlington, Va.

As a Minister of the Word and Sacrament of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), I was particularly stung by Mr. Stewart's statement that "the Presbyterian Church will not accept gays as elders, or even deacons." Much to our shame, that is the official position of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.). But it needs to be said that there are those of us who believe that position to be wrong—*very* wrong. We will not only continue to work for change within our denomination but also continue to grant gay and lesbian individuals full participation within our congregations.

REVEREND ROBERT B. GUSTAVSON
Pastor, Hilliard Presbyterian Church
Hilliard, Ohio

HERE COME THE GROOMS

Thank you for your wonderful cover of June 13th ("June Grooms," by Jacques de Loustal). My five-year-old daughter saw it and said, "Look, Mom—two guys getting married." What a great, culturally acceptable jumping-off point for a discussion about homosexuality a magazine cover makes! Better than "Heather Has Two Mommies."

JULIE MILLER
New York City

I must say that I was awestruck by the extraordinarily beautiful cover "June Grooms." I will probably have it matted and framed. As a gay male, I consider your cover an honor to gay men everywhere.

DENIS CHRISTOPHER-RYAN
Flint, Mich.

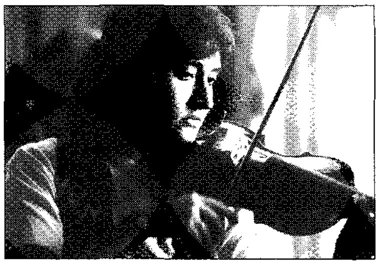
As a subscriber who has loved your covers for four decades, I was sent reeling by Mr. de Loustal's "June Grooms." To my mind, the cover denigrates and makes laughable couples who have chosen to publicly affirm their homosexuality. It arrives just when there is beginning to be a measure of acceptance and tolerance of this life style—just in time to fuel the fires of the prejudiced.

JUDITH THOMAS
Nyack, N.Y.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

"A Thousand Concerts Ago, I Had Cancer."

"I guess you could say the violin is my life. And that playing with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra is a dream come true. So when my life—my dream—was threatened by breast cancer, I set out to attack it with the same intensity I bring to my music. I searched for a hospital with a more human environment, someplace open to new ways of treating cancer. Like fractionated-dose chemotherapy, in my case. The benefits without the discomfort. Someplace that believed in treating the whole person, not just the cancer. That used nutrition to strengthen the immune system, and encouraged patients to get personally involved. Someplace that could give me the stamina to keep playing. I found Cancer Treatment Centers of America.™ They did the rest. And for the last five years, every check-up has been the same. 'No sign of cancer.' Needless to say, I've treasured every concert since. A thousand times over."


Julie Parcells, Cancer Patient

To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call 1-800-234-9083.

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS® OF AMERICA

Call 1-800-234-9083

The effectiveness of any program depends on a variety of factors and differs from patient to patient.

Sound this big from a radio?
© 1994 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

Not just big, but rich, full, and lifelike. Introducing the Bose® Wave® radio. You won't believe sound like this can come from a radio small enough to fit anywhere. The secret is its patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. Available directly from Bose, the full-featured Wave® radio even has a remote control. Call toll free or write for our free information kit. And find out how big a radio can sound.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______ TELEPHONE ______

Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R79.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-R79,
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168 USA.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Of Men and Angels

So how does "Angels in America" hold up as it hurtles millennially toward its final weeks on Broadway? Two recent visits suggest that Tony Kushner's two-part epic is still in strapping shape; it delivers a triumphantly artistic, if not convincingly financial, rebuke to a commercial theatre where successful new plays have become anachronisms. While the producers prepare a national tour, the cast, now largely made up of replacements, steps onstage at the Walter Kerr every night and challenges the audience.

F. Murray Abraham, as the villainous Roy Cohn, and Cynthia Nixon, as the Valium-ingesting Harper, are so secure in their roles that they no longer seem like replacements, but three other members of the cast really are newcomers. Dan Futterman, as the adrift logic-chopper Louis Ironson, is so puppy-likable that you worry about his ability to convey the character's elaborate denials. During his famous coffee-shop harangue of the black nurse Belize (Kevin T. Carroll), however, such worries disappear: Futterman nails the role. Carroll, like his wise, flamboyant character, flowers in "Perestroika," the second part of "Angels." His running commentary at Cohn's hospital bedside is delivered in wonderfully sly fashion. The performance of Jay Goede, as the Reaganite attorney Joe Pitt, could use more tonal variety, especially in the early going, but his assignment—to effect the transformation from an uptight, married conservative to an emotionally expressive gay man—is the toughest in town, and his scenes with Louis are absolutely heartbreaking. By evening's end, Goede has made Joe a kindred spirit to the character still played by Stephen Spinella, the ailing prophet Prior Walter. That's not a small achievement.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26				

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Our Town—The National Asian-American Theatre Company presents Thornton Wilder's play. Previews through July 21. Opens July 22 at 8 and runs through Aug. 6. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. For information about tickets, call 675-0767.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Birdbones—In a one-man show that had a brief run last winter at the Kitchen, Dudley Saunders tells the story of a poor Southern single woman and her two children. The characters are chronically abused and down on their luck, but Mr. Saunders' writing and his performance have power, humor, and grace. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202.)

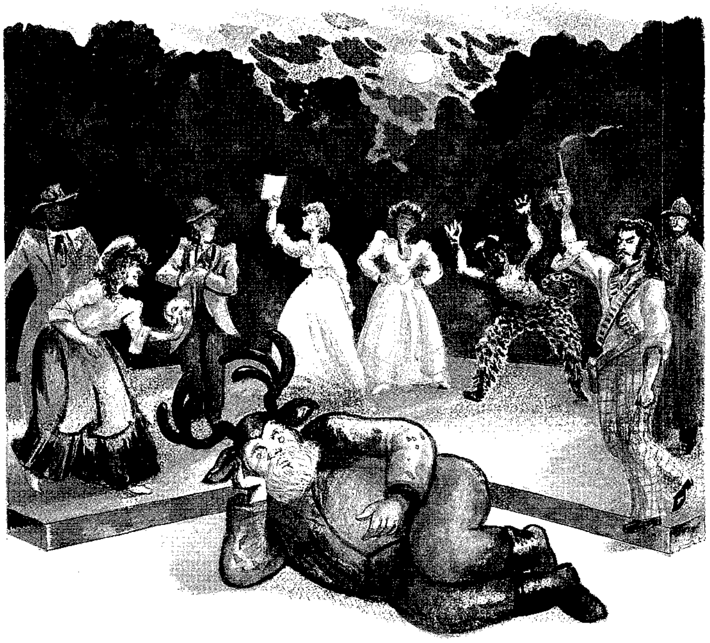
Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

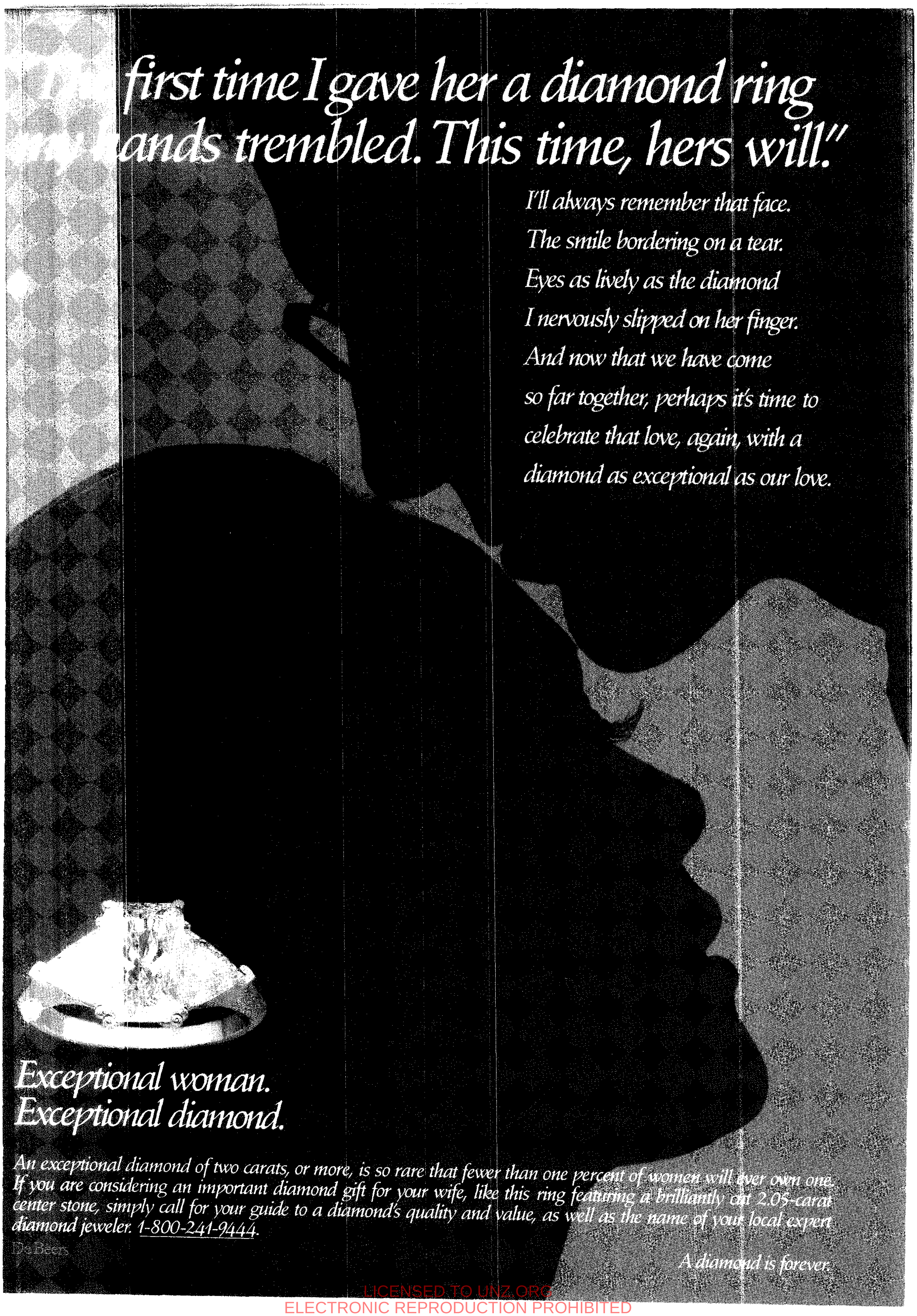
The Family of Mann—Theresa Rebeck, a Ph.D. who has written for sitcoms, has written a play about a Ph.D. who writes for sitcoms, and it isn't pretty: megalomaniacal producers, go-along-to-get-along writers, craven network honchos, sexism by the megadose. No surprises here, but Ms. Rebeck's portrait of the funny-horrible good old boys' world of TV land has the vividness of sharp reporting and the satisfaction of revenge. The good cast, directed by Pamela Berlin, includes Julie White, David Garrison, Robert Duncan McNeill, and Anne Lange. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes July 30.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." The set, a riot of Day-Glo colors, is by John Arnone, and the lighting and the witty costumes are by Howell Binkley and Willa Kim, respectively. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hedda Gabler—An unintelligible production of Ibsen's play, set, for no apparent reason, in America in the late forties. As Hedda, Kelly McGillis shows a lot of naked dentition and tosses her head around as if she's straining at an invisible bit. Jeffrey DeMunn's hyperactive performance, as her abstracted academic husband, seems to have been inspired by "The



Brian Murray and the cast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Delacorte, in Central Park.


"The first time I gave her a diamond ring my hands trembled. This time, hers will."

I'll always remember that face.
The smile bordering on a tear.
Eyes as lively as the diamond
I nervously slipped on her finger.
And now that we have come
so far together, perhaps it's time to
celebrate that love, again, with a
diamond as exceptional as our love.

Exceptional woman.
Exceptional diamond.

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.05-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-241-9444.

De Beers

A diamond is forever.

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Nutty Professor." Laura Linney and Patricia Conolly give good supporting performances, but they have nothing to support. Directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Aug. 7.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

The Manchurian Candidate—John Lahr's adaptation of the Richard Condon thriller, presented by the Art & Work Ensemble. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. Closes July 30. For reservations, call 925-3960.)

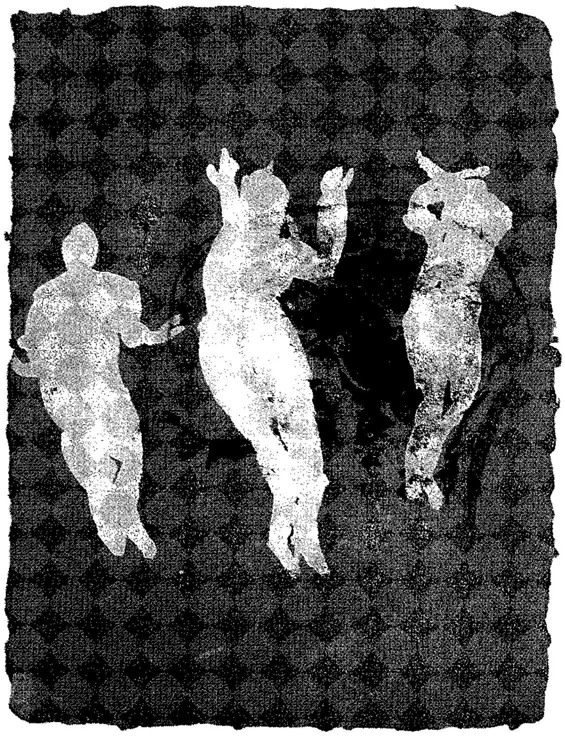
The Merry Wives of Windsor—Windsor, Idaho, that is. Daniel Sullivan has set this alfresco production of Shakespeare's comedy in the American West of the late nineteenth century, and the play is very much at home on the range. Brian Murray is a wonderfully foolish and girthsome Falstaff, and Andrea Martin is a goofily rubber-limbed Mistress Quickly. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Closes July 24. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Sanctifying Grace—It has been seventeen years since his last confession, and Colin Quinn, actor and standup comedian, is doing a humorous one-man excavation of his old Irish neighborhood in Brooklyn. At the wake of a friend ("That's where the party is"), with a coffin as centerpiece, Quinn offers up a brutally funny portrait of a block where alcohol, drugs, and regret are bountiful. Quinn co-wrote the piece with Lou DiMaggio. Robert Moresco directed. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Shango de Ima—A work by the Cuban playwright Pepe Carril about a Yoruban deity. Adapted by Susan Sherman. With Vinie Burrows. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)



subUrbia—In his one-man shows, Eric Bogosian looks hard at himself in the mirror; in this play, he holds a mirror up to a group of angry and aimless twenty-somethings who hang out in the parking lot of a suburban 7-Eleven, and asks, "What's wrong with kids today?" The answers, alas, are predictable and unilluminating. With Steve Zahn, as a whacked-out dervish of free-floating manic energy, and Josh Hamilton, Wendy Hoopes, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. The songs deal with a girl trying to find her place in a patriarchal tradition, a woman embracing the born-to-shop stereotype, a father teaching his three-year-old son a Yiddish song, etc. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes July 24.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Truth About Ruth—Toni DiBuono stars in a musical satire about a bearded lady. Peter Morris wrote the book and lyrics. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (*Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.*) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Serious Fun!—The festival continues. July 21-22 at 7:30: "Ju Ju," a production that features music by drummer Max Roach and his group M'boom, video by Kit Fitzgerald, and dance by Donald Byrd/The Group. . . . ¶ July 23 at 7:30: German cabaret artist Ute Lemper sin[illegible] Weill and Brecht, among others. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050.)

"The Convention of Cartography"—The Foundry Theatre presents a piece about an itinerant folk artist, with W. David Hancock. (Alley Cat Gallery, 112½ W. 17th St. 642-8141. July 20-24 at 8. Through July 31.)

DANCE

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—July 20 and July 25 at 8: "Collideoscope," solo from "Empty Suitor," "Shizen," and "Day Two." . . . ¶ July 21-22 and July 26 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Alraune," "Vestidigitations," "Walklyndon," and "Debut C." . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "The Particle Zoo," "Duet," "Quatrejeux," and "Rejoyce." . . . ¶ July 23 at 8: "Untitled," "Pseudopodia," "Animundi," "Televisitation," and "Sweet Purgatory." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 30.)

Pilar Rioja—The renowned flamenco dancer, in an extended engagement. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. July 20-23 at 8 and July 24 at 3. Through July 31.)

"Dances for Wave Hill"—The Brooklyn choreographer and dancer Reggie Wilson is presenting "The Bearded Crone Makes Thanks," another installment in his series of works based on Southern Baptist rituals and celebrations. The new piece, which incorporates clapping and singing, also draws on Trinidadian ceremonies of thanksgiving. The program includes works by Joy Kellman and JoAnna Mendl Shaw. (Wave Hill, W. 249th St. and Independence Ave., the Bronx. July 20 at 6:30 and July 23 at 3. For information about tickets, call 989-6830.)

Parsons Dance Company—Featuring "Caught," a Parsons solo, and other works. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 22 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. July 20 at 8:15: "Danses de Cour," "A Schubert Sonata," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "Correlazione," "A Schubert Sonata," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:15: "Danses de Cour," "Agon," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ *July 22 at 8:15:* "Allegro Brillante," "C[illegible]roscuro," "Mozart Piano Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Glazunov Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:15: "Correlazione," "Symphonic Dances," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—July 20-21 at 8, July 22 at 8:30, and July 23 at 2 and 8:30: Rhythm in Shoes and Urban Bush Women. . . . ¶ July 21 at 7, July 22 at 8, and July 23 at 5: Los Muñequitos de Matanzas. . . . ¶ July 22 at 7: Cambodian court dance. . . . ¶ July 26 at 8: Garth Fagan Dance. Through July 30. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Book 'em

THE Mercury Lounge, on East Houston Street, is downtown's newest little club that could. Since opening in February, the Mercury has established itself as a kind of East Village roadhouse, and an excellent place to see some very hip rock bands. The room up front is like something out of "Twin Peaks": strangers mingle, with eerie folksiness, at the long bar, and an avant-retro soundtrack of blues, jazz, and country songs pours out of the speakers. But the heart of the club is the performance space in back, where artists who could easily fill venues six or seven times larger—the capacity here is two hundred—are appearing regularly. "Big-name bands play here just for the hell of it, because it's a cool room," says Theresa Chambers, who has been booking the talent here since shortly after the Mercury opened. "And the sound system is phenomenal for a club of this size."

The place got off to a slow start, but Chambers landed several top-drawer acts after only a few days on the job. Her previous experience—an eye-opening stint working for the New York concert promoter Ron Delsener—provided her with an inside track, and she drew on a couple of West Coast contacts to lure Frank Black, formerly of the Pixies, and the dazzling combo Mazzy Star to the Mercury. "Those two shows got the ball rolling," Chambers told us. The Auteurs, Lush, and Frente! followed, and the club's reputation as a cool joint was sealed when it played host to a private party for Pearl Jam, in April. Now there's an embarrassment of riches: the Devlins and the Holmes Brothers played here last week, Freedy Johnston is currently winding up a three-night stand, and Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Nick Cave, and Madder Rose are scheduled for the first week of August alone. For Chambers, all this is a result of more than connections and good acoustics. "We *like* bands," she says. "We like to give them a sound check and a decent place to play. Musicians are a little shocked by that, you know?"

CONCERTS

JULIANA HATFIELD THREE / BETTIE SERVEERT—Former Blake Baby Hatfield has a deceptively supple voice, and she bolsters her tales of angst and ennui with some pretty good guitar playing. But go early and catch her opening act. Bettie Serveert, a quartet from Amsterdam (the name, a reference to some long-forgotten tennis legend, is Dutch for "Betty serves"), plays deeply satisfying garage rock with a lean, let's-make-a-record-in-a-day sound. It's a sunny alternative to a lot of overproduced American grunge. "Palomine," their début album, was one of last year's keepers: a mess of ragged guitars, lurching dynamics, and the pleading, impish voice of Carol van Dijk. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 23 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

"JAZZ IN JULY"—July 20: "Ruth Brown and a Tornado of Trumpets." The seminal R. & B. diva has reinvented herself as an all-purpose vocalist comfortable with standards, torch songs, and the blues. Brown shares the stage with six full-throated trumpeters, including the great Joe Wilder. Pianist Dick Hyman, the jazz mayor of the 92nd Street Y, will pilot a first-class rhythm section alongside bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Lewis Nash. . . . ¶ July 21: "Two Fisted Piano: Ragtime, Stride, and Boogie Woogie." Mr. Hyman, John Sheridan, Reginald Robinson, and others. . . . ¶ July 26: "Movie Tunes: See the Films, Hear the Jazz": The m.o. of this show—a salute to great songs from Hollywood's glory days—is swing. Manned by such players as tenorist Frank Wess, trumpeter Warren Vaché, and the ubiquitous Mr. Hyman, it also celebrates the vitality of jazz in New York. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Concerts at 8. Through July 28.)

COUNTING CROWS—Lead singer Adam Duritz occasionally sounds like an eerie clone of Van Morrison, and he sometimes seems to have acquired the petulant ego that most pop stars take years to develop, but there's no getting around the fact that his band's début album, "August and Everything After," is a brilliant collection of soulful, melodic rock. They're opening for the Stones later this summer, and they deserve the honor. With Soul Rebels Brass Band and Lori Carson. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 25-28 at 7:30.)

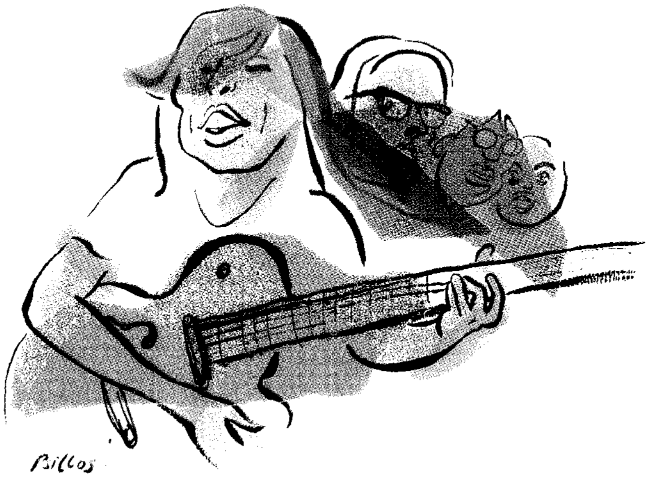
STEVE MILLER BAND—Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 20 at 8.

ANDRAE CROUCH / THE WINANS—Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. July 20 at 8.

THE B-52'S—Beacon Theatre. July 21 at 8.

JAZZ CONCERT—The Jon Gibson group, the Jay Granelli quartet, and the Jerome Harris quintet. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. July 22 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

ELTON JOHN / BILLY JOEL—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. July 22, July 24, July 26, and July 28-29, all at 8.



Bettie Serveert at Central Park SummerStage.

THE HATTERS—With the Health & Happiness Show. (Prospect Park Band Shell. July 23 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

AFRICA FÊTE—Beninese singer Angelique Kidjo, Caribbean *zouk* meisters Kassav, and Ziskakan, from the island of Réunion. (Central Park SummerStage. July 24 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

INKHAY—Prospect Park Concert Grove, near the Wollman Rink, Brooklyn. July 24 at 3. No tickets necessary.

STEVIE NICKS—With Darden Smith. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 24 at 8.)

TAYLOR DAYNE—Westbury Music Fair. July 24 at 7.

CLUBS

ACADEMY, 234 W. 43rd St.—The grrrl group L7 blows in on July 21. For concert information, call 249-8870.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—July 22: **JERRY O'SULLIVAN** presents an evening of authentic Uilleann-pipes music.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On July 20, catch the **BRODSKY QUARTET,** a thoroughly charming British string ensemble that may be familiar to fans of Elvis Costello, who collaborated with them on last year's "The Juliet Letters." Willie & Lobo, who play gypsy violin and flamenco guitar, will open. The **WASHINGTON SQUARES** make a special appearance on July 21, accompanied by a bunch of special friends, including **RICHARD BARONE, MARSHALL CRENSHAW,** and **JOHN S. HALL.**

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—July 21: **LOVE SPIT LOVE** and **FOSSIL.** July 22: **HELIUM** floats in with **CHAVEZ** and **KUSTOMIZED.** July 23: **LUNA.** . . . ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery: **MARTIN SEXTON,** with guest **TED HAWKINS,** on July 20. Sexton is an intense Boston-based folk-and-blues singer. Hawkins is a fifty-eight-year-old veteran musician who's been busking for spare change on California streets and beaches for years. His long-overdue major-label début, "The Next Hundred Years," is a stunner, enriched by his supple guitar work. July 21: **GARAGE ENSEMBLE.** Fledgling singer-songwriters **TOSHI REAGON** and **LISA LOEB** are here on July 22.

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—**LOWEN & NAVARRO** arrive on July 26, with **JUMP IN THE WATER.** Jump in the Water's members hail from disparate regions—Australia, Louisiana, and Burbank—but share a deep respect for melody. Fuelled by expert pop craftsmanship, and by endearingly folksy arrangements that reveal influences ranging from Tin Pan Alley to Led Zeppelin, the songs on "Nothing Else Will Do," the band's recently released sophomore album, consistently disprove that old reactionary theory that they don't write 'em like they used to.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**JOAN OSBORNE** is here on July 21. **GOD STREET WINE** and the **HATTERS** appear on July 22, with support from an eclectic array of aspiring roots-popsters: **JACKOPIERCE, TRUFFLE, LITTLE SISTER,** and the **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—July 21: Alternative rock with former Dream Syndicate vocalist **STEVE WYNN.**

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—On July 20, check out **S.F. SEALS,** with the celebrated indie act **GIANT SAND.** The aptly named **LUSH** arrives on July 24.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 20: **FREEDY JOHNSTON.** On July 21: an evening of acoustic folk-rock, with **WILO, VIC CHESNUTT, AMY RIGBY,** and **SYD STRAW.** The **FARM** visits on July 25.

NEW MUSIC CAFÉ, 380 Canal St. (941-0900)—July 23: **RIOT GOIN' ON.**

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—**CYBILL SHEPHERD** is in for a three-week run. The model turned actress turned L'Oréal spokeswoman has studied music since the sixties, her press release tells us, and she once performed with Stan Getz. Accompanying Shepherd for this engagement, which will feature rock and blues numbers as well as standards, are pianist Tom Adams, keyboardist Robert Martin, bassist Don Falzone, and drummer Jack J. LeCompte. Closed Mondays.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The **VIOLENT FEMMES** are here on July 21. These underground heroes of the early eighties have a new drummer, ex-Bodean Guy Hoffman, and a new album, fittingly titled "New Times." Also appearing is Australia's **FRENTE!**, the latest comer in alternative rock's burgeoning band-with-baby-voiced-female-singer subgenre. They're probably the best in the bunch.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—July 20: An evening of reggae and soca, with **WORL-A-GIRL, SKADANKS,** and others. July 22: **PAPA JUBE.** R. & B. songstress **DIANNE REEVES** starts on July 26. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—**LOTION** offers AM-radio-inspired retro-pop on July 21, with guests Oasis, XC-NN, Moist, and Red Eye. July 22: The quirky hardcore camp of **SERIOUS PILGRIM.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Legendary songwriter **JIMMY WEBB** ("Up, Up, and Away," "Wichita Lineman") is currently at work in the Oak Room, through July 23. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—*Through July 23:* "Tingle Tangle," a tribute to the cabaret scene in Munich circa 1900. **MERCEDES HALL** begins on July 26. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The **MILT JACKSON** quartet and the **BUSTER WILLIAMS** quintet appear through July 24. Jackson, the brilliant vibraphonist of the Modern Jazz Quartet, steps out on his own: the otherworldly touch and masterly improvising remain, only things get a whole lot funkier. The sure-fingered bassist Williams, meanwhile, has put together a front line that pairs the young trumpet phenom Marlon Jordan with the saxophone veteran Gary Bartz. A double bill with **GATO BARBIERI** and **FLORA PURIM** begins on July 26. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—July 20-23: **MIKE LE DONNE, LEWIS NASH,** and **DENNIS IRWIN.** The city is bursting with excellent pianists; it can't hurt to acknowledge another one, the terrific LeDonne. Pianist **STEPHEN SCOTT** arrives with a trio, on July 25. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—At Bemelmans Bar, the fine **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **LOUIS HAYES** quintet plays through July 24. Hayes, the powerhouse behind classic Cannonball Adderley and Oscar Peterson units, may be the most underrated drummer in the city. Hayes-led bands tend to mine the customary hard-bop/modal terrain and are guaranteed to swing. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The sultry **ANNA DOMINO** drops in on July 22. July 26: **LOSER'S LOUNGE: A TRIBUTE TO HENRY MANCINI.** The Loser's Lounge is a monthly event designed to give local talent a chance to salute (and, occasionally, disembowel) the titans. Previous honorees include Burt Bacharach and Jimmy Webb (who appears in the flesh this week at the Algonquin). This month, it's an evening of Mancini instrumental classics performed by the Kustard Kings. In addition, indie rockers, including Halcion and Canned Travolta, will perform songs and movie themes from "Days of Wine and Roses" and other Mancini scores. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The **RICK FORD** quartet is here on July 22-23. On July 24: **JUDY BARNETT.**

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **ROY GERSON** performs July 20-23, joined by bassist **LYNN SEATON** on the last two evenings.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week **VERNEL BAGNERIS** continues his salute to Jelly Roll Morton. Closed Sundays.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—July 22-23: **CHICO HAMILTON & EUPHORIA.** Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—July 23: **BUCKSHOT LE FONQUE** with **BRANFORD MARSALIS.** Buckshot is Branford's play for street credibility: a percolating hodgepodge of jazz, rap, reggae, and funk—everything that presumably makes his brother Wynton cringe. But it's a likable noise, and an impressive showcase for the talents of Albert Collins, Kenny Kirkland, and Nils Lofgren, all of whom also appear on the Buckshot record, along with Maya Angelou, who drolly recites excerpts from "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" over a slinky hip-hop groove. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** another collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. The **DON PULLEN AFRICAN-BRAZILIAN CONNECTION** appears through July 24. When Pullen goes exotic with his Brazilian band, the essence of his extraordinary piano-playing style—he uses fingers, knuckles, palms, whatever it takes—remains straightforward and intact. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St.[illegible]73-3200)—The **JOE BUSHKIN** trio continues through July 24.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **BLUIETT FOUR** are here through July 24 Beginning July 26: the **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH** quartet. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zanzibar, 73 Eighth Ave., a 13th St. (924-9755)—A weekend of guitar heroics. July 22: **DAVE TRONZO,** the world' finest bebop slide player leads a trio. July 23: **HIRAM BULLOCK.**

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Songs from our own hit parade.

YOU DON'T LOVE ME (NO NO NO)
(Dawn Penn, Atlantic single).

LABOUR OF LOVE
(Frente!, "Marvin: The Album").

SOMEONE TO TALK TO
(The Devlins, "Drift").

MORNING HAS BROKEN
(Lloyd Cole, "Bad Vibes").

MONEY TALKS
(The Pretenders, "Last of the Independents").

I WENT ELECTRIC
(Bill Lloyd, "Set to Pop").

SOMETHING'S ALWAYS WRONG
(Toad the Wet Sprocket, "Dulcinea").

THE LIGHT
(The Proclaimers, "Hit the Highway").

O WHAT A THRILL
(Mavericks, "What a Crying Shame").

HALFWAY HOME
(Billy Pilgrim, "Billy Pilgrim").

NO ONE TO RUN WITH (The Allman Brothers, "Where It All Begins").

THE THINGS THAT I USED TO DO
(G. Love & Special Sauce, "G. Love & Special Sauce").

ANGELS
(David Byrne, "David Byrne").

ACROSS MY HEART
(John Trudell, "Johnny Damas and Me").

BUENA
(Morphine, "Cure for Pain").

PEACE SIGN
(War, "War").

DOLLY
(The London Suede, "Stay Together").

GENTLEMAN WHO FELL
(Milla, "The Divine Comedy").

STORM WARNING
(Bonnie Raitt, "Longing in Their Hearts").

I ALONE
(Live, "Throwing Copper").

PINK
HENRY MANCINI

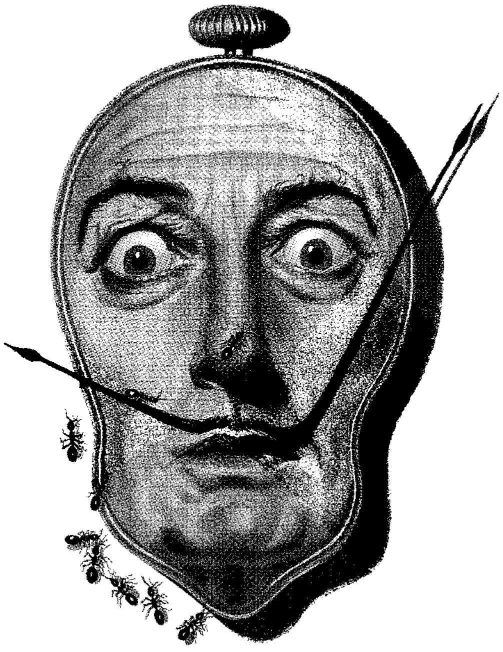
"Loser's Lounge: A Tribute to Henry Mancini," at Fez.

ART

The Persistence of Dali

It has long been fashionable to dismiss the Spanish Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-89) as a purveyor of schlock, a self-promoting charlatan whose adolescent fantasies launched the printing of a thousand T-shirts and posters. The blame for this decline in reputation lies mostly with Dali himself; in his later career he produced saccharine religious art by the yard, and made it all too clear that he would do anything for a peseta. Yet his brilliant, visionary early works were as original and influential as any produced by the Surrealists—Miró, Magritte, and Ernst included.

"Dali: The Early Years," at the Metropolitan Museum (through September 18), should restore some balance to the artist's reputation. His student work reveals an amazing precociousness: by the time he turned twenty, in 1924, he had mastered Cubism, Purism, and a number of other isms. He was a virtuoso technician from the get-go. "The Basket of Bread" (1926) is a Vermeeresque tour de force of paint handling. In 1927, having fallen under the influence of Lorca, Dali began to pour his wildly inventive hallucinations onto canvas. The nightmarish concupiscence of "William Tell and Gradiva" (1931) is not merely raunchy: it shocks, still. The last room of the exhibit is a gallery of small masterpieces, culminating in one of this century's unforgettable images: "The Persistence of Memory" (1931), with its famous melting watches, on loan from MOMA. The show also includes three moving little drawings by Lorca, among them a portrait of Dali, and a video installation of scenes from "Un Chien Andalou," Dali's historic collaboration with Buñuel. Whatever wrong turns he may have taken later in his career, this exhibit shows that Salvador Dali was present, honorably, at modernism's creation.



Salvador Dali at the Met.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dali: The Early Years." . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, which includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir, has returned to the nineteenth-century European paintings and sculpture galleries. . . . ¶ Forty-four clarinets from a private collection are on display in the musical-instruments gallery. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. Through July 24. . . . ¶ "Petrus Christus: Renaissance Master of Bruges." Twenty-seven works by the Flemish painter—three-quarters of Petrus's known œuvre—in an exhibit reconstructing his career as an artist of the first rank. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven paintings by Sidney Nolan (1917-92), an Australian who chronicled the adventures of his countryman Ned Kelly, a nineteenth-century outlaw. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes the waist as the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Aug. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" includes Cézanne's "Still-Life with Fruit Dish" and Matisse's "Interior with Girl Reading." . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties" includes seven contemporary women artists who engage aspects of minimalism in a way that recasts the movement's formal problems in terms of femininity and domesticity. In "Color Chart Flat #1" (1993), Rachel Lachowicz parodies Ellsworth Kelly's "Colors for a Large Wall" (1951), itself in the collection of the Modern, using eyeshadow instead of paint. Andrea Zittel's comically spartan "Living Units" combine kitchen, vanity, and sleep stations in a single unit, which folds up into a neat, rather Judd-like box. . . . ¶ "Stills," an exhibit of stills, from movies ranging from "Intolerance" (1916) to "Danton" (1983). . . . ¶ British modernists' drawings from the museum's collection, including works by Vanessa Bell and David Hockney. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." Black-and-white photographs of signs, posters, graffiti, and other public messages. . . . ¶ Luc Courchesne's "Family Portrait" is an interactive video-and-computer installation in which the viewer can address set questions to any of the eight people (a group of friends in Marseilles) Courchesne has captured on video. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Prints by Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Popova are part of "Master Prints from the Collection." Through Aug. 2. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist, who occupies a small but secure niche in the canon of twentieth-century American art. A celebrant of the brash energies of industrialism and technological innovation, he painted the Brooklyn Bridge repeatedly in the late teens and the twenties. Coming from an acolyte of modernity, it's often a surprisingly drab picture—cramped in composition and rife with sooty shadows. This show emphasizes the immigrant experience; Stella is the perpetual outsider, stranded between the traditions of the old country and the New World. . . . ¶ "Edward Hopper and Jack Pierson: American Dreaming." Two devotees of forlorn, sad-sack Americana. For this installment of the Collection in Context series, the Whitney asked Pierson to curate a show of Hopper's and his own works, drawing on the Museum's extensive Hopper holdings. The result is a successful but glib essay in recontextualization: Hopper's rather clichéd romantic realism is updated through proximity to the contemporary artist's drawings, photographs, and assemblages; by the same token, Pierson enjoys art-historical accreditation. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.) . . . ¶ At the Hayden Planetarium, "Man on the Moon: The Apollo Adventure" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Apollo 11 moon landing. It includes moon rocks, memorabilia from space flights, and photographs of lunar landings. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 4:45; Saturdays, 10 to 5:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois's haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate. Through July 31. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Arsenal Gallery, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 64th St.—"Islands and Bridges: The Past, Present, and Future of Randall's and Wards Islands." Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A thirty-eight-inch bronze Buddha from Thailand is the centerpiece of an exhibit of some fifty related sculptures—of Maitreyas, Buddhas, and bodhisattvas—which share certain pos-

ART–Cont'd

tures and stylistic conventions. Closer inspection reveals the differences between the Khmer, Mon, and Shrivijayan types. Through July 31. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"*Artist in the Marketplace XIV.*" . . . ¶ "Xu Bing: Recent Work." . . . ¶ "Building the Collection: Recent Acquisitions and Selected Works from the Permanent Collection." (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the Park, dating back to 1858. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. Through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ "Toward Modern Design: Revival and Reform in Applied Arts 1850-1920." Ceramics, furniture, jewelry, wallcoverings, glass, and graphics from Europe and the United States. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead *depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer,* among others. . . . ¶ Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Books of Pierre Lecuire, 1953-93." Thirty-six art books produced by the French publisher. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Art of Memory: Holocaust Memorials in History" chiefly uses documentary material—architectural models, designs, photographs, and video—to trace the development of these memorials in Europe, Israel, and the United States. The exhibit confronts us again and again with aesthetic choices—narrative versus abstraction, passionate immediacy versus austere recollection. Ultimately, this show proposes the memorial as a place for remembering rather than as a repository for memories. Through July 31. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts" focusses on the Gospel as the central cultural artifact of the Armenian people. Enormous pains were taken to illustrate the manuscripts and protect them from marauders; it was thought that therein lay salvation for book owner and maker. The approximately ninety manuscripts on display offer a variety of illustrative techniques, from the folksy to the ornate, executed in remarkably vibrant mineral-based colors. Several pages from "The Gladzor Gospel" (completed in 1307) have been framed to allow visitors to see more than one spread at a time. There's also a tenth-century Gospel, *items dating from the Armenian diaspora of* the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and a display devoted to binding and pigment production. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations for "The Fairy Family," executed from 1854 to 1856, are the earliest known surviving drawings by this Pre-Raphaelite artist. The stories about mermaids, pixies, and brownies, among other elfin folk, were written by Archibald MacLaren. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. Through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ "Revelaciones: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. Through July 31. (Open *Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays,* 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that define African art for Western artists. Through Aug. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." Twenty-two of the approximately six thousand quilts obtained through the museum's New York Quilt Project are on view. The most flamboyant is Elizabeth Hamilton's one-of-a-kind Teaching Quilt (1934). Animals, tools, fruits and vegetables, and the like, all in bright red, are stitched topsy-turvy on a white ground, with a boy and girl on a seesaw in the center and a border of letters and words. Elementary but pleasing. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stickball Hall of Fame" includes a film of a stickball game, photo*graphs from 1898 to the present, and jer*seys. . . . ¶ "Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds, as captured by America's first woman photojournalist. . . . ¶ "Pride=Power!" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Stonewall rebellion, in which patrons of a gay bar resisted arrest and harassment, triggering a series of riots and demonstrations. The exhibit includes photographs of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Pride March, posters, pennants, T-shirts, and other artifacts. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. . . . ¶ Thirty-two Old Master drawings by, among others, Claude Lorrain and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye: Wayne Thiebaud." The painter has selected more than fifty paintings from the Academy's collection. Fifteen of Thiebaud's own pictures are also on exhibit. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NEW YORK CITY FIRE MUSEUM, 278 Spring St.—"World Trade Center Disaster: A Photographic Chronicle of Fire Apparatus in Operation," by John Skelson. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, *Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncov*ering Influences on the Contemporary American Puppet Theatre." Six stunning exhibits show how the puppetry traditions of Japan, Indonesia, Mexico, and western Africa, among other places, have infused American puppet artistry with their mythos and technique. The puppets on display include Paul Zaloom's Punch and Judy avatars, fresh from a tangle with a Manhattan landlord; several of Jim Henson's Muppets, who bear an interesting family resemblance to some puppets from Mali; and Julie Taymor's *wayang*-inspired players, who cast their shadows in Indonesian, Eskimo, and New York settings. . . . ¶ "Out in Public: Post-Stonewall Performance and Protest." Plays, cabarets, operas, and songs with gay themes, chronicling the crossover between protest and theatre. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—*Works from every period of the Japanese-*American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air gallery carved from, and added to, an old photoengraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. . . . ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition–Curators' Choice." The third in a series in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States. Opens July 20. . . . ¶ Minimalist bronze sculptures by Helen Evans Ramsaran. Opens July 20. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures representing phases in the career of the renowned Abstract Expressionist, from the late forties to the mid-eighties. C & M's show provides a welcome preview for the large de Kooning retrospective that will travel from the National Gallery, in Washington, to the Metropolitan this fall. Some paintings from the seventies are pinkish, blobby, messy works, and there is one delicate yet large painting from the artist's last productive period. There are also sev*eral drawings that show de Kooning at his* very best—in particular a small but extraordinary abstract pastel-and-graphite drawing from 1947—and some sculptures, like the ugly, lumpy "Clam Digger" from 1972, which demonstrate that even geniuses have bad days. Through Aug. 12. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St.)

ANN AGEE / JULIE TRAGER—Elegantly painted porcelain sex toys, by an artist whose work was featured in the "Bad Girls" show at the New Museum. / Coarsely textured fibre sculptures. Through Aug. 6. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St.)

JACOB KAINEN—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

DONALD LIPSKI—An array of small wall-mounted *sculptures (circa 1978-91) composed of such* everyday objects as razor blades, scissors, rubber bands, and cigarettes. A mood of slightly tiresome whimsy prevails. Through July 29. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

GEORGES NOEL—Abstractions with distressed surfaces, done in the sixties, by a French painter. Through Sept. 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHI GYUN OH—Impressionistic cityscapes by a Korean-American artist. Through July 29. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANNIVERSARY—A centennial show in tribute to Otto Kallir (1894-1978), who founded the gallery. Included are paintings, drawings, and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Morris Hirshfield, and Emil Nolde. Through Sept. 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Art en Route: M.T.A. Arts for Transit"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and models, including a watercolor collage by Romare Bearden that was the prototype for a glass triptych at the Westchester Square station, in the Bronx, and a composition by Roy Lichtenstein for a porcelain mural in the Times Square station. Also included are photographs, tiles, decorative grilles, and other architectural elements, dating from the turn of the century. Through Sept. 23. (Paine Webber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

"Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia"—An exhibition of photographs, drawings, and posters by Gustav Klucis, Alexander Rodchenko, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

Group Show—The standout here is the Canadian artist Paterson Ewen, who has created a suite of *faux-naïf* views of outer space. Little tin circles are nailed down for planets, accompanied by doodle galaxies and tadpole comets. James Hyde fills glass boxes with big gloopy gobs of paint that resemble brilliantly stained offal. Through July 29. (Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Sun and Sea"—The most interesting work in this exhibition of watercolors is the most technically inept: a clumsy, labored, and utterly charming picture of a Key West schoolhouse by Elizabeth Bishop. Charles Demuth, Arthur Dove, Red Grooms, and John Marin are among the other artists represented. Through July 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"White Works"—Eighteen painters and sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, John Chamberlain, and Dan Flavin, examine the notion of white. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Who Needs a Bathing Suit Anyway?"—A group show featuring work by Milton Avery, Paul Cadmus, and Jared French. It explores nudity in American art. Through Aug. 17. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"Stonewall 25"—If June's Stonewall festivities haven't left you totally gayed out, try this wide-ranging exhibition, the best of this summer's many gay-themed group shows, at a gallery just down Christopher Street from where it all began. Curator Bill Arning's choices revolve loosely around imaginative evocations of historic events, and celebrations of the present. Phranc, better known as an activist folksinger, has hung a cardboard corset, bra, and jock strap on a laundry line set against a Pepto-Bismol-pink wall, juxtaposing it with the text of a 1903 San Francisco ordinance prohibiting cross-dressing. Deborah Kass sends up the sixties with "Twelve Black Barbras," a black-on-black serial portrait of Streisand done in flawless Warhol style. LeRoy (King of Art) spoofs the political fringe of the gay movement in "Stone Mall," a cartoon depicting a ridiculous political demonstration at a gay shopping mall with a solid-gold Judy Garland fountain. Through July 23. (White Columns, 154 Christopher St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Rita Ackermann—Acrylic line drawings of nymphets engaged in a variety of activities, from frolicking to taking heroin. Through Aug. 12. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Jef Bourgeau—Video assemblages that address life at the end of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 26. (LedisFlam, 130 Prince St.)

Bill Burns—Handmade safety gear for small animals and birds, with text by the artist, a Canadian. Through July 30. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Stone sculptures hang from massive steel cables, and rough-hewn boulders have been set into the walls and floor. Through Aug. 15. (Ace, 275 Hudson St., at Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Self-portrait by Lee Friedlander (Museum of Modern Art).

Lisa Mackie—Paintings and works on paper. Through July 29. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—An exhibition that features "Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Katie Reinhardt—Paintings that incorporate the elements of English country life, in a style the artist calls "naïve realism." Through July 28. (F.D.R., 670 Broadway.)

Julian Schnabel—Paintings from 1990. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Richard Serra—"Weight and Measure" (1994), a series of large-scale paint-stick-on-*hiromi*-paper drawings that were executed with the specific spatial dimensions of the gallery in mind. Serra, the master of monumental sculpture (remember "Tilted Arc"?), manages to endow drawing with an almost geological heft. Through July 30. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

"A Floor in a Building in Brooklyn"—A show curated by Chuck Close that explores the work of eight artists sharing a floor in a Greenpoint factory building. Through July 30. (Anderson, 476 Broome St.)

"Drawn in the 1970s"—Works on paper by Richard Artschwager, Allen Ruppersbury, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 12. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

"Sanctuary"—Five artists working in a variety of mediums. Opens July 21. Through Aug. 26. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Like a Complete Unknown

It makes sense that Lee Friedlander, the least pretentious of photographers, would be drawn to a wall on which someone had felt the urge to write "Art the Rat." For decades, Friedlander has followed his affinity for messages from the uncelebrated, quotidian side of life; his best-known images include urban street scenes, storefront windows, and public monuments. Now, in "Letters from the People," his show at the Museum of Modern Art (through September 11), the subjects of his shots are, literally, messages—or parts of messages. Friedlander photographed individual letters of the alphabet and numbers that he came across as he walked the streets, including parts of commercial signs and all sorts of graffiti. He also recorded words and phrases, and he uses the images to pay homage to spontaneous, gut-level communication. Like Edward Hopper, Friedlander is attuned to loneliness and alert to the common human experience that makes itself felt in anonymous spaces. Many of these shards of absent voices have real emotional power.

Unfortunately, the show, which features two hundred and thirteen pictures, does not work as well as Friedlander's 1993 book version of "Letters to the People." Somehow the book was more faithful to the spirit of modesty that resonates in Friedlander's work; it preserved the sense of discovery and lack of self-importance that make many of his pictures so wonderful. On the museum walls the pictures sometimes become dry instances of Friedlander's "conceptualism." His subtler virtues still come through, however, even though the pictures have been hung as "a show"—and a message like "Art the Rat" has even more of a kick.

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Paradise Outlaws: Fifty Years of the Beat Generation." Photographs by Mellon Tytell. . . . ¶ "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi's portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938) and a closeup of J. D. Salinger (1950). (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Leftist Leanings

Lukas Foss is no stranger to concertos. The discourse they invite between soloist and orchestra seems custom-tailored to his native high-spirited sociability. As a pianist, he's played plenty of concertos. As a conductor, he's led even more. And as a composer, he's written two for piano, one each for oboe, clarinet, guitar, and percussion, and one for violin, viola, and cello trio. His latest, a three-movement Piano Concerto for the Left Hand, will receive its première at Tanglewood on July 23, with Leon Fleisher negotiating the solo part and Seiji Ozawa conducting the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra.

Foss found writing for piano left-hand especially perplexing, because, as he put it, "you don't want to make it sound like half a *piano*." He addressed the challenge by creating a solo part of exceptional difficulty, one that keeps the pianist's left hand darting vigorously about the entire length of the keyboard and that makes more than the usual pedalling demands. "Still," he says, "if you have Leon Fleisher as your soloist, you don't worry about too much. He can sound with one hand like other people do with three." In fact, Foss's admiration for his colleague has been embedded into the score's last movement (an imaginatively structured "Sonata-Fugue"). As the composer relates, "In 1989 at Tanglewood, Leon Fleisher gave me a T-shirt that had the inscription 'From L.F. to L.F.' So at the end of the concerto's last movement, I have the string and percussion players shout out those syllables, with a fugue going on all around them. I am the first to set a T-shirt to music."

At Tanglewood, Leon Fleisher plays . . .

. . . a new concerto by Lukas Foss.

OPERA

New York Grand Opera—Presenting Verdi's "Nabucco," with soprano Janine Bogardus, tenor Edd Wright, baritone Theodore Lambrinos, and bass Kevin Short. Fully staged, with Vincent La Selva conducting. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 20 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Alicia de Larrocha), and Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 20-21 at 8.)

Mostly Mozart—At Avery Fisher Hall. July 20: Christof Perick conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Weber's "Der Freischütz" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with Sabine Meyer) and Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 271, with Jeffrey Kahane). . . . **NOTE:** Ms. Meyer and pianist Jennifer Hayghe will present a pre-concert recital of works by Mozart, Rachmaninoff, and Martinů beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders. . . . ¶ July 21: The Tokyo String Quartet plays Beethoven's F-Minor Quartet (Op. 95, the "Serioso"), Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet (with flutist Marina Piccinini), and Brahms' G-Major String Quintet (with violist Pinchas Zukerman). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, the Tokyo String Quartet will perform Haydn's G-Minor Quartet (Op. 74, No. 3). . . . ¶ July 22: Pianist John Browning performs Mozart's F-Major Sonata (K. 332); the Tokyo String Quartet joins him for Brahms' Piano Quintet; and Jane Glover conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 40. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, the Eroica Trio will play Brahms' B-Major Piano Trio. . . . ¶ July 23: Jane Glover conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Britten's "Simple Symphony for Strings," Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467, with Maria Tipo), arias by Handel, Gluck, and Mozart (featuring countertenor Brian Asawa), and Mozart's Symphony No. 40. . . . ¶ July 25: In a program of works Mozart wrote in 1784, fortepianist Melvyn Tan performs the C-Minor Sonata (K. 457); violinist Gil Shaham and pianist Garrick Ohlsson perform the Violin Sonata in B-Flat Major (K. 454); the Colorado String Quartet plays the Quartet in B-Flat Major (K. 458); and Mr. Ohlsson joins wind players from the Orpheus chamber orchestra in the Quintet in E-Flat Major (K. 452). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, Mr. Tan will perform fantasias *by C. P. E. Bach and Mozart*, Mozart's "Variations on 'Unser dummer Pöbel meint,'" and Haydn's Sonata No. 54. . . . ¶ July 26: Armin Jordan conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 81 and Mozart's concert arias "Vorrei spiegarvi" (K. 418) and "No, che non sei capace" (K. 419, both with soprano Young-Ok Shin) and Piano Concerto in B-Flat Major (K. 450, with Christian Zacharias). (Evenings at 8. 875-5030.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Gene Young and Morton Gould conduct a concert that includes several of Mr. Gould's works. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 24 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directs music by Bernstein and Sondheim. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 26 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Music Festival Orchestra—Gürer Aykal conducts Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Suna Kan) and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 1. (Washington Square Park. July 26 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert will be held at Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl.)

RECITALS

Juilliard Freebies—Student ensembles from the Juilliard School seem to be saturating the Big Apple with free hour-long concerts. July 21 at 6:30: The Halcyon String Quartet plays Beethoven and Ravel. (Dante Park, 63rd St. at the intersection of Broadway and Columbus Ave.) . . . ¶ July 25 at 12:30: The Cardinal Brass Quintet, weather permitting. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.) . . . ¶ July 26 at 12:30: The Serenata Ensemble. (Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane.) . . . ¶ July 26 at 12:30: The Hudson Brass Quintet. (Stuyvesant Park, Second Ave. at 15th St.)

Bargemusic—An all-Beethoven program comprising the A-Major Violin Sonata (Op. 12, No. 2), G-Major String Trio (Op. 9, No. 1), Six Bagatelles (Op. 126), and Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major (Op. 16); with violinist Ik-Hwan Bae, violist Misha Amory, cellist Fred Sherry, and pianist Hae Sun Paik. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 21 at 7:30 and July 24 at 4.)

Cage Tribute—Wendy Mae Chambers and Jed Distler interpret several pieces for toy piano by John Cage, and twelve percussionists perform a new work composed by Ms. Chambers in memory of Cage. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. July 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

West Helsinki Chamber Ensemble—Performing two free concerts. July 20 at 12:30: Mendelssohn's Octet, Arne Mellnäs's "Fragile," and

Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Federal Hall, 26 Wall St.) . . . ¶ July 22 at 5: Hindemith's Trio (Op. 34) replaces the Mozart. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Summergarden 1994—The Museum of Modern Art's summer survey of early-twentieth-century musical styles continues with piano trios by Copland (his "Vitebsk"), Ravel, and Ives. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 22-23 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ilan Rechtman—Performing selections from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" on the harpsichord. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. July 24 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Trio Time—Violinist E-jung, cellist Alexis Gerlach, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform trios by Haydn and Mendelssohn (his Second). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 24 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 20 at 8:30: Harry Ellis Dickson conducts the Boston Pops in a light program that includes Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with pianist John Bayless). . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: Maria Tipo performs Beethoven's C-Major Piano Sonata (Op. 2, No. 3); the Quartetto di Fiesole plays Brahms' A-Minor String Quartet and (with Ms. Tipo) Schumann's Piano Quintet. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin conducts the Boston Symphony in Carter's "Holiday Overture," Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Christian Zacharias), and Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra in the première of Lukas Foss's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand (with Leon Fleisher as soloist); also on the program are Bernstein's Serenade (with violinist Itzhak Perlman) and Brahms' Symphony No. 4. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: Leonard Slatkin conducts the Boston Symphony in Haydn's Symphony No. 85 ("La Reine"), Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto (with Alicia de Larrocha), Respighi's "Ancient Airs and Dances" (Suite No. 3), and Ginastera's "Variaciones Concertantes." (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600.)

Caramoor Music Festival—July 21 at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble offers chamber works by Boccherini, Haydn, and Spohr (his F-Major Nonetto). . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: The Colorado String Quartet performs quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 458), Mendelssohn (in F Minor, Op. 80), and Smetana (his First, "From My Life"). . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: André Previn conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an all-Beethoven program comprising the "Coriolan" Overture, Violin Concerto (with Joshua Bell), and Symphony No. 7. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5:30: Pianist André Previn and members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble play Schubert's "Introduction and Variations on 'Trockne Blumen,'" Beethoven's G-Major Trio for Flute, Bassoon, and Piano (WoO 37), and Dvořák's A-Major String Sextet (Op. 48). (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-2252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (July 21 at 8.) . . . ¶ Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," with sopranos Sheila Smith and Valerie Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano Charlotte Hellekant, and tenor Tim Tobin; directed by Mark Lamos and conducted by Stewart Robinson. (July 22 at 8.) . . . ¶ Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with soprano Theodora Hanslowe, tenor Paul Austin Kelly, and baritone Philip Cokorinos; Stewart Robinson. (July 23 at 8 and July 25 at 2.) . . . ¶ Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with soprano Dana Hanchard and countertenors David Daniels and Brian Asawa; directed by Jonathan Miller, and with Jane Glover conducting a period-instrument ensemble. (July 24 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

Aston Magna Festival—Vocal and instrumental music by Bach, Buxtehude, Biber, and Froberger. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. July 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-6822. . . . ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. July 23 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—July 22 at 8:30: The Fine Arts String Quartet plays quartets by Juan Crisóstomo Arriaga (his First), Shostakovich (his Eighth), and Dvořák (in A-Flat Major, Op. 105). . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: Classical guitarist Eliot Fisk plays works by Rodrigo, de Falla, Scarlatti, Boccherini, Manuel Valls, and Mauro Giuliani; with assisting artists. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000.)

Music Mountain—The Lark String Quartet plays quartets by Edward Collins and Schubert (his "Death and the Maiden"), as well as Dohnányi's C-Minor Piano Quintet (with Emma Tahmisian). (Falls Village, Conn. July 24 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

Maverick Concerts—The Audubon String Quartet plays quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 127), Victoria Bond (her "Dreams of Flying"), and Haydn (in G Major, Op. 54, No. 1). (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. July 24 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The Cage Rage—The Nuyorican Poets Café will present John Cage Praise Day. Among the featured performers will be Paul Skiff, reading from the composer's writings; Gina Bonati, presenting a dance based on a dream she had about Cage; Kendall Pigg, performing an adaptation for solo saw of Cage's "The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs"; and the rock band Dadadah, with Charles Wood of Essential Music, playing "A Cheap Imitation on John Cage." (236 E. 3rd St., between Avenues B and C. 708-9386.)

Palmistry—As long as the weather feels tropical, why not have some palm trees in the picture? The Channel Gardens at Rockefeller Plaza will be home to a dozen or so varieties of tropical palms, from fishtail to foxtail, through Aug. 1. (Rockefeller Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 50th St.)

Born to Be Wildebeests—"Africa: The Serengeti," which recently opened at the American Museum of Natural History's Naturemax Theatre, focusses on the annual migration from Tanzania to Kenya of some million wildebeests, in search of water and food. (Central Park W. at 79th St. Daily screenings at 10:30, 11:30, 1:30, and 3:30, and, on Fridays and Saturdays, at 6 and 7:30. Tickets available at the door.)

Last Swing—Midsummer Night Swing at Lincoln Plaza is preparing for its final four shindigs of the season. Dancing begins at 8:15, on Wednesdays through Saturdays. For the rhythmically challenged, there's a lesson at 6:30 every night except Saturday. July 20: Tarantellas, waltzes, polkas, and tangos with Angelo Di Pippo e la sua Orchestra Tipica Italiana. . . . ¶ July 21: Dixieland Swing with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band. . . . ¶ July 22: Salsa with La India. . . . ¶ July 23: The sound of the big band, provided by the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. (Tickets available on the evenings of the events.)

Scotland for Aye—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden will venture beyond the heather and thistle to take a look at Scotland's more exotic flora, on July 24 at 1. The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society will perform traditional ballroom dances at 2:30. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—July 20 at 8: Michael Cunningham and John Weir, among others, will read their contributions to "Waves: An Anthology of New Gay Fiction," edited by Ethan Mordden. (A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: Mark Leyner and Tom Robbins will read from their own fiction. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 26 at 7: Charlie Smith will read from his own fiction and poetry. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Walks & Tours—July 20 at 7: The Cooper-Hewitt Museum will sponsor an architectural cruise, "Manhattan by Sea," that will take participants around the island from the 42nd St. Pier to Gracie Mansion. For more information, call 860-6862. . . . ¶ July 21 at 6 A.M.: The South Street Seaport Museum will take in fresh flounder and a couple of hundred other species of fish on an early morning tour of the Fulton Fish Market. For more information, call 748-8590. . . . ¶ July 24 at 1: For lepidopterists, a Wave Hill tour of butterfly and moth haunts. For more information, call 1-718 549-3200.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Show Biz—Theatreworks/USA is offering free performances of "The Great Brain," a new musical with an old theme: the meaning of friendship. Recommended ages: six and older. (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 and 1; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11. Through Aug. 6. Tickets available on a first-come, first-served basis, starting at 10 on the day of the performance.)

"Tanner's Growing Up in Alaska"—A screening of a video about a a toddler in Homer, Alaska, who goes dogsledding, crab fishing, and snowmobiling. Plenty of wildlife is featured, as well. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. July 23 at 3.)

Crown Around—On July 24 at 11, the Brooklyn Historical Society is sponsoring a kids' tour of Crown Heights. (The tour meets at the Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave.; for reservations, which are required, call 1-718 624-0890.)

Fun with History—A program called "Children's Summer Fun: Then and Now," at the Abigail Adams Smith Museum, features songs, games, and ice cream. (417 E. 61st St. 838-6878. July 26 at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Demonstrations of nineteenth-century toys and games at the South Street Seaport Museum are part of an afternoon focussing on "The Art of Play." (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. July 23-24, from 1 to 4. No charge beyond museum admission.)

SPORTS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

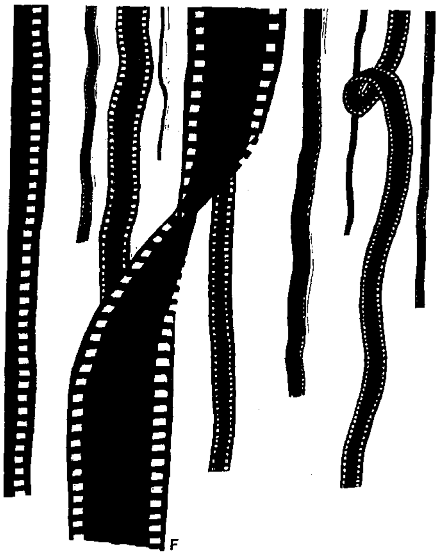
BASEBALL

Yankees—Vs. the Boston Red Sox, July 26 at 7:05.

Mets—Vs. the Los Angeles Dodgers, July 20 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Francisco Giants, July 22 at 7:40 and July 23-24 at 1:40.

IN-LINE SKATING

Feets Don't Fail Me—The New York Road Skaters Association's annual Evening In-Line Challenge race will be held in two heats on July 20 at 6 and 6:30, along Central Park's lower loop. Experienced rollerheads will skate for five miles; beginning blade-runners will race a three-and-a-half-mile course. The starting gate is at 67th St., on the west side of the Park. For more information, call 534-7858.



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
24	25	26	20	21	22	23

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "White" (†).
Theatre 2: "Go Fish" (directed by Rose Troche).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).
Theatre 4: "My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward).
Theatre 5: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.
Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (Bernardo Bertolucci).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
A program of Italian films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 3: "True Lies" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Widows' Peak" (John Irvin).
Theatre 2: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 5: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 21: "Forrest Gump" (†). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 7: "Wolf" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 21: "Chicken Hawk" (Adi Sideman).
From July 22: "Easy Rider" (1969, Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "I Love Trouble" (†).
Theatre 3: "Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Wedding Gift" (Richard Loncraine).
Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 21: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino). From July 22: "Lassie" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 7: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 2: "Wyatt Earp" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "Little Big League" (†) and "Wolf" (†).
Theatre 5: "Wolf" (†).
Theatre 6: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 3: "True Lies" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Shadow" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "The Lion King" (†). From July 22: "Lassie" (Daniel Petrie).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"True Lies" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant), with John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Little Big League" (†) and "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland), with Billy Crystal and Jack Palance.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).
Theatre 2: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Gift" (Richard Loncraine).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 21: "The Shadow" (†). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 5: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blown Away" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Woodstock" (1970, Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Wolf" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 2: "The Client."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller, in Italian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Wyatt Earp" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Blown Away" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (†) and "True Lies" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "I Love Trouble" (†). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Forrest Gump" (†). From July 22: "Lassie" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 7: "The Shadow" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Latcho Drom" (directed by Tony Gatlif, in Romany).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†); and (through July 25) "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby's Day Out" (†) and "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 2: "Coming Out Under Fire" (†).

At MOMA, Tod Browning's "Freaks."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller, in Italian).
Theatre 2: "Coming Out Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 21; "L.627" (Bertrand Tavernier, in French). From July 22: "Just Like a Woman" (Christopher Monger).
Theatre 4: "The Conjugal Bed" (Mircea Daneliuc, in Romanian).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Forrest Gump" (†). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 7: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Shadow" (†).
Theatre 9: "True Lies" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 3: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Angels in the Outfield" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).
Theatre 2: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Serial Mom" (John Waters).
Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan).
Theatre 6: "The Paper" (Ron Howard).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"True Lies" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Wedding Gift" (Richard Loncraine).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche), with Guinevere Turner.
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
Through July 21: "Bhaji on the Beach" (Gurinder Chadha).
From July 22: "Freedom on My Mind" (Connie Field and Marilyn Mulford).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (John Irvin).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 21: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
From July 22: "Just Like a Woman" (Christopher Monger).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"I Love Trouble" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Shadow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (Bernardo Bertolucci).
Theatre 2: "White" (†).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 4: "A Place in the World" (Adolfo Aristarain, in Spanish).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"True Lies" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Wolf" (†). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 5: "Angels in the Outfield" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Baby's Day Out" (†) and "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant); and "Wyatt Earp" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (directed by Brian Levant), with John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "The Client" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blown Away" (†).
Theatre 5: "Baby's Day Out" (†).
Theatre 6: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 7: "Blown Away" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Lion King" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "I Love Trouble" (†). From July 22: "Lassie" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "The Crow" (Alex Proyas). From July 22: "North" (Rob Reiner).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Forrest Gump" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Shadow" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through July 24: "François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits" (directed by Serge Toubiana and Michel Pascal, in French), a documentary.
July 25: "The Penalty" (1920, Wallace Worsley) and "Mockery" (1927, Benjamin Christensen), both with Lon Chaney.
From July 26: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 20: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955, Wilder) and "Some Like It Hot" (1959, Wilder), both with Marilyn Monroe.
July 21: "Accident" (1967, Joseph Losey) and "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), both with Dirk Bogarde.
July 22-23: "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948, Huston), with Walter Huston, Bogart, and Tim Holt.
July 24: "Rancho Notorious" (1952, Fritz Lang), with Marlene Dietrich; and "Destry Rides Again" (†).
July 25: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French).
July 26: "Witness" (1985, Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, and Lukas Haas; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983, Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. July 21 at 2:30 and July 24 at 5: "Mark of the Vampire" (1935, Tod Browning), with Lionel Barrymore and Bela Lugosi; and "Freaks" (†). . . . July 21 at 6: "Buddy Buddy" (1981, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. . . . July 22 at 2:30: "Cause for Alarm" (1951, Tay Garnett). . . . July 22 at 6: "Jailhouse Rock" (†). . . . July 22 at 8 and July 25 at noon: "A Fish Called Wanda" (1988, Charles Crichton), with John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin. . . . July 23 at 12:30: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy). . . . July 23 at 3:30 and July 25 at 2: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965, David Lean), with Omar Sharif. . . . July 24 at 2:30 and July 26 at 6: "Don't Make Waves" (1967, Alexander Mackendrick), with Tony Curtis and Claudia Cardinale. . . . July 25 at 6 and July 26 at 2:30: "Side Street" (1950, Anthony Mann), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8: "To See Paris and Die" (1993, Alexander Proshkin; in Russian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A series of French films. July 20 at 2, 6, and 9:50: "The Third Lover" (1963, Claude Chabrol). . . . July 20 at 3:45 and 7:45: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica. . . . July 21 at 2 and 9 and July 22 at 4 and 8:30: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (†). . . . July 21 at 4:15 and July 22 at 2 and 6:30: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949, Jean-Pierre Melville). . . . July 23 at 4 and 8: "Ménage" (1986, Bertrand Blier), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou. . . . July 23 at 6:15 and 9:50: "Maîtresse" (1976, Barbet Schroeder). . . . July 24 at 4 and 8 and July 25 at 2, 6, and 10: "Beauty and the Devil" (1949, René Clair), with Michel Simon and Gérard Philipe. . . . July 24 at 6 and 10 and July 25 at 4 and 8: "Eyes Without a Face" (1959, Georges Franju). . . . July 26 at 2: "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956, Jean Renoir). . . . July 26 at 4: "The Game of Love" (1954, Claude Autant-Lara). . . . ¶ July 21 at 6:30: "Federal Hill" (1994, Michael Corrente). . . . ¶ July 23-24 at 2: "Donkey Skin" (1975, Jacques Demy), with Catherine Deneuve.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. July 23 at 2: "Scarface" (1932), with Paul Muni. . . . July 23 at 4: "Tiger Shark" (†). . . . July 24 at 2: "His Girl Friday" (1940), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . July 24 at 4: "Ball of Fire" (1942), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—July 21 at 7: "A Bigger Splash" (David Hockney). . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: "Painters Painting: The New York Art Scene: 1940-70" (Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ July 22-23 at 7: "Me and My Brother" (1969, Robert Frank) and "Last Supper" (1992, Frank). . . . ¶ July 22-23 at 9: A program of short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: "Empire" (1964, Andy Warhol).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 22 at 7: "Madame Sousatzka" (1988, John Schlesinger), with Shirley MacLaine. . . . ¶ July 23 at 4: "King Kong" (1976, John Guillermin), with Jeff Bridges and Jessica Lange. . . . ¶ July 23 at 7: "King Kong" (1932, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot.

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on July 25 will be Irving Rapper's "Now, Voyager" (1942), with Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. (Rain date will be the following night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out of doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the main feature starting at about 9. On July 24, the feature will be Lina Wertmüller's "Love and Anarchy" (1973, in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 21 at 7:15: "The Miracle" (1991, Neil Jordan), with Beverly D'Angelo. . . . ¶ July 21-23 at 9 and July 24 at 8: "Two Half-Times in Hell" (1961, Zoltán Fábri; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ July 22 at 6:30: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ July 23 at 7:15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5:45: "High Heels" (1991, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Max et Jérémie" (1992, Claire Devers; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Christopher Lambert, and Jean-Pierre Marielle.

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 24, at 7, Russ Meyer's "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970).

Asian American International Film Festival—The seventeenth annual festival, featuring about fifty films, will take place over two weekends (July 22-24 and July 30-31), at Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (925-8685.)

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Client—Joel Schumacher's adaptation of John Grisham's thriller stars Susan Sarandon as a lawyer representing an eleven-year-old boy (Brad Renfro) who witnesses a violent act, and Tommy Lee Jones as the federal prosecutor who wants him to testify. With Mary-Louise Parker, Anthony LaPaglia, Ossie Davis, and J. T. Walsh. Screenplay by Akiva Goldsman and Robert Getchell. Opening July 20.

Just Like a Woman—Adrian Pasdar plays a banker whose wife kicks him out when she discovers a cache of lingerie in their bedroom. His new landlady (Julie Walters) finds out that he's not a philanderer—he's a cross-dresser. Written by Nick Evans. Directed by Christopher Monger. Opening July 22.

Lassie—The high-I.Q. collie is back, living with city folk who have taken up sheep ranching in the Shenandoah Valley. All is well until Lassie has to mediate in a dispute with the neighbors. With Thomas Guiry, Helen Slater, Jon Tenney, Frederic Forrest, and Richard Farnsworth. Written by Matthew Jacobs, Gary Ross, and Elizabeth Anderson. Directed by Daniel Petrie. Opening July 22.

Latcho Drom—A nonfiction exploration and celebration of Gypsy culture, with an emphasis on traditional Rom (Gypsy) song, music, and dance. Filmed in India, Egypt, Turkey, Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, France, and Spain. Directed and written by Tony Gatlif. In Romany. Opening July 20.

North—An eleven-year-old (Elijah Wood) leaves his self-centered parents (Jason Alexander and Julia Louis-Dreyfus), declares himself a free agent, and embarks on a worldwide search for the ideal parents. With Bruce Willis, Jon Lovitz, Alan Arkin, Dan Aykroyd, and Reba McEntire. Written by Alan Zweibel and Andrew Scheinman. Directed by Rob Reiner. Opening July 22.

The Wedding Gift—When a British woman (Julie Walters) finds herself stricken with a mysterious debilitating illness, she decides to find her husband (Jim Broadbent) a new wife. Written by Jack Rosenthal; based on the autobiography of Deric Longden. Directed by Richard Loncraine. Opening July 20.

CURRENT FILMS

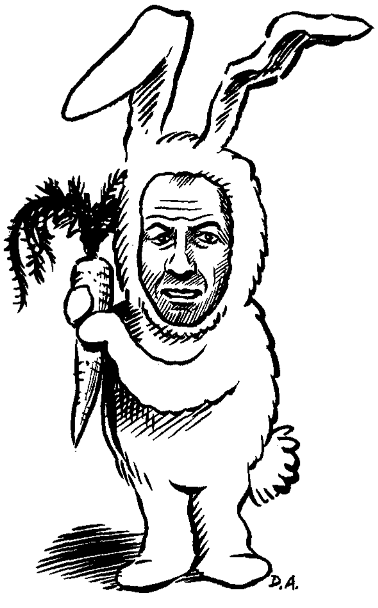
(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Angels in the Outfield—Danny Glover plays a blustery baseball manager and Joseph Gordon-Levitt the boy-hero who humanizes him; Jay O. Sanders is the villain, a spiteful radio announcer who adopts the phrase "Less is more!" The moviemakers believe "more is more." With glops of heartbreak, slapstick, and uplift—and glitzy special effects—they overstuff the slender tale of how the boy's belief in the floundering California Angels draws the help of heavenly angels (led by Christopher Lloyd). In a big change from the 1951 version, the audience gets to see the seraphim that were previously visible only to the child (a girl in the first movie). The director, William Dear, doesn't leave anything to the imagination—his or anyone else's. Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells wrote the original, from a story by Richard Conlin; Holly Goldberg Sloan did the new script.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Baby's Day Out—The producer-screenwriter, John Hughes, turns his trademark formula—rich kid outmaneuvers crooks and redeems parents—into baby formula. A cheerful, dribbling nine-month-old boy named Bink (played by Adam Robert Worton and Jacob Joseph Worton) uses "baby luck" to crawl through the fingers of kidnapper Joe Mantegna and two accomplices. While Bink enjoys a perilous day on his own in the city, his nerve-racked mother, Lara Flynn Boyle, realizes that she's left his upbringing to his nanny (Cynthia Nixon). As usual, Hughes combines sentimentality and slapstick sadism: in the most prolonged and meretricious torture sequence since "Reservoir Dogs," Mantegna's family jewels are roasted, then crushed. Patrick Read Johnson directed.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Blown Away—As ludicrous as it is bombastic—a Boston-to-Cape Cod version of Scorsese's "Cape Fear" grafted onto an Irish-terrorist backdrop. Tommy Lee Jones outgargoyles De Niro as an explosives freak who escapes from a Northern Ireland prison and somehow makes it to Massachusetts, where he stages a homicidal grudge match against a former mate (Jeff Bridges) who went straight and is now an ace in Beantown's bomb squad. Stephen Hopkins, the director, exacerbates the chaotic silliness of the script by Joe Batteer and John Rice. With Forest Whitaker and Lloyd Bridges. Suzy Amis, as Jeff Bridges' wife, provides the only glimmers of emotion.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer.—T.R. (6/6/94) (Film Forum.)



Opening July 22, Bruce Willis in "North."

Coming Out Under Fire—Arthur Dong's documentary about homosexuals serving in the Second World War has double impact. Implicitly, it argues against any limits on gays and lesbians in the military, while illustrating how even the recent "Don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" compromise is an improvement over the unrestrained harassment of the past. Interviews with veterans of diverse backgrounds and attitudes provide a fresh anecdotal history that builds to a devastating account of mid-war anti-gay witch hunts. Co-written by Dong and Allan Bérubé.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

Forrest Gump—With Tom Hanks, directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

I Love Trouble—This newspaper thriller cum romantic comedy, with Nick Nolte and Julia Roberts as rival reporters, fails to bring off the Tracy-Hepburn recipe of sexual tension and prickly repartee. It's like the worst possible Newman-Redford vehicle: the script reduces the stars to twinkling mannequins, and their chemistry barely rises to the buddy-buddy level. The big jokes—with zingers such as "Bitchville" and "little Dick"—would score only in a frat house. The action scenes are standard noisemakers; the suspense is embarrassingly perfunctory. Robert Loggia, Olympia Dukakis, Saul Rubinek, Charlie Martin Smith, and Marsha Mason constitute the mysterious disappearing supporting cast—each drops from sight after very few scenes. Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer co-wrote, and Shyer directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema I, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII, and Embassy; through July 21.)

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Little Big League—If expansion and reorganization don't kill baseball, maybe butterfingered baseball movies will. In this syrupy kids' stuff, Luke Edwards plays a twelve-year-old who inherits the Minnesota Twins from his grandfather (Jason Robards) and appoints himself manager. He reminds the players that the game is supposed to be fun; when *he* forgets, his star and future stepfather (Timothy Busfield) reminds him. The director, Andrew Scheinman, scuttles the momentum that any baseball film should generate just by following a season. He paces the comedy and drama so poorly that it comes as a relief when the action stops well before the World Series.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, and 59th Street East Cinema.)

The Shadow—The adventures of Lamont Cranston (Alec Baldwin), a clandestine crime fighter with the power to "cloud men's minds" (in the memorable phrase from the "Shadow" radio series, which was popular in the thirties and forties). As pulp-recycling projects go, the movie—directed by Russell Mulcahy, from a script by David Koepp—isn't bad. The filmmakers don't camp up the material too much; the action cracks along at a steady, if not relentless, pace;

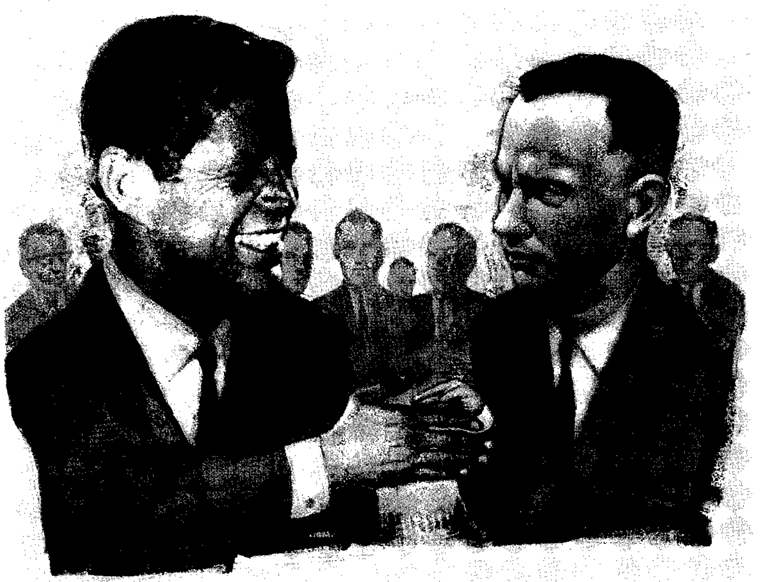
and the thirties production design (by Joseph Nemec III) is swell. The disproportion between effort and effect makes the picture seem a little silly, though. In nearly two hours, and at a cost of over forty million dollars, the movie supplies almost exactly the entertainment value of a single half-hour episode of the original radio drama, which always sounded as if it cost about a buck ninety-eight to produce. It's sad to think that so much heavy lifting is now required to deliver a package as ordinary as this. Also with Penelope Ann Miller, John Lone, Tim Curry, Ian McKellen, Peter Boyle, and Jonathan Winters.—T.R. (7/18/94) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas; Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Speed—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

True Lies—With Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by James Cameron. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

White—The second in Krzysztof Kieślowski's "Three Colors" trilogy—"Blue" was released here in 1993, and "Red" was recently screened at the Cannes festival—is the story of a Chaplinesque Polish Everyman named Karol Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski). The picture traces his progress from utter ignominy, in Paris, to a strange kind of personal power, which he acquires in the unsettled new society of his homeland. Kieślowski has abandoned the elegantly abstract style and enigmatic tones of his recent work and has adopted instead a folksy-picaresque manner, which doesn't suit him. Mysteriously, this great filmmaker lacks the mundane skills to keep us interested in a story that has no real spiritual dimension. Kieślowski isn't searching for immanence: everything has only its face value, and you feel as if a light had gone out in the world. Also with Julie Delpy. In Polish and French.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Wolf—Here's a new idea: a horror film that's frightened of itself. Director Mike Nichols is an old hand at lightly poisoned comedy, but when it comes to violence he shies away. Jack Nicholson plays a man who is bitten by a wolf and then turns into one. It seems such a short journey, since Nicholson, even at his most civilized, never seems more than a grin away from lupine lust. He plays Will Randall, the senior editor at a New York publishing house, who gets sacked by the big boss (Christopher Plummer) in favor of the slimy Stewart (a fine turn by James Spader) and vows revenge. Whether his transformation fills him with commercial greed or with the purer appetites of a wild, pre-industrial age is never quite clear. The movie is smart but confused, sexy but without any sex; the handling of Will's love affair with Laura Alden (Michelle Pfeiffer) reveals a terrible tameness at the heart of the story. For the first half of the picture, the audience is flattered by a series of sly, unforced, and rather cultivated jokes; in the second half, it is insulted by a gradual slide into drab violence. Will runs around in slow motion, exactly like the Six-Million-Dollar Man, and flies through the air as if launched by little off-camera trampolines.—A.L. (7/11/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through July 21.)



Forrest Gump (Tom Hanks) meets J.F.K. in "Forrest Gump."

Wyatt Earp—The hero of Lawrence Kasdan's crushingly dull bio-pic is neither the idealized lawman-knight of traditional Westerns nor the vengeful cur of revisionist accounts. Kasdan and his screenwriting collaborator, Dan Gordon, steer a cagey, cautious middle course between the good Wyatt and the bad Wyatt, and end up nowhere. This movie's Earp (Kevin Costner) is a vague, blurred image, like a mirage in the desert. You sense the picture's shiftiness right away; from the first, inert scenes you know that the filmmakers are more concerned with maintaining an air of respectability—like the timid pompous bankers that traditional Westerns scorn—than with telling a strong story. The movie spends all its energy on the run, avoiding positions that it might have to defend; it doesn't *stand* for anything. What kind of Western is that? Dennis Quaid (as Doc Holliday) and Bill Pullman (as Ed—brother of Bat—Masterson) are the standouts in the immense cast, which also includes Gene Hackman, Joanna Going, Michael Madsen, JoBeth Williams, Mare Winningham, Catherine O'Hara, Isabella Rossellini, Linden Ashby, and Mark Harmon.—T.R. (7/18/94) (19th Street East 6, Tower East, and Olympia.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—"Marlene Dietrich! . . . When you wear feathers, and furs, and plumes, you wear them as the birds and animals wear them, as though they belonged to your body."—Jean Cocteau. "She possesses the rarest of civilized virtues, irony."—Kenneth Tynan. These two gifts were combined in her classic comedy role as Frenchy, the quixotic harlot of a frontier saloon. George Marshall directed this satiric revitalization of a 1932 Tom Mix Western, based on a Max Brand novel. By taking her spangles and feathers into the Old West and dropping her sultry voice to a howling baritone, Deitrich revitalized her own career. James Stewart is charming and even a little bit sexy as the mild-mannered Destry.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 21 and 24.)

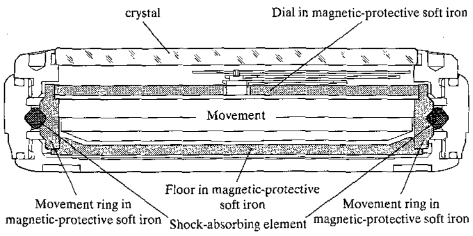
Jailhouse Rock (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and the guards flog him, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions, though Presley never begins to suggest the vitality that he showed in documentary footage. With Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy. Script by Guy Trosper, from a story by Ned Young.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 22.)

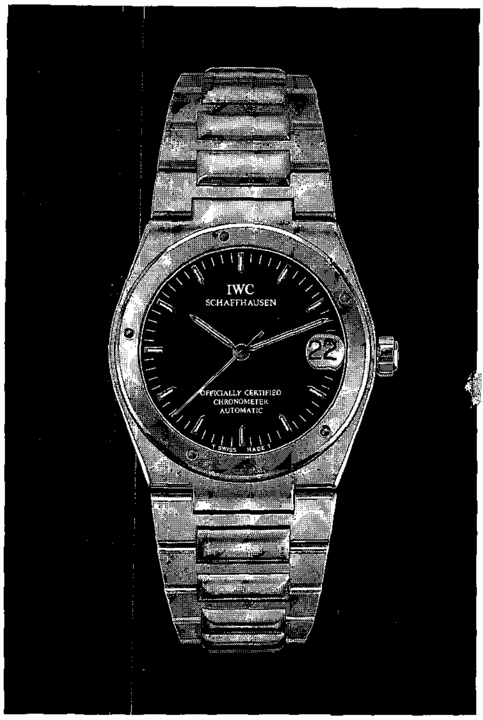
Tiger Shark (1932)—The material of this brisk (eighty minutes) Howard Hawks melodrama is naïve and far from virgin-new, but the movie is freshly and powerfully directed, and the tired plot is filled out by surprisingly exciting footage of tuna fishing in the Pacific. Edward G. Robinson gives a shrewd, energetic performance as the Portuguese captain of a tuna boat; the beautiful, sullen, dark-eyed Zita Johann is his wife, and his best friend (Richard Arlen) is, inevitably, in love with her. Wells Root did the script, from "Tuna," by Houston Branch. With Vince Barnett and J. Carrol Naish.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 23.)

Les Visiteurs du Soir ("The Devil's Envoys"; 1942)—A fantasy romance set in the fifteenth century and based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty with her great, lustrous eyes, Jules Berry as the Devil, Marie Déa, Alain Cuny (unfortunately, he's young and looks like a wooden Indian), Fernand Ledoux, Gabriel Gabrio, and Marcel Herrand. There are wonderful images (such as a medieval ball, with the dancers suddenly frozen), but the movie is heavy on the allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself, i.e. Hitler, is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 21-22.)

The Ingenieur "Officially Certified Chronometer" by IWC. Its hardest times are already behind.

Who would expect the subtle exterior of this wristwatch to conceal a movement so robust that it withstands even willful attempts to disturb its precision?
The experts, that's who.
We sent the new Ingenieur to Switzerland's official chronometer certification authorities where it was subjected to a series of gruelling tests. All of which it passed with flying colors.
The new Ingenieur has been officially confirmed, having a gold-plated, hand-assembled automatic movement; 950 platinum rotor; and screw-in crown in addition to its other features. Inside the case is a special heavy-duty, shock absorbing system and a second softiron housing which provides resistance to magnetic fields up to 80'000 A/m.


crystal
Dial in magnetic-protective soft iron
Movement
Floor in magnetic-protective soft iron
Movement ring in magnetic-protective soft iron
Shock-absorbing element
Movement ring in magnetic-protective soft iron


IWC
SCHAFFHAUSEN
22
OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED CHRONOMETER AUTOMATIC
SWISS MADE

stainless steel $ 5,995
Suggested retail price

The Ingenieur is water-resistant to 120 meters and fitted with a scratch-resistant crystal (hardness grade 9). It has an integrated magnifying glass conveniently located above the date display.
You can see these superb characteristics written all over its face. The words «Officially Certified Chronometer» appear on the dial as well as on the certificate received with the new Ingenieur.
Depend on this watch, and leave all the hard times behind.

SMART® JEWELERS

3350 West Devon Ave. • Lincolnwood IL 60659 • (708) 673-6000

IWC

International Watch Co Ltd, Schaffhausen . Switzerland
Since 1868

For further information and a complete color catalog please call (800) 432-9330

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SCENES IN SAG HARBOR

ACT I

SCENE: *A darkened and nearly empty theatre. In a seat in an upper row is a woman with perfectly white hair who has enormous glasses perched on the very tip of her nose. Her name is Sybil Christopher, and she is what could well be called a "theatrical" woman: her gestures are large, her accent is English, and when she laughs she throws back her head and uncorks a big one. In the row below her sits Emma Walton, wearing a black cotton vest and khaki shorts. She is turned back toward Sybil in such a way that her dark-blond hair rests on a slightly sunburned shoulder. Emma, thirtyish, and Sybil, sixtyish, are co-artistic directors of the Bay Street Theatre Festival, in Sag Harbor, which is now in its third year of operation. As they speak, the sound of hammering and the whine of a drill can occasionally be heard behind their voices.*

SYBIL: We're out here in the Hamptons, you know.

EMMA: It's a resort community.

SYBIL: This summer, we haven't given them resort stuff at all. (*She laughs ruefully.*) We're giving them real plays. (*"Blue Light," written by Cynthia Ozick and based on her story "The Shawl," and directed by Sidney Lumet, is scheduled to open August 10th.*)

EMMA: We enjoy the fact that we're in Sag Harbor.

SYBIL: We have Lanford Wilson here, we have Terrence McNally, we have Doctorow, Albee—

EMMA: Tom Harris.

SYBIL: He wrote "Silence of the Lambs."

EMMA: We're actually working on a project for next year. (*She hesitates, looks toward Sybil.*) Can we talk about this?

SYBIL: Sure.

EMMA: Lanford and Terrence McNally and Joe Pintauro will all probably work with us next season. Each of them is going to write a one-act play.

SYBIL: Basically, we told them the characters, the age of the characters—that sort of thing. They love the idea. It's a challenge.

EMMA: Then, we have a big show every year at Christmastime, and this year it's a revival of a play called "Sag Harbor," which is a turn-of-the-century play by James Herne, and it actually takes place on this spot.

SYBIL: James Herne is known as the American Ibsen.

EMMA: It's a bit of a chestnut, but we're adapting it.

SYBIL: It's going to be a sort of valentine for the village. But we're going to do it with all the sincerity we can.

ACT II

(*Same characters, same scene, only now Emma is kneeling girlishly on her seat, her arms over the back.*)

SYBIL: When Emma is ninety years old, she will still be Julie Andrews' daughter. And I will *always* be Richard Burton's former wife. (*She laughs.*)

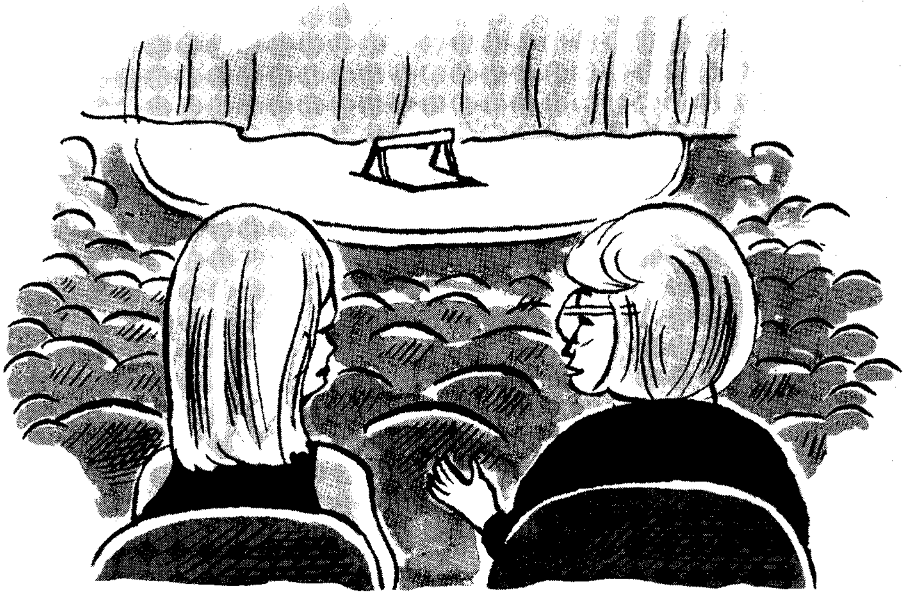
EMMA: That's really just a given.

SYBIL: That's a given.

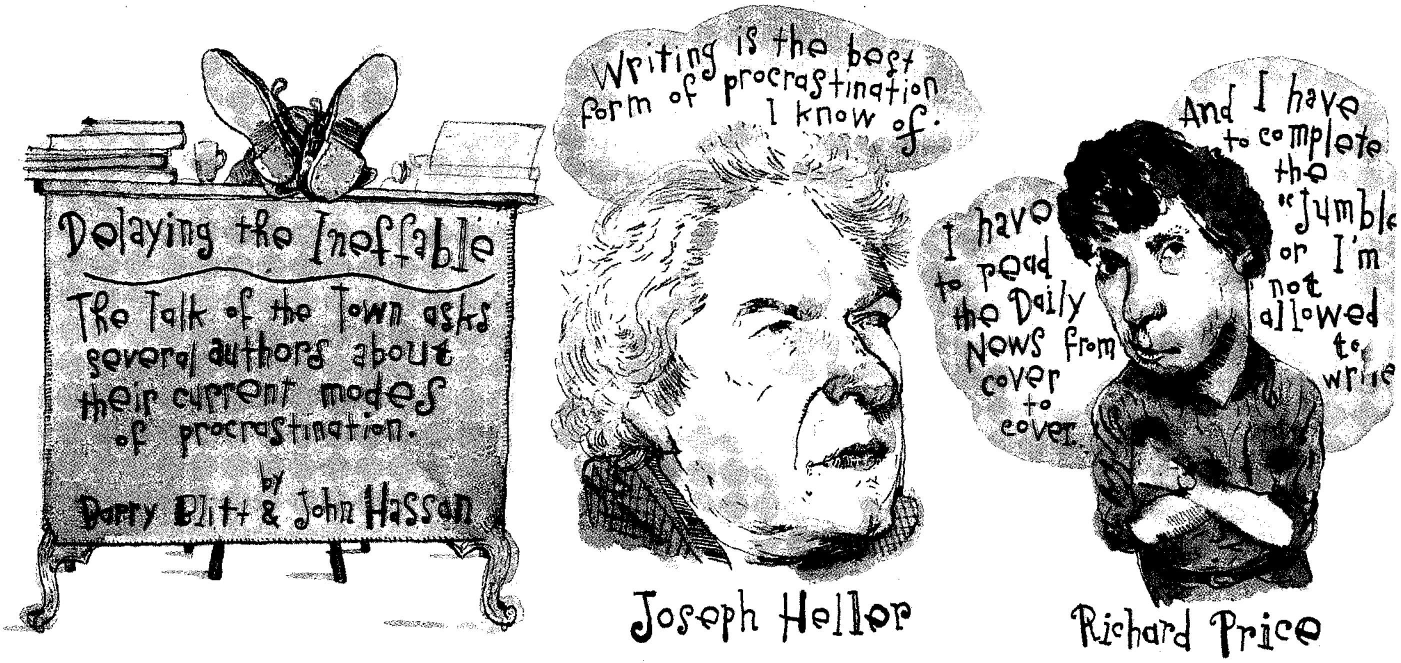
EMMA: And if it helps promotionally, great, and if it doesn't nobody cares.

SYBIL: Emma was an actress sensible enough to pack it in.

EMMA: I did a soap opera for a while—"As the World Turns." I was Lenore, a convict with a heart of gold. I murdered my husband, but everybody loved me. (*She screws her index finger into her cheek and delivers a mock bubble-brained smile.*) I actually knew that I always wanted to direct—as an actress, I loved rehearsal,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCELLUS HALL


Delaying the Ineffable
The Talk of the Town asks several authors about their current modes of procrastination.
by Barry Blitt & John Hassan
Writing is the best form of procrastination I know of.
Joseph Heller
I have to read the Daily News from cover to cover.
And I have to complete the "Jumble" or I'm not allowed to write
Richard Price

but I never really enjoyed performing.

SYBIL: I was exactly the same! I loved everything about the theatre except being onstage. (*She uncorks a big one.*) Basically, after my marriage to Richard I knew that that career was extraordinary, and I thought, That's it.

EMMA: But you had the equivalent of a Broadway career. Sybil was in "Harvey," in London.

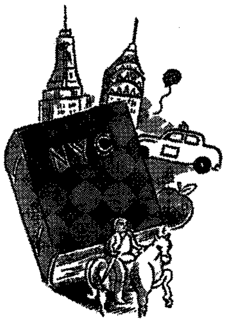
SYBIL (*with a wave of the hand*): Yes, and things like that. I'm not an ambitious woman. I basically surface every twenty-five years. (*Pause.*) Our seed money came from my phone book and Emma's wedding list. Right, Em?

EMMA: There's a level at which people are watching to see if the theatre sticks. Because out here so many fly-by-night things happen—stores and restaurants suddenly open Memorial Day weekend, and there's all this hoopla. And then they're gone.

(*Exeunt.*)

THERE ARE 4,300 ENTRIES ON THE NAKED CITY

As the result of thirteen years of thinking, writing, and editing, a one-volume encyclopedia of New York City history—something that has never before been attempted—is only two hundred entries from completion. These entries will come to some fifty thousand words—the length of a short book—but that's no more than an afterthought the way encyclopedists think. This particular encyclopedia, to be co-published next year by Yale University Press and the New-York Historical Society, is to have forty-three hundred entries and nearly a million and a half words. With the end so near, we weren't really surprised to find a serene, even buoyant atmosphere at a small, informal editorial meeting that Kenneth T. Jackson, the encyclopedia's editor-in-chief, held one day not long ago in his office, at Columbia University, where he is the Jacques Barzun Professor of History and Social Sciences.



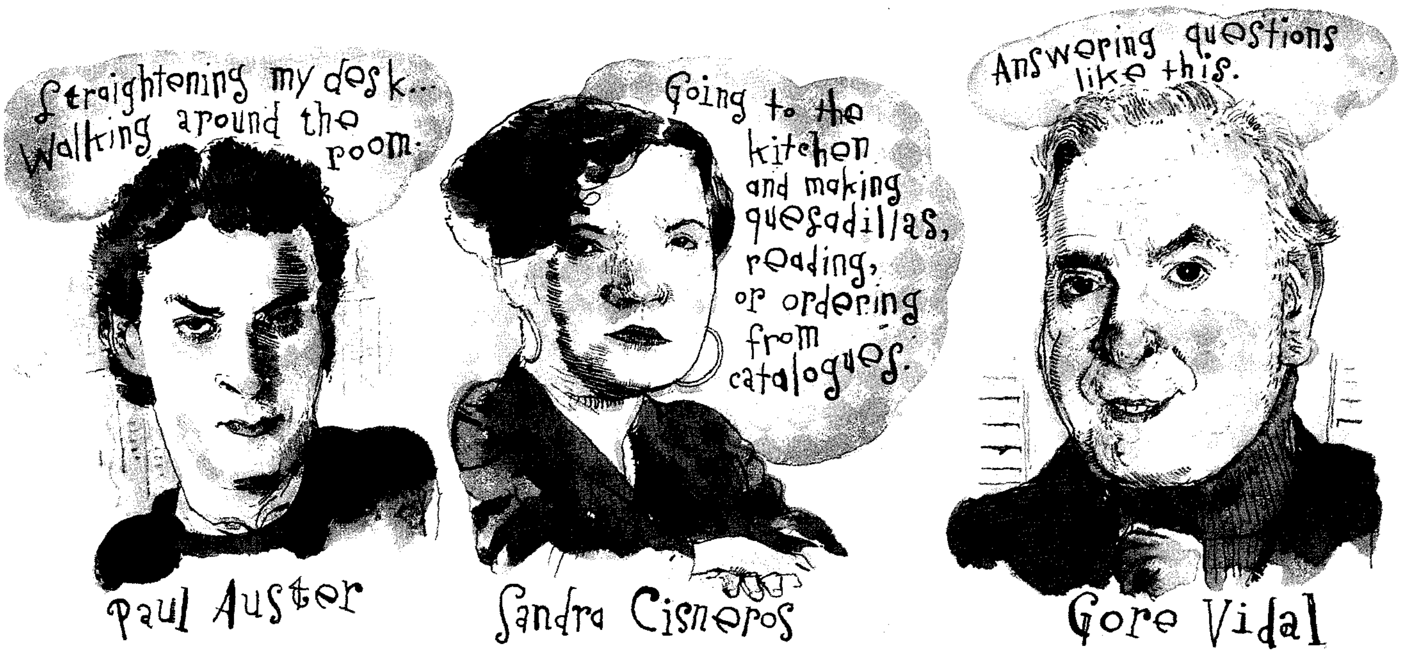
Professor Jackson, who is the author of "Crabgrass Frontier," a history of the American suburb, told us before the meeting began that the project represents not only his own labors but those of two managing editors, forty-one associate editors, ten assistant editors, and six hundred and fifty authors. "The city is much too vast for any single historian to embrace," Professor Jackson said, leaning back in his chair and clasping his hands behind his head. The encyclopedia's authors, he went on, include renowned scholars—such as Martin Marty, considered the foremost historian of American religion—and also people famous for non-academic pursuits, such as Arthur Ashe, who before his death, last year, handed in an entry about the 1885 Cuban Giants, the city's first professional black baseball team. (The players thought they'd encounter less discrimination if they called themselves Cuban.)

In Professor Jackson's office were Fred Kameny, the reference editor at Yale, and Chad Ludington, Professor Jackson's graduate assistant. The three men were going over a list of still more suggested topics, to make sure they wouldn't later kick themselves for leaving something out. Bagels? "Got 'em," said Mr. Kameny. Mae West? "Need her," said Mr. Ludington. (She's buried in Greenwood Cemetery.) Revolutionary War prison ships? "That one's mine," Professor Jackson said. Then he turned to us and said, "Probably as many people died during the Revolution on those old hulks the British tied up here in New York Harbor as in all the battles in the war."

Before we left, Professor Jackson said, "New York's older than cities like Boston and Philadelphia, which take their history far more seriously. And it's old as a *huge* city, and that means it had to think about big-city problems long ago. I have so much more sympathy than I once did for those who've tried to run this city all these years."

WHERE THE ROOKS POST UP

GARRY KASPAROV moved a pawn two squares. The move was impossible to glimpse from the spectator seats but was quite clear on two of four big screens that carried magnified im-

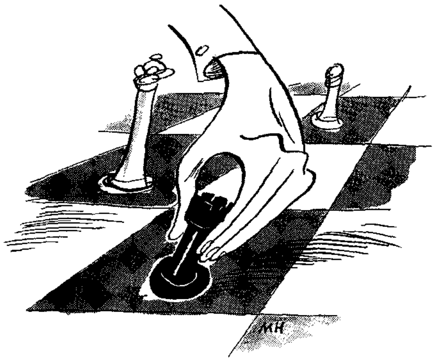

Straightening my desk... walking around the room.
Paul Auster
Going to the kitchen and making quesadillas, reading, or ordering from catalogues.
Sandra Cisneros
Answering questions like this.
Gore Vidal

ages of the board, the pieces, and the players' hands, which were captured by small lipstick cameras positioned around the chess table. And it was immediately evident that the move was a significant one, because the play-by-play announcer, whom you listened to through a headset, commented, "Oh *my!* This game is ready to get *crazy!*"

The game was speed chess, and for four days the other week the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center was host to the Professional Chess Association's first Intel World Chess Grand Prix, which introduced the P.C.A.'s version of the game here. In speed chess, each player is given only twenty-five minutes to make all his moves. "Moving kings, queens, and knights into the 21st Century (at top speed)" is how the press flyer described it. Listening to the play-by-play, you might have thought it was "American Gladiators." Rooks "post up" and "swing along the baseline," bishops "slash through the middle," pawns "go in for a touchdown." Even in speed chess, though, several minutes may go by without a move, during which time an announcer may resort to remarks like "He's loosening up his tie there."

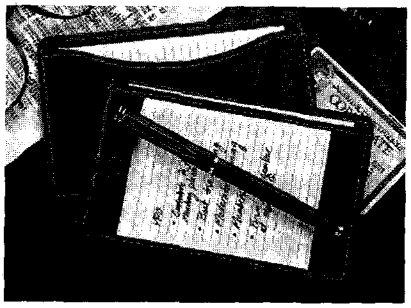
ESPN, the sports network, believes that the speed format will make good television. Beginning July 27th, it will broadcast a tape of the first tournament of the Grand Prix, which was held in Moscow in April. (The Grand Prix will next move to London for another tournament, and then to Paris.) Bob Rice, the commissioner of the P.C.A., is confident that the speeded-up game will find a TV audience. "We have a wonderful television guy," he says. "He directed Cyndi Lauper videos."

Mr. Rice said this in the V.I.P. Lounge at the Javits Center shortly after Mr. Kasparov defeated Viswanathan Anand, whom speed-chess aficionados (yes, they already exist) call "the speed king of India." Mr. Rice, who is thirty-nine years old, lean, and cheerfully intense, is a partner at the prestigious law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, a passionate fan of many sports—"I'm still crushed about the Knicks"—and an enthusiastic chess player. In the fall of 1990, he asked his wife for a birthday present of tickets to the world chess championship then being held here. "We went in, and the tension was almost unbearable," he recalled. It wasn't just the players who captured Mr. Rice's attention, however. He saw a potential market. "The audience was composed largely of people who work with me on Wall Street," he said. "The demographics were excellent."



Not long after attending the championship, he formed the Wall Street Chess Club. It was intended originally as a way to lure potential legal clients over to Milbank's offices. "We have this beautiful conference center—it overlooks the Statue of Liberty—and we served wine and sandwiches, and pretty soon we had quite a strong crowd," he said. Stephen Friedman, the chairman of Goldman, Sachs, and a number of big traders from Salomon Brothers were among those who came. And then the real players began to show up. "The grand masters heard about the club," Mr. Rice said. "The big joke was that the Wall Street guys were coming to learn how to play chess and the chess guys were coming to learn how to make money."

Mr. Kasparov, the World Chess Champion, would drop by when he was in town, and early last year, after he broke with FIDE, the decades-old governing body of the chess world, he called Bob Rice. Thereupon the Professional Chess Association was born. Mr. Rice went on to put together the TV deal for the new association, and then he assembled a team that developed a high-speed format with television in mind. He foresees a day when chess players will be sports stars, giving product endorsements—not for Nike but for laptop computers, consulting firms, and maybe aspirin, too, because he has a line for aspirin: "If it can solve Garry Kasparov's headache, it can solve yours." ♦



Shirt Pocket Briefcase®

Our Shirt Pocket Briefcase lets you take notes on the run. Instead of writing on business cards, which are often coated so the ink doesn't dry, write freely on 3" by 5" cards.

*Our new model has a writing surface plus **two** pockets for cards (so you can keep completed cards separate from blank ones).*

Made in America of luxurious saddle tan, black, or burgundy leather. (We welcome corporate orders.)

$29.95 + $4.95 shipping
$3.95 Optional Monogram
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
420 Commerce Drive, Code NYSP14, Delray, FL 33445

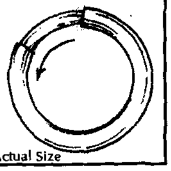
What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus
Finance, Travel, Fashion
and the Arts.

CALL 1-800-882-2884

International Herald Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS.

personal insights on
Turkey ♦ Greece
small yacht cruises & tours
43 Hooper Ave, Atlantic Hlds, NJ 07716
Club Voyages / **908-291-8228**



A NEW CHOICE FOR UNPIERCED EARS
Spring-Back Hoops
Comfortable yet Secure
(4 sizes available)
1-800-262-6026
SS $23.00 14K $75.00
(Prices are for hoops Shown)
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main Spring City, Utah 84662
Add $3.00 S & H
Actual Size

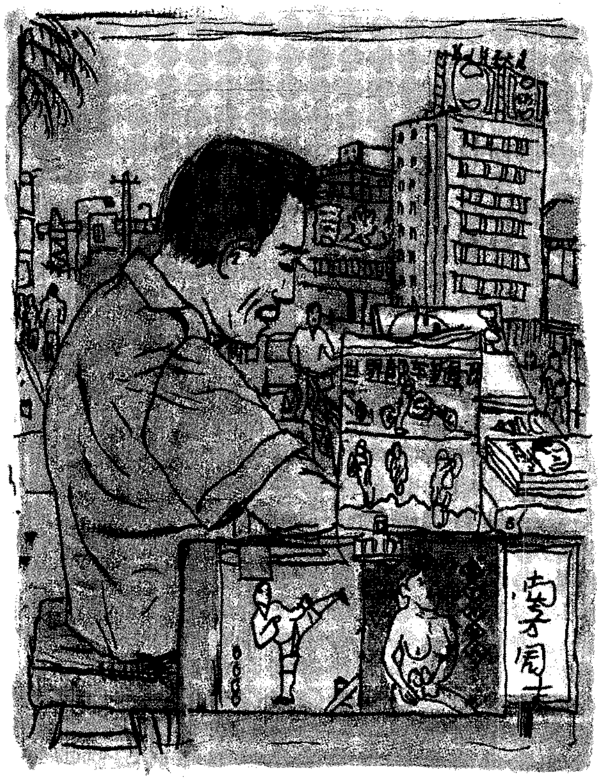
LETTER FROM CHINA

TO GET RICH IS GLORIOUS

In the new market boom, maverick entrepreneurs are challenging the state's media control. Few are getting political—many are going tabloid.

BY ORVILLE SCHELL

On May 26th, when President Bill Clinton announced that improving human rights was no longer a condition for renewing China's Most Favored Nation trading status with the United States, he relinquished a lever that many people had viewed as crucial in keeping pressure on Beijing to release political prisoners and to become less politically repressive in other respects. But critics of the trade-rights linkage, which Congress attempted to legislate after the 1989 bloodshed in Beijing and Clinton finally established by executive order last year, claimed that the best way to bring about the liberalization of China's authoritarian regime was to promote trade and capitalist-style markets, on the theory that greater economic freedom would ultimately lead to more political openness. Under intense pressure from the American business community, the President apparently came to agree with this viewpoint.



About a third of the books published in China in 1992 came through illicit channels—from "183 Tricks to Playing the Stock Market" to "A Dark Massage House."

Although Clinton did not specifically mention the Chinese media, they comprise one important area in which entrepreneurs have quietly been creating new and often surprising commercial ventures that are increasingly independent of official control. These ventures began in the late eighties, as Deng Xiaoping's economic reforms, initiated in 1978, gathered momentum, and though they were interrupted by the 1989 crackdown, they are once again running like a riptide throughout China in a way that is certain to have profound long-term political consequences.

When I met Jia Lusheng at a Beijing restaurant in the spring of 1989, as the demonstrations in Tiananmen Square were building, there was little about him to suggest that he was a well-known writer, much less in the forefront of a whole new style of Chinese journalism. Unlike the typical pale-faced urban intellectual, Jia had dark skin and unkempt hair, which, along with a less than stylish manner of dress, conveyed the impression of someone who did not spend his life behind a desk. And, in fact, he told me that he felt far more comfortable in the provinces among ordinary people than in the meeting halls of Beijing's intelligentsia. Jia was one of a group of emerging writers who had used the relative openness of the nineteen-eighties to pioneer a bold kind of investigative journalism known as *baogao wenxue*—"literary reportage." This genre, something akin to New Journalism in the United States, proved popular and helped encourage writers to *ganyu shenghuo*, or "delve into life" and expose its "dark sides," rather than just *fenshi shenghuo*, or "cosmeticize life," as writers of socialist realism had been forced to do for four decades. By going underground for months at a time among beggars, petty criminals, street urchins, mentally unbalanced drifters, entrepreneurial hustlers, prostitutes, political outcasts, and prisoners, Jia began revealing aspects of Chinese society that had largely been ignored by more conventional writers. The result was a corpus of long, agenda-setting investigative pieces such as "Travels with Beggars," about living with China's drifters, and "The Language of Thieves," about street lingo, that, when they were published in the late eighties, in the journal *Baogao Wenxue*, pulled back the shroud from an enormous underclass, which neo-Maoist Party hard-liners were far from pleased to see highlighted.

Jia and other contributors to *Baogao Wenxue* prided themselves on fearlessly covering topics that ranged from underground political movements and the conditions in prisons to malfeasance in office and the abject poverty of China's dispossessed. "Our society is divided into light and darkness, and we writers live in one rarefied place of light," Jia told me in 1989. "Only when we go into the darkness at the bottom do we discover how black our society actually is down there, and how few people from the top have ever been down below to see what it's like." The revelations of Jia and the other investigative reporters who thrived during this period played an important role in articulating the kind of dissatisfaction with the status quo which finally erupted in Tiananmen Square.

Jia is the son of a ranking military cadre, and was born in Qufu, Shandong Province, in 1950. He first began to write while serving as an information officer in the People's Liberation Army during the nineteen-seventies. By the eighties, he had been mustered out of the Army and had begun to develop an irrepressible streak of independence. When I spoke with him, it was hard to miss the pride Jia took in his journalistic nonconformity. He was, by his own description, "a monk with a *waizui*," a *waizui* being a "mouth that's off center," and I didn't have to listen to him long to grasp his distaste for Party-sponsored "pack journalism."

"Everyone has been so afraid, and this fearful state of mind has led to such an obsession, that we have turned into our own censors," he complained. "The problem we Chinese writers have been confronting is that as soon as we picked up our pens, instead of being able to concentrate on producing a good article or book, we first had to think about whether or not we could get the piece published. Only over the last few years have things started to change, and this has been because a new world of underground publishing has arisen in the marketplace and started to challenge the state's monopoly."

Jia's interest in this "new world" grew not only out of his fascination with almost everything underground but also out of necessity. Even though the late eighties were a period of relative liberalization, because of his exposés Jia was accused of engaging in "yellow journalism," and in 1988 was expelled from his official "work unit," the Shandong branch of the Chinese Writers' Association. "Since I no longer have an iron rice bowl and very few people want to have much to do with a writer who has no unit, the only way I can survive now is to give my stuff to the second channel," he said, smiling self-deprecatingly. "It's not so much that I want to be underground as that I have no choice." In fact, just before his expulsion, *Baogao Wenxue* published an article in which he described a group of book and magazine publishers and distributors who were starting to form this shadowy underground. It was a subject worthy of Jia's attention, because the second channel had begun to do something long thought impossible in China: it had begun to challenge the state's control over the printed word.

BEFORE Deng Xiaoping began allowing whole sectors of China's economy to privatize and to become regulated by market forces, the publication and distribution of books and periodicals had been a state-run monopoly. While there were hundreds of different publishing houses, all were controlled by the State General Publishing Administration (S.G.P.A.), an organization that was under the thumb of the Party Central Committee's Propaganda Department and had a branch in each of China's provinces. The government also regulated the allocation of paper and saw to it that all publications were distributed through the state-owned Xinhua Book Distribution Company, which had the exclusive right to supply the thousands of retail outlets that composed the country's network of Xinhua Bookstores. Writers, too, were a part of this vertical state monopoly. Each writer was carefully screened before being admitted to the official Chinese Writers' Association, whose branches existed in every province and major city, and paid members' salaries and provided them with housing, health care, and pensions. Since it was rare for a writer to be published regularly who wasn't in the association, and since publishing abroad was unthinkable, it was virtually impossible for anyone to make a living as a writer outside the system. Just to maintain one's status as a "literary worker" and to be successful at the kind of self-censorship Jia had described to me demanded an almost intuitive sense of where shifting ideological boundaries were at any given moment.

Only after manuscripts passed muster at an official publishing house did the S.G.P.A. assign them *shuhao*—book-registration numbers, which in 1987 became China's International Standard Book Numbers (I.S.B.N.s). Without such a number, no volume could be legally printed, published, or distributed in China. In 1987, after student demonstrations rocked the country, the oversight body was renamed the State General Press and Publications Administration (S.G.P.P.A.) and, in an effort to tighten and centralize controls, was given the responsibility for regulating newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals as well as books.

Even so, although the Party still controlled all major publishing houses and newspapers, during the late nineteen-eighties a host of trashy tabloids and works of pulp fiction aimed solely at making money began appearing, and eroding the old system of control. The growing laxity also allowed serious muckrakers like Jia to explore previously taboo subjects. At the same time, foreign works began to appear in abundance; the writings of Nietzsche, Freud, Jung, Adam Smith, Locke, Jefferson, and even Orwell were soon competing for space at outdoor bookstalls with the autobiographies of Ronald and Nancy Reagan and Lee Iacocca.

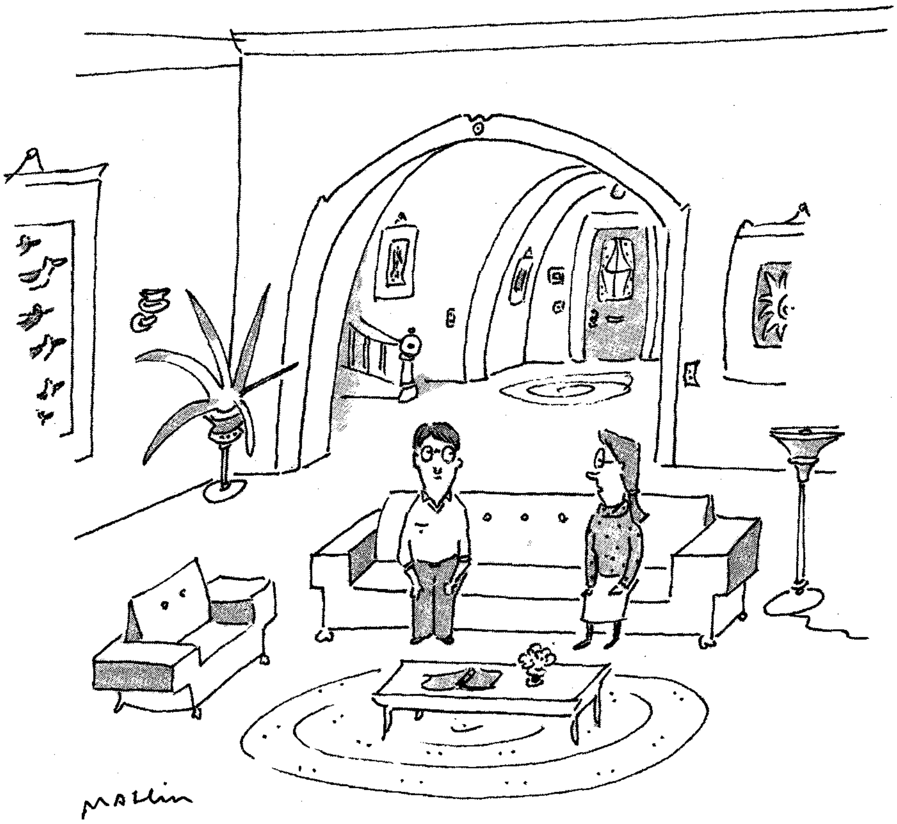
When I asked Jia in 1989 how publishing had changed in China, he laughed and said that the situation was "really screwed up," but that he liked to describe it as consisting of three different routes, each of which had its own characteristic color. The "red route" was the old government monopoly. The "white route" consisted of private entrepreneurs and a network of nongovernmental distributors, who, although they technically had government permission to distribute a restricted variety of publications within a prescribed region (the restrictions differed wildly from place to place), often secretly branched out, linking up with each other to form extensive, quasi-clandestine distribution systems that Jia described as being like an "irrigation system spread out across our vast country among millions of people." The "black route" was made up of unlicensed, illegal, fly-by-night dealmakers, underground printers, and private distributors operating without any government sanction, who tended toward the production of racy tabloids, pornography (a very lucrative business in Deng's China), and quickie reproductions of *neibu*, or "for internal circulation only," books published by the Party for high-level cadres on a need-to-know basis. *Neibu* publications included such things as classified government documents, translations of critical foreign views of China, inner-Party critiques of past policies, and even occasional unflattering accounts of purged leaders. Needless to say, the word *neibu* gave a book great cachet and almost guaranteed a tremendous boost in sales, making black-route operators only too glad to take the risk of printing such knockoff editions.

By "the second channel," Jia meant a combination of the quasi-legal white route and the illegal black route, which often overlapped. Both centered on what he called *shuwang*, or "book kings," many of whom were ordinary young Chinese who had made their initial scores as entrepreneurs in the profitable business of distributing publications. By 1989, some book kings had started commissioning new manuscripts on hot topics that they deemed to have market potential. Since the advances and royalties they offered were usually far higher than those paid by state publishing houses, and since second-channel books could be produced much more quickly than officially approved books—editing was a notoriously hasty and cursory process—book kings were able to capitalize on market trends far more readily than the bureaucratic state-run houses. It was not surprising that writers were willing to be published via the second channel. Nor was it surprising that some writers, after churning out a hasty potboiler, adopted pen names to avoid damage to their reputations, or even prosecution.

Once a book king had received a completed manuscript, he had to make an important choice. If the topic was too controversial or too sexual, he might steal a *shuhao*, or else arrange for the book to be printed illegally without a number and then distributed as a black-route publication. Otherwise, he would usually negotiate with a state-run publishing house for the use of its name and one of its *shuhao*. Although the payments for these services were essentially bribes, they did help a book maintain at least a semblance of legality.

According to Jia, some private township industries, which had proliferated as Deng's economic-reform movement accelerated in the nineteen-eighties, were soon entirely devoted to the production of illegal publications. Upon visiting one of these operations, in Shandong Province, he was stunned to find printing presses hidden literally underground, in cellars, and the whole town—children as well as adults—consecrated to the task of laying out, printing, and binding illicit books and magazines.

Such industries were able to flourish because it became increasingly difficult for the government to continue controlling publishing when free-market economic reforms in other areas were allowing, and even encouraging, other Chinese to become more entrepreneurial. And as market forces came to dominate more and more sectors of the economy and government subsidies were progressively cut back, even state-owned publishers were forced to pay close attention to profits and losses. Eliminating the second channel altogether would have deprived publishers



"I'm thinking of giving up not smoking."

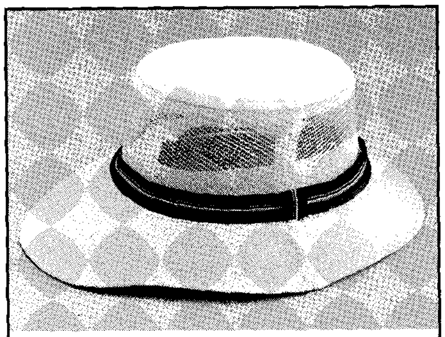
of an important, though illicit, source of income.

At the time of my meeting with Jia, during the Tiananmen Square demonstrations, what he told me about the second channel and what I had seen of the sudden new freedom that writers had begun to enjoy as a result of the protest movement made it possible to imagine that publishing in China was poised to take another enormous stride toward breaking away from Party control. Less than a month later, of course, the crackdown was in full swing, and Jia had disappeared underground. However, I was confident that he, unlike many other dissident intellectuals, would be all right. After all, if there was one writer in China who had had plenty of practice living by his wits, it was Jia. As the crackdown deepened, though, I became far less sanguine that the second channel itself would survive. Many of China's most talented and innovative writers were soon imprisoned or driven into exile, and many of those who remained at large within China gave up writing altogether, out of despair and frustration; in fact, so many works in progress were abandoned in desk drawers that people began to refer to them as *chouti wenxue*, or "drawer literature." Indeed, it was not long before S.G.P.P.A. officials began issuing plump new compilations of banned-book titles, and book kings became very circumspect in their dealmaking.

However, by the end of 1990, it was evident that, while all political debate had been silenced, suppression of culture—particularly those forms tied directly to the market—was not going to be anywhere near as complete. Indeed, after a brief, though tense, post-Tiananmen Square hiatus, book kings began picking up where they had left off, and by sticking with works that were largely nonpolitical in content they were soon cautiously expanding their operations. Then, in the climate of rampant capitalist expansion that began sweeping China after January of 1992, when Deng Xiaoping signified his approval of a new great leap in the development of China's market economy by pointedly visiting Guangdong Province's Special Economic Zones, near Hong Kong and Macao, publishing and every other form of independent business raced to embrace the market with new, unalloyed vigor.

By early 1993, China was on fire with commercial zeal, and entrepreneurs were harder than ever to control. Since consumers were spending more money on leisure activities, it was possible for publishers to make fortunes playing to people's fascination with the latest fashions, occult practices, military lore, pop-music styles, and new household conveniences. How-to books on improving one's sex life and redecorating one's bathroom abounded. Tracts with titles like "183 Tricks to Playing the Stock Market" sold like hotcakes. A magazine I picked up in Kunming called *Legal Stories* had a cover emblazoned not with legal briefs but with a girl in a bikini surrounded by a phalanx of helmeted, gun-toting police, and contained such pieces as "Bar Girls!" and "Beautiful Women Flashy As Female Wolves." It was a runaway seller. The magazine *Deer Call* offered such articles as "Female Teacher Buried Alive by Sexually Perverted Hoodlums" and "Porno Fantasies Cause a Life to Be Lost." A rag being sold on the street in Shanghai called *Secrets of Wives* featured a cover story entitled "How to Make Your Wife Come Again and Again." Almost every publication seemed to pander to prurience, greed, violence, or power. One enterprising Shandong book king even bought a *shuhao* to publish a Chinese translation of "Mein Kampf"—although he changed the title to "The Footprints of the Fighters."

Now even organs of the Chinese government have decided to "jump into the sea of commerce." In a move to contain the second channel and profit from it at the same time, officials recently began renting out space to private entrepreneurs in Xinhua Bookstores and setting up new kinds of book outlets of their own. For example, this past spring in Beijing the Chaoyang District People's Government and the Beijing Press and Publications Bureau got together with the Beijing Chaoyang District City Construction Comprehensive Development Company to open the Beijing Magazine and Book Wholesale Trade Mart, on a dead-end street in the eastern part of the capital near the *People's Daily* office. In spite of the fact that each stallholder must pay a monthly rent of approximately two hundred and



"THE AIRFLOW™"– A LIGHTER, COOLER WAY TO FIGHT SKIN CANCER

- **New** version of "Andrew's Sun Hat" that **Dermatologists Have Recommended** for 5 years.
- With the **Mesh Sides** you asked for to maximize ventilation.
- Wider brim **All** around. 2¾" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- **No Exposure At The Temple,** plenty of shade for the side of face and back of neck.
- 4" reinforced front brim with green underside to **Fight Glare.**
- Poly/cotton solid top and brim with mesh sides equals **Cool** and absorbent. **Lightweight.**
- **Great Looking.** Traditional look with enough flare to provide **Excellent Protection.**
- **One Size Fits Most.** Medium through X-Large or 7 to 7⅝.

Color: Chalk White trimmed with traditional red club band.
Price: $21 + $4.25 shipping per order.

Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F
Or Send Check or Money Order to:

Andrew Thompson Co.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N-2
Signal Mountain, TN 37377
Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

RECORDED BOOKS™

John Grisham's
The Chamber

Unabridged on audiocassette
Over 1,000 titles • Professionally
performed • Easy rentals by mail

Call now for a free introductory brochure:

1-(800)-638-1304

RECORDED BOOKS, INC. • 270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Northern California Coast
Bed & Breakfast at its best!

MENDOCINO
VILLAGE
INN

Free Brochure • 1-800-882-7029

"Give it a few more rings. They're in the country, you know."

• •

thirty dollars and that venders are easy prey for tax collectors and Industry and Commercial Bureau inspectors collecting licensing fees, the mart has quickly become a beehive of activity. A hundred booths and more than two hundred different private and state-owned publishers and distribution companies are represented, selling everything from books and magazines to cards and calendars.

Wherever there is money to be made, some mogul now has a way of popping up. Book kings, who have begun referring to themselves by the slightly more dignified name "book traders," now find themselves in competition with a new generation of upstart operators, including some who have been dubbed *feixing daxia*, or "flying knights." Many of these *feixing daxia* are uneducated youths who got their start by operating private bookstalls on the streets, where they gained a keen sense of the way rapidly changing trends influence what sells, as well as the entrepreneurial skills needed to make deals. This new breed of publishers includes illiterates, hoodlums, and even ex-cons; they rarely have offices or permanent phone numbers, so they are almost impossible to track down and hold accountable. Some, operating out of hotel rooms, simply appear at the homes of popular writers and offer them suitcases full of cash to crank something out posthaste. With manuscript in hand, a *feixing daxia* will jump on a train or plane to rendezvous with an underground provincial printer with whom he has personal connections and who is willing to start rolling his presses without payment. Then, to raise the capital to pay the printer, the *feixing daxia* begins soliciting prepaid orders through second-channel distributors. By the time his book is printed and bound, the scheme, if it's successful, has produced enough not only to pay the printer but to create a fat premium for the flying knight as well. In a matter of weeks, the book is in the distribution system, and its progenitor has dropped out of sight.

By the end of 1993, the general manager of Xinhua Bookstores, Deng Yun, was lamenting in the S.G.P.P.A.'s official organ, *China Press & Publishing Journal*, that about a third of the ninety thousand titles that had appeared the year before in China were published through illicit private channels. (It couldn't have helped his state of mind when an underground printshop in Hunan Province was raided and it was discovered that a quarter of a million copies of the "Xinhua Dictionary" had been pirated.) An editorial last September in the *Journal* had likened what was happening in publishing to a form of "slow suicide" and warned that if China didn't bring its maverick book kings to heel, "the Communist Party and the State will lose control over the leadership and management of publishing." That same month, the official *Guangming Daily* quoted Deng Xiaoping himself expressing concern, by chastising "some persons in the fields of the arts, publishing and antiquities who have simply become businessmen motivated only by profit."

Jia Lusheng was probably one of the people Deng was referring to, for Jia indeed survived the 1989 crackdown quite nicely. Embracing Deng's unlikely slogan "To get rich is glorious" with new ardor, by 1991 he was working out of Zhengzhou, the capital of Henan Province, and had transformed himself into a mover and shaker in a world where successful entrepreneurs enjoyed expensive banquets, drove Mercedeses, and clinched distribution deals over car phones. His first post-1989 book, an investigation of China's then-faltering economy, was banned but nonetheless reportedly sold almost a million copies. His next book, "The Sun That Never Sets," was about the Mao phenomenon that swept the country just before the hundredth anniversary, in December of 1993, of the Chairman's birth. I picked up a copy at a private bookstall in Shanghai, and read on its title page that it had been put out by the Central China Peasants Publishing House, printed by the Loyang Yuxi Printing Company, and distributed by the Henan branch of the Xinhua Book Distribution Company. However, as in the case of most products of the second channel, its title page did not necessarily tell its real pedigree. Still, whether it had come up along the red, white, or black route was not what mattered to Jia. What mattered was that before the sun set on this book it is said to have sold hundreds of thousands of copies.

RADIO and television have traditionally been the media most tightly controlled in China, and the stations have always been state-owned. By the beginning of this year, however, even radio and television had begun to develop a set of shadow institutions that in certain ways seemed to take their cue from publishing's second channel. Tens of millions of Chinese had long been listening illicitly to the broadcasts of the Voice of America and the BBC. Many in Guangdong Province had been able to listen to Hong Kong broadcasts, while their counterparts in Fujian Province could tune in programs from Taiwan. By 1989, the Party's monopoly on information had been further eroded by fax machines, which allow the instant transmission of news articles and documents; by international direct-dial telephone lines, which enable Chinese to receive calls from business contacts and friends abroad without going through an operator; and by personal computers, which give Chinese access to overseas information networks. During the years since then, a whole new wave of technological forces has been doing even more to undermine the government's once tight control over radio and television. Just as in publishing, most of these forces are market-driven, and are consequently especially strong in such cities as Guangzhou (also known as Canton) and Shanghai, where business fever is at an all-time high and the market is rapidly eclipsing ideology.

Until recently, each Chinese city had only one locally controlled radio and television station. In 1992, however, under the sponsorship of the entrepreneurial-minded Gong Xueping, formerly the director of the Shanghai Bureau of Radio and Television and now the city's vice-mayor in charge of culture, Shanghai was allowed to set up a second station, East Radio, and then, in 1993, a new TV channel, Oriental Television. Although both operated under the aegis of the Shanghai Bureau of Radio and Television, they were to support themselves with commercials. But what was really unique about them was that they instituted a new style of programming, which now includes live shows and call-in talk programs—a mixture that the *China Daily* recently described as "revolutionizing China's conservative broadcasting format."

Refreshing as this new format is, hosts have had to be very careful to stay away from political controversy. "General political problems are out, but cultural, family, and city problems are in," I was recently told in Shanghai by an editor in Oriental Television's "reporting department," a nattily dressed twenty-seven-year-old named Wu Chaoyang, who has a master's degree in physics from Nanjing University. "In" subjects include civic problems like traffic and housing; consumer-rights lawsuits; advice to the lovelorn; sports news; tips on personal finances; and information on consumer products. In addition, programs offer discussions of sexual problems and, of course, a rich diet of titillating crime stories. "Dongfang 110," for instance, a program featuring actual criminal cases, is noteworthy in that not only is it produced with the Shanghai police but it features a uniformed cop as an anchorwoman. As Wu put it, Oriental Television programming ranges "from economics to murder."

Oriental Television now has a staff of more than a hundred. Its management, being forced to rely completely on its ability to sell commercial time, has had to keep a constant eye on which programs sell ads. If the programming is compelling enough, however, there's no limit to the profits that an enterprising station manager can make. "We're in direct competition with official Shanghai television, but we are younger and more experimental," Wu told me, not without a touch of pride. "The difference is mainly in format, but the way it works is that as soon as we start having a talk shows—which we introduced—they have a talk show. We start having a financial report, so they start having a financial report. They may have better cameramen and reporters, but we are more aggressive and more open-minded. We have real debates on how to present the news and what to emphasize, and we rate our various segments every day."

When I asked Wu about politics and government control, he immediately became more hesitant. Indeed, this is a subject that most people in the media still do not like to discuss on the record, especially with Western journalists.

Free Catalog

A collection of carefully handcrafted solid wood furniture of the finest quality cherry, mahogany, or quarter sawn oak. Fully assembled and beautifully finished.

Also available as precision-cut kits. Share with us in the experience of creating an heirloom.

Wood Classics
Box 4Y30, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

Maine's Award Winning Resort

AMERICA'S FAVORITE FAMILY RESORTS
Better Homes & Gardens 1993

FOUR DIAMOND AWARD

SAMOSET RESORT
ON THE OCEAN
Rockport, Maine 04856
1-800-341-1650

America's 75 Best Resort Courses
Ranked #26
Golf Digest 1992

Wine Spectator's Award Of Excellence

PARIS
Charming apartments for holiday or business travelers

CHEZ VOUS
1001 Bridgeway, Suite 245
Sausalito, CA 94965
Call (415) 331-2535 Fax (415) 331-5296

Your Address or Slogan

Cat Stickers

Sleek Black Cats imprinted in white with your name and address or slogan—Purrrfect for letters, books, luggage, tapes, gifts, reminders, promotions...

Cat Shape...Self-Stick...1⅝" high
100 for $11.90 200 for $15.90 ppd.
CATS, Box 735-T, Acton, Mass. 01720

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Replacement pieces for your sterling silver. *Buying or selling.* Call for an inventory of your pattern.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., NE, Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone 404 261-4009

"Government interference is growing less and less," he said, somewhat unconvincingly. "We have our own regulations, but, in essence, we regulate ourselves. But it's hard to say anything about the future. Since I don't maintain terribly high hopes, there is little frustration. All I can say is that we are basically happy with our present living situation, so we don't think much about politics."

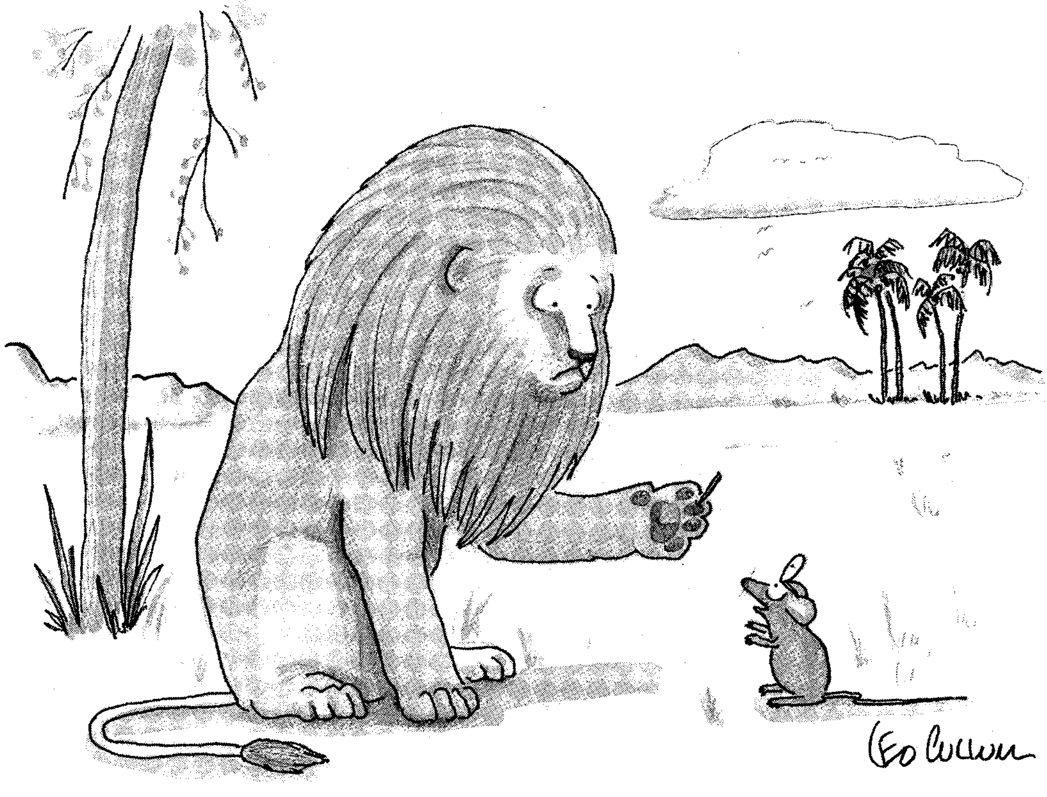
According to Wu, as soon as East Radio began broadcasting, the station "just made it overnight. No one imagined it would be so successful. Its founding is really a revolution in Chinese history." One of its most popular daytime shows is "Emergency Room Hotline," which broadcasts a mixture of Western pop tunes and phoned-in consumer queries. A late-night program, listened to by taxi-drivers and insomniacs, is a music and talk show called "Accompany You Till Dawn." With a potential audience in the hinterland around Shanghai of roughly a hundred million, Chinese talk radio has stirred such enthusiasm that sometimes thousands of callers have dialled in to East Radio at once. Occasionally, even local government leaders call in.

Politically bland as these radio and television shows still are, they have nonetheless revolutionized Chinese broadcasting. What is perhaps most important, they have given Chinese their first opportunity to voice their thoughts or problems in a direct and public way. This type of programming can now be heard on radio stations in almost every major city, so the call-in and live-interview format has been getting listeners all across the country accustomed to the notion of open discussion, and even some remonstration (although at this stage their remonstrations usually sound more like complaining than dissent). Wu's disclaimers notwithstanding, it is not difficult to imagine the role that such shows might play should some future wave of national protest sweep the country.

Despite the vast audience for radio, television has, not surprisingly, become the most influential medium of public communication. Although there are not yet any truly independent television channels in China, the issue of independence has been rendered somewhat moot because VCRs are ubiquitous. This means that large numbers of Chinese are now able to play any cassette they can get their hands on—whether hard-core pornography, MTV rock-music videos, BBC documentaries, or Hong Kong kung-fu movies—in the privacy of their own homes.

In addition, tens of thousands of parabolic satellite dishes have appeared on rooftops during the last few years, enabling citizens of the People's Republic to tune in to CNN and StarTV; the latter, partly owned by Rupert Murdoch, broadcasts to millions of Chinese households everything from "The Simpsons" and "The Oprah Winfrey Show" to the BBC World Service news and international sporting events. The list of those benefitting from the unregulated sale of satellite dishes is a telling one. Just as many state-run publishers have become dependent on income from the second channel, so some state-owned enterprises and government agencies have profited from the manufacturing of potentially subversive electronic products like satellite dishes; in fact, even such government organs as the Army General Staff Department and the Ministry of Electronics have been engaged in marketing dishes to the public. And dishes have been sold not only on the street by venders who operate in much the same way as the private-bookstall owners but also in state-owned department stores and electronics shops. Needless to say, all the manufacturers and retailers have acquired a vested interest in keeping the Chinese satellite-dish industry uncontrolled.

What is more, over the past year or so a rapidly growing number of local work units and Party-sponsored block committees have also gained an economic interest in the industry's survival, by setting up thousands of mini-cable networks, which rely for programming on satellite feeds from StarTV as well as on videotapes of such things as foreign movies smuggled in from abroad. By buying a dish and then selling closed-circuit subscription hookups to other people in a given building, compound, or neighborhood, enterprising individuals have found a simple way to make a handsome re-



"I'd like to help you, but you're in a different H.M.O."

turn on a relatively small investment. In 1991, it was estimated that more than ten thousand of these community cable services had sprung up, and the government itself admitted that things were "out of control." In desperation, officials stepped in to try to put the cable-TV market in order; as a result, last year they inspected and approved seven hundred and forty-four systems—some three hundred of them city and provincial cable operations, and some four hundred of them systems run by large- and medium-sized enterprises. The government's strategy seemed to be to control the proliferation of unregulated cable networks while at the same time allowing the number of officially approved channels to multiply as a way of dissuading viewers from tuning in to foreign programs broadcast via satellite. The Party, having successfully turned its 1.2 billion people, who now own some two hundred million TV sets, into a nation of tacit viewers, certainly doesn't want to make them restive by withholding adequate sources of programming from TV stations.

"I don't know whether this was a conscious policy to provide so many alternatives that people wouldn't bother watching StarTV, but it was a very smart move" was Wu Chaoyang's verdict.

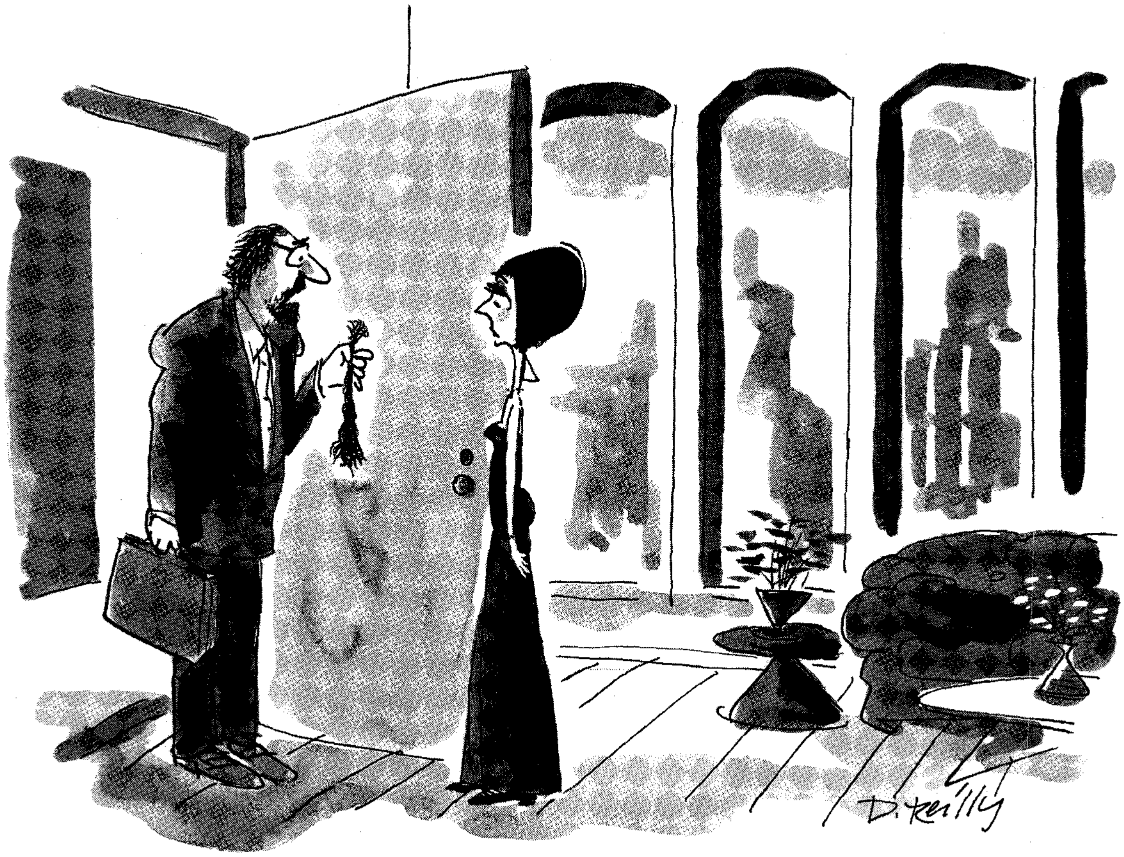
Shanghai Cable, a hundred-and-fifteen-million-dollar venture approved by the Shanghai Bureau of Radio and Television in 1992, is a good example of this new policy of allowing the market to sate viewers with TV programming, provided that the programming is not politically provocative. It is set up to offer individual subscribers twelve new channels of entertainment for a hookup fee of about twenty-five dollars and a monthly charge thereafter of less than a dollar. Already, some seven hundred thousand homes in Shanghai have subscribed and been linked via fibre-optic cables. "When it's finished, it will be the biggest cable network in the world," Ye Zhikang, the vice-director of the Shanghai Radio and Television Bureau, boasted to a Hong Kong monthly, *Asia, Inc.* "Then no one will need a satellite dish." Wu worried that "all these new cable channels will present even more competition for us at Oriental Television. Now the problem is that there is no shortage of programming, just a shortage of good programming."

"Three 'a's, of course, in Barbara?"

• •

With the market ever more in command, however, even this shortage is being responded to—by a whole host of parvenus, some of them foreign, who have recognized the vacuum as a good business opportunity. One of Oriental Television's most pathbreaking programs is a fifty-minute show called "Across the Pacific," which features interviews with former Shanghai residents now living in the United States. It is produced by Oriental Television and a joint venture of the business arm of the Shanghai Bureau of Radio and Television and two American companies; in fact, it is the only Sino-American joint venture approved by the Chinese government to produce TV programs for broadcast in China. ESPN, which ran into trouble with the government when it beamed its sports programming into China live via satellite, is now being recorded in cassette form by cable stations and aired with a time delay to allow censors to vet the shows. Early this spring, CNN's Ted Turner and his wife, Jane Fonda, showed up first in Shanghai and then in Beijing to discuss programming deals with Central Chinese Television. And a myriad smaller-scale deals have been struck between overseas entrepreneurs and local Chinese municipal and provincial television channels, both cable and regular. For instance, Tiffany Chu, who got her start during the mid-eighties in California promoting American rock bands in the People's Republic, has set up a company in Hong Kong to barter Western programs for advertising time on Chinese television which she can sell to foreign clients.

China's expanding TV market has filled many overseas media merchants with visions of profit as rosy as those which gripped the nineteenth-century British industrialists who calculated they could keep the mills of Lancashire spinning for a generation if only every Chinese would add one inch to his shirttail. It has also been tempting for outsiders to believe that such a dynamic market would inevitably triumph over



"The creative director threw me off the account and cut off my ponytail."

politics. But in early October of last year Premier Li Peng, who had been sidelined for months by heart trouble, signed State Council Proclamation No. 129, which made it illegal for individuals living in China to sell, buy, install, or use satellite dishes without obtaining government permission. According to the *People's Daily*, the object of the ban was to protect "socialist spiritual civilization"—or what was left of it.

Unsurprisingly, Li Peng's ban proved ineffective. By the time of the decree, there were so many satellite dishes in use that regulating them would have required the launching of a vast census operation to check every city dwelling, rooftop by rooftop. By mid-July of this year, there had been no reports of dish owners being hassled by authorities in an organized way. Moreover, even though demonstration models were less openly displayed in store showrooms, it was still possible to buy a dish. Such laxity made some observers wonder if the government was simply laying groundwork so that in case of new political disturbances it would have a legal basis to crack down on what Chinese were able to watch on television. The lack of enforcement was probably also a result of the Party's fear of chilling the market. After all, as the custodian of Deng's new mutant system of "socialism with Chinese characteristics," the Party has linked its fate to growth in the economy as closely as any entrepreneur has.

The reality of China today is that issuing edicts against the sale of satellite dishes, banning books, fining second-channel publishers, and even imprisoning the occasional book king have done little to slow down the commercial forces that are driving China's quasi-underground media forward. Instead, the media seem to have co-opted aspects of Mao's theories on "people's war" and used them to become a kind of postmodern guerrilla operation, infiltrating official state structures with entrepreneurial energy. There is one enormous difference, however: the impetus behind this media revolution has almost nothing to do with ideology. "What has changed in China is the market," Zhang Weiguo, the former Beijing correspondent for the *World Economic Herald*, told me emphatically. "It is now money, rather than politics, that is in command, and there are such enormous fortunes being made in publishing underground newspapers, magazines, and books, and now in radio and television as well, that I don't think it's any longer realistic for the government to think in terms of completely stopping these second channels."

A clerk at a shop run by several university presses at the Beijing Magazine and Book Wholesale Trade Mart told me while I was browsing there one day this spring, "Oh, sure, officials come in here and confiscate stuff from time to time, but there's no longer any way they can actually control what's really going on. The most they can hope to accomplish is to scare people who mess with sensitive subjects."

When authorities want to make an example out of someone, however, the penalties that are meted out can still be severe. In April of 1993, for example, the Beijing Intermediate People's Court sentenced a book king, Wang Shuxiang, to death for trafficking in *shuhao* and publishing almost two million copies of such "pornographic" works as "A Dark Massage House," "An Elementary Course on Marriage," and "Sex Desire." Although Wang's sentence was suspended for two years, "to give him a chance to repent," all his assets—estimated to be more than half a million dollars—were confiscated, and Wang was thrown into prison. In October, the S.G.P.P.A. and the Party's Propaganda Department (now called the Information Department) issued a stern reminder: "Any unit or individual is strictly prohibited from purchasing book numbers in any form. Any publication under the imprime of a purchased number is classified as an illegal publication and will be banned. . . . Publishing houses infringing on the above regulations will, in accordance with the circumstances, have their illegal earnings confiscated and be fined. The ringleaders will be sought out, and those who are in positions of responsibility will be held culpable."

Yet, cases like Wang Shuxiang's notwithstanding, such fiats seem like little more than sabre rattling. The Party's strategy appears to be to reserve its suppressive firepower for manifestations of opposition which pose an immediate political threat. Such a strategy may be an astute one—at least in the short run. Presented with the option, many former dissident writers and intellectuals are now allowing themselves to be distracted from politics by money. Although in the long run the second channel and the alternative radio and television stations are most certainly going to pose a challenge to government control of the media, the government, by giving a vocal minority a shot at becoming wealthy through marketing the written and spoken word, has for now been successful in preoccupying and thus neutralizing a potentially dangerous dissident element.

Although the government has succeeded in creating an appearance of political stability, the situation is actually in a state of precarious economic and political balance, with China hamstrung between two contradictory systems. With cash as king and ideology of ever-diminishing importance, local officials, too, are more interested in finding ways to make money than in supporting the Party line. Many are far from reluctant to accept bribes or their equivalent for averting their gaze from ideologically "incorrect" or corrupt behavior. Many more are just using government service as a way of cultivating contacts in anticipation of jumping into the sea of commerce themselves. Few of those officials who do remain in office will stir themselves to action to enforce regulations that alienate businessmen unless they are pushed to do so by some high-ranking leader in Beijing who has become particularly outraged by a certain publication or radio or television show. Even then, the local officials will usually only go through the motions, by singling out one offender in order to give the impression that they have obeyed orders.

While there is no denying that commercial forces are transforming many aspects of Chinese society and making life for most people more relaxed and open than it has been at any other time in the past forty-five years, there is still a sharp division between economic and political reform. While China's economy has undergone a rapid transformation, its political system has remained frozen in the past. But, as Marx pointed out, politics has a fateful way of following the trail blazed by economics. In this sense, President Clinton's delinking of trade from human rights and other political questions will most certainly affect the long-term evolution of both Chinese society and the country's political system by enhancing the openness of its markets. But human rights are the common inheritance of every human being, as is set forth in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and if one accepts the responsibility—and some would even say the obligation—to defend those rights abroad as well as at home, then one must also take stock of the effect of a changed American policy over the short term. And in the short term the absence of an effective pressuring tool will probably further limit the ability of the United States to win concessions on such immediate practical concerns as an accurate accounting of political prisoners, the release of more people held for crimes of counter-revolution, more visits to reform-through-labor camps by American diplomats or Customs Service officials to check on forced labor, access to political prisoners by the International Committee of the Red Cross, and a decrease in political harassment of citizens who choose to exercise their rights of freedom of the press, speech, assembly, and religious belief as they are prescribed in Articles 35 and 36 of China's constitution. For those Chinese able to enjoy the changes that have been taking place in the media and elsewhere, Deng's economic reforms are indeed a great and promising leap forward. But for those to whom freedom of the marketplace is less important than freedom of expression and freedom from political persecution, and for those who still languish in prison for their political views, the changes sweeping China still have not delivered very immediate returns.♦

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Department—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian. Arabic, Korean, and others.

Our 56-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offers courses in 91 languages. Call 1-800-345-8501 or write for your free copy. Our 22nd year.

AUDIO-FORUM®

Room G756, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* **travel clothing.** ***SECRET* pockets, *SECURITY* pockets,** and **"Give *'em hell!"*** washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley' — the best outdoor hat in the world.

THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!
1-800-338-2797
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

Go Baltic!

Visit the sophisticated capitals of Scandinavia and the other countries around the Baltic—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Russia.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
UNIONTOURS AT 1-800-451-9511

The California Wine Club

Experience Award-Winning California Boutique Wines

Terrific gift, or pamper yourself! $30 monthly, receive 2 bottles of superb award-winning wines and our 8-page newsletter *"Uncorked"*. Free entertaining and informative book, *"Plain Talk About Fine Wine"* on all first orders. Cancel anytime. VISA·MC·AMEX

CALL ANYTIME 800·777·4443

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE THREE SISTERS

No Bulgarians ever made it into world-class tennis, and no trio of siblings ever rose so far through its ranks, until the amazing Maleevas.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

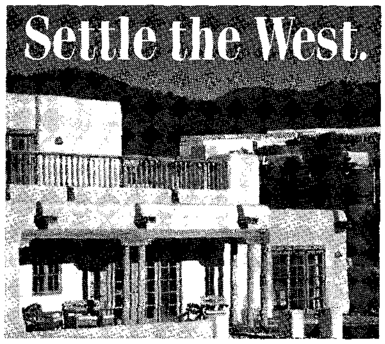
IN Bulgaria, some tennis balls are like dumplings. Manuela, Katerina, and Magdalena Maleeva, Bulgarian sisters who are three of the best tennis players in the world and definitely the three best tennis players in Bulgaria, know all about putting topspin on a dumpling. They also know how to park themselves at the baseline and bang back every dumpling that comes over the net. The flabby, bounceless tennis balls in Bulgaria come from Poland, where they are manufactured to international standards and then, apparently, overcooked. This might discourage some players, but the Maleevas are not easily discouraged. In fact, they may be the least discourageable people in Bulgaria. No world-class tennis players have ever before emerged from that country. One year, the three Maleeva sisters made up the entire Bulgarian Federation Cup tennis team. Youlia Berberian, their mother and also their coach, was the team captain. There are no Maleev brothers, so there's never been much of a men's team.

Each of the sisters excelled in Bulgaria, and then each, in turn, joined the WTA Tour, which has about three hundred and sixty players and runs sixty tournaments in twenty countries. Manuela played on the tour for twelve years (she retired this winter), and was ranked among the top ten in the world for ten years, won nineteen tournaments, and earned three and a half million dollars in prize money. Katerina joined the tour in 1985 and has also done nicely. Last week, she and Georgi Stoimenov, who now coaches her, were married. Earlier, I had asked Youlia Berberian if Katerina was going to have a fancy wedding. I got the feeling that Youlia considered this a stupid question. She didn't say anything for a moment, while eying me with exasperation. Then she shrugged and said, "She's a very rich and famous girl, you know. People in Bulgaria will be *expecting* a fancy wedding."

The three Maleevas and their mother were in Paris in late May for the French Open, which is held on the orange clay courts of Stade Roland Garros. Their goals were (a) to win the tournament and (b) to buy dresses to wear to Katerina's wedding. Regarding (b), Youlia was the most highly motivated, because she lives in Bulgaria, where the shopping is hell. Manuela got married six years ago and lives in Switzerland, where the shopping is not hell, but she thought she'd find something nicer in Paris. Magdalena, who is nineteen and is called Maggie, lives at home in shopping-hell Bulgaria with her parents, but she didn't seem overly concerned about her wedding outfit. During the time I spent with the Maleevas, Maggie wore either tennis clothes or one outfit of street clothes: a pair of tight burgundy-colored jeans, a long-sleeved burgundy T-shirt, and a pewter peace symbol on a short chain around her neck. Also, she had just dyed her hair a color between burgundy and a young Chardonnay. People tend to think that Maggie will turn out to be the best tennis player of the three sisters, because she has the diligence and finesse that made Manuela and Katerina successful, but she is more athletic and aggressive and plays a more varied game. So far, Maggie has been ranked as high as tenth in the world, and has earned close to a million dollars in prize money. She and I were talking one afternoon in Paris and I asked her what she was going to do with all the money she is winning, and as an afterthought I added that I doubted she would spend it shopping for clothes. She was wearing her burgundy outfit at the time. She said, "Oh, no, no, I *love* shopping. You can spend lots of money shopping." I asked her what she'd bought lately, and she grinned and said, "Well, I just got a really, really great pair of combat boots."

THEY don't look anything alike. Manuela, who is twenty-seven, is pale and slender. Her face is tiny and re-

HOMES & ESTATES



And settle for the best.
Enjoy country club living with golf, tennis, swimming & dining in a luxurious gated community just 3 miles south of the historic Santa Fe Plaza. Two-, three- & four-bedroom, award-winning homes feature complete exterior maintenance & 24-hour security. From the high $300,000s to the mid-$900,000s.

1-800-548-6990

This is not an offering to CA, NY, NJ or IL residents. Sales can only be made in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

QUAIL RUN
SANTA FE

3101 Old Pecos Trail
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly advertising feature in
THE NEW YORKER
Please call Cristina Thais at
(212) 536-5883 for information on
advertising in this section.

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES •

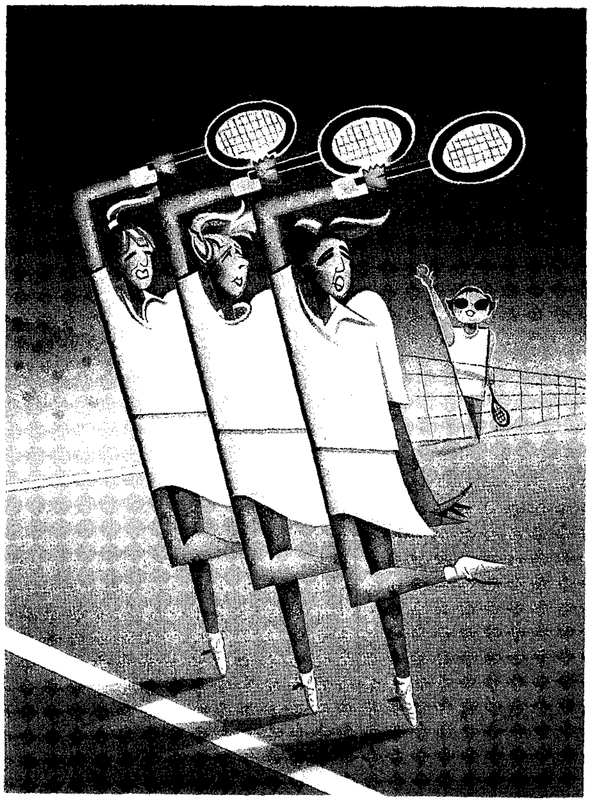
- Rental accommodations.
- Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
- Cottages, manor houses, castles.
- London and Dublin flats.
- Weekly or monthly.

As You Like It 415/380-9848

fined and tragic-looking. Because she is fair and narrow, she looks taller than she is—about five feet eight—and slightly translucent. Her voice is high, sleepy, and shy. Her manner is dignified and tender. On the court, during matches, she used to project an air of enormous sorrow, even when she was up five games and was slugging a winner down the line. People in Japan used to camp out in the lobby of her hotel just to catch a glimpse of her. She has a huge fan club in Japan—she's probably the only Bulgarian who can make that claim. Some of this Japanese adoration ebbed after she got married. The 1994 French Open was the first in twelve years that she had watched rather than played in. She says she decided to retire because she had come to hate her suitcase. At the tournament, she wore little white shorts, a lacy white blouse, black Ray-Bans, black mules, and pink lipstick, which made her look like a French television star.

Katerina, who is twenty-five, is meatier-looking than Manuela. She has a square, contemplative face and silky dark hair, which during her career she has worn short and bouncy or long and braided or swept across her forehead and held in a clip; each variation completely transforms her. She has dark eyes and a golden tinge to her complexion. Her gaze is level and so stern that it struck me as something she could use as a weapon on the court. Like all the Maleevas, she speaks English fluently, but her locutions are formal and ornate: “To this, I will have to again say no.” “To that, the answer is personal which is how I will be keeping it.”

The first time I saw Maggie was in a rainstorm in Lucerne, at the site of the Eurocard Open, a clay tournament that is a French Open warmup, and I was immediately struck by the interesting color of her hair. She is no bigger than Katerina, but she has a lumbering, pigeon-toed walk that makes her look as if she were a huge person, or as if she had just come a long distance on horseback. On the court, she usually wears a very short white tennis skirt and tight white Lycra bike shorts, which stick out below the skirt. She has hazel eyes and a long chin and a wide mouth. She seems to find herself a curiosity. Describing her non-tennis interests, she says, “I'm famous for liking hard-rock music. I'm known for liking a band called Nine Inch Nails.”



Manuela, Katerina, Magdalena, and their mother, Youlia: The richest, most famous, and possibly the least discourageable women in Bulgaria.

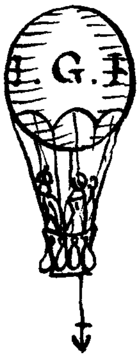
ROBERT RISKO

All three of the Maleeva sisters were taught to play by Youlia, so their games have certain similarities—trim ground strokes, neat footwork. Otherwise, because of their different bodies and temperaments and talents, each has her own style. Manuela, for instance, learned to play in the era of Chris Evert, when nearly all women players were baseliners, with methodical, unvarying ground strokes and two-handed backhands and the patience to wait for their opponents' mistakes. Katerina is also a baseliner, but her strokes are especially flat and her swing is taut and compact, and she is very fast on her feet. By the time Maggie, who is eight years younger than Manuela, started playing, baselining was no longer enough to win points, so she learned to move around the court more, to switch between one- and two-handed backhands, to use more topspin, and to dominate points. The three always hated to play one another in tournaments. Nevertheless, there have been fifteen occasions when one Maleeva played another on the tour: Manuela has beaten Katerina eight times, Katerina has beaten Manuela once, Manuela has beaten Maggie twice, Katerina has beaten Maggie four times. In 1993, all three reached the fourth round of the French Open and the U.S. Open—a first in the annals of sibling athletics. That year, the three Maleevas were ranked within four places of one another among the top twenty women in the world.

In some instances, the sisters have teamed up to use their tennis success commercially; all three are represented by the same agent at Advantage International, and all three have had deals with Babolat tennis strings and Isostar high-performance drinks. Katerina and Maggie were also celebrity spokespersons for Balkan, the official airline of Bulgaria.

Occasionally, the number of Maleevas and their longevity and their persistence near the top of the tennis world has unnerved other players. Theories about them abound. One rumor has it that the girls were under strict orders from Youlia never to have a younger sister beat an older one. Ruxandra Dragomir, a Romanian player, who drew Maggie in the first round of the French Open, told me after their match that she thought Maggie had had a bit of an unfair advantage over her. I asked her what it was, and she shrugged and said, “Well, you know, the sisters. She has all those sisters all over the place.” Pam Shriver, in a book she wrote several years ago, said that the Maleevas always moped when they played, whether they won or lost, and that Manuela and Katerina (Maggie was not yet on the tour) were known among the other players as Boo and Hoo. There have been other pairs of siblings in tennis, such as Chris and Jeanne Evert, John and Patrick McEnroe, and Luke and Murphy Jensen, but before the Maleevas there had never been a family in which *all* the children were tennis players, there had never been three same-sex tennis-playing siblings, there had never been three tennis-playing Bulgarians, there had never been three tennis-playing Bulgarian sisters, and there had never been three tennis-playing siblings—Bulgarian or female or not—ranked so close together and so high up in the sport. It occurred to me when I met the Maleevas that I had never before met people with so many signifying adjectives you could attach to their names.

I WANTED to have a dinner with all three of the Maleeva sisters. "Let me know if you can do that," Youlia said to me. "I personally would like to accomplish that sometime. If you get that done, that will be an almost incredible thing." At the moment, Manuela was on her way to Paris from Switzerland with her husband, François Fragnière; Maggie had just arrived from Lucerne, where she had played in the Eurocard Open; Katerina was flying to Paris from Bulgaria, where she had been resting after playing in a tournament in Hamburg; and George Maleev, their father, who is an electronics professor, was at his job in Sofia, teaching school. Nobody knew anybody else's schedule. "You know the way we are," Youlia said. "We can try to have dinner the night after the first round, but I can't guarantee who will be here. The minute—God forbid, God forbid, I won't even say it, God forbid—someone loses, we are gone as fast as we can. We *go*."



Youlia and I were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Sofitel, in Paris, where many of the players in the Open were staying; a corner of the lobby had been cordoned off as a players' lounge. Youlia was sitting on a black leather couch, eating fancy cookies from a platter on the coffee table. She was wearing a big green T-shirt, paisley leggings, Christian Dior eyeglasses with complicated frames, and tennis shoes. Her feet are very small, and she has lean calves and little ankles. She is forty-nine years old. As a young woman, she was a nine-time Bulgarian women's-singles tennis champion. From the knees down, that is still what she looks like. From the knees up, she looks a little more like somebody's mother. Her hair is chestnut-colored and fluffy. She has beautiful pinkish skin; an aquiline nose; a rubbery, downturned mouth; and huge dimples, which crease her face even when she isn't smiling. Her voice is a porous, trilling soprano; it is round and light and girlish, which Youlia is not. After you meet Youlia, the phrase that leaps to your mind is "human dynamo." She is someone who seems very good at getting things done. She says that she is a very tough coach, and that her philosophy is "Winning is everything." I did not directly observe Youlia working with her daughters, but I believe I experienced some of her technique. That afternoon, for instance, I asked her how she happened to start playing tennis as a young woman in Bulgaria.

"Are you familiar with the Ottoman Empire?" she said.

I told her I was hoping that her answer would be somewhat more contemporary.

"I need to explain this to you," she said firmly. She settled back on the couch. "When you understand the Ottoman Empire, and the situation between the Turks and the Armenians, then we will get to the tennis." She began with Alexander the Great's conquest of western Asia Minor, the Battle of Manzikert, and an account of Suleiman II; I found myself listening and taking notes in spite of myself. Players and their entourages were wandering in and out of the lounge. Someone came in and made an announcement about transportation to Roland Garros. Youlia ignored all this and went on. She was somewhere around the 1718 Treaty of Passarowitz when Maggie, who had been jogging with Katerina's fiancé, came in.

"Mom, did my box from Reebok come yet?" Maggie asked. Youlia looked up and nodded. "Anything interesting?" Maggie asked. "I mean, what am I wearing tomorrow?" She poked around on the cookie platter. Youlia answered her in Bulgarian, which sounded like air rushing past an open window. Then she waved Maggie away and got back to the Ottoman Empire.

At some point, she segued into her own history, including her Armenian heritage, which enabled her parents to emigrate to the United States in 1965 as part of Bulgaria's recognition of the Armenian genocide of 1915. Her parents have lived in the United States ever since. In 1965, Youlia was already a star tennis player in Bulgaria and was engaged to George, who was not allowed to emigrate, because he is not Armenian. She went to the United States briefly, then returned to Bulgaria and married George, and continued competing. Because the tennis courts were a nice place to bring babies, after Manuela and Katerina were born she just took them along to the courts.

In 1979, when Manuela was twelve and was just a few months away from being the national women's champion in Bulgaria, Youlia decided to apply for visas to take her to an American tournament. "I heard about this famous Orange Bowl in Miami, so I went for a visa, for which I had to faint and cry and beg and weep and *plead*, which is what I had to do for the next seven years," she told me. "My God, I can't tell you how much I hate the Communists for that humiliation—my God! But we got the visas and went to this famous Orange Bowl and Manuela played, and in the semifinals she had to play Chris Evert's sister, there, in Florida, which was their *kingdom*, and Manuela was such a brave girl, God, she was so brave"—now Youlia was in tears—"playing in her homemade dress, and she only had three racquets, while the other kids had ten and their shiny bright clothes, and the chair umpire made this bad call and she was *robbed*, and she was such a brave little girl. She took it very hard. She cried and cried. She cried at every point. This is when it is hard to be a mother and a coach. But I was so, so strong. I was such a strong person then. I would sit on the side of the court and talk to Manuela the whole time during the match. I would say, 'Manuela, why are you crying? Hit the ball down the line, please. Stop crying, thank you. Use some topspin on your backhand now. Please stop crying. *Thank you*.' "

Just then, a woman working for the tournament came over and said she knew of a store in Paris where she thought Youlia might find a good dress for Katerina's wedding. Youlia dabbed her face dry and thanked her. Then she leaned over to me and said, "You know, I need to find something nice but not too, too nice. I don't want to look like the Queen of England and be too, you understand, too 'up,' because there will be so many relatives and people from the countryside, and I don't want to make some kind of appearance, but I want something nice." She got teary again. She took her glasses off and started drying them on her T-shirt. Then she looked at them and said, "These glasses, you know, I love them, but I didn't even *know* they were Christian Dior until a friend of mine told me. I just thought they were nice. I don't know anything about Christian Dior! I just said to her, 'Well, I love them so much because they feel so nice!' " Youlia said that the name Maleeva was now practically a trademark in Bulgaria. Then she said, "You know, if we were American we would be huge."

Handelsman

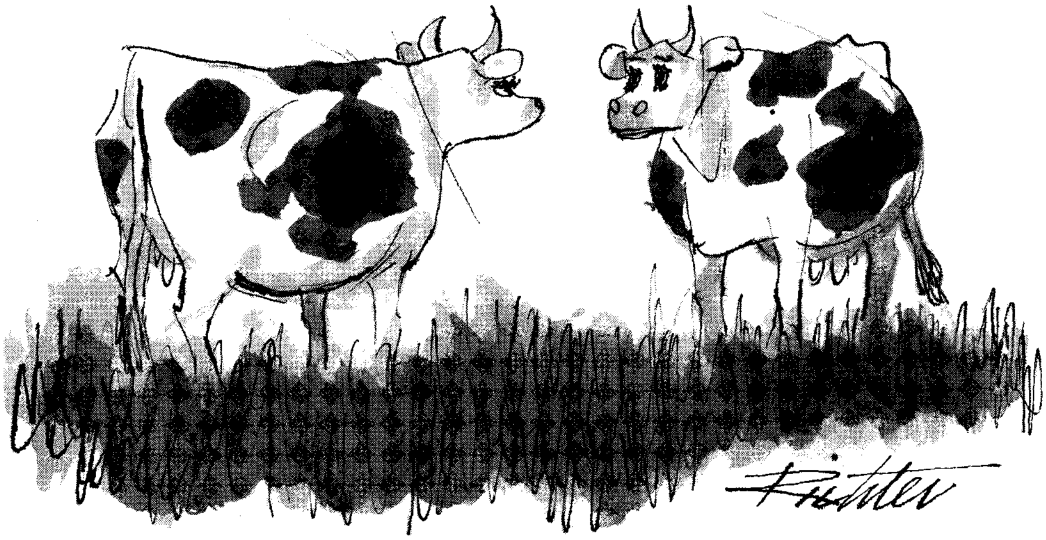
"Nothing to speak of. Someone left a Bronx cheer on your voice mail."

• •

By now, it was quite late, and I said I would have to get going. I mumbled something about how I had planned to go for a run, but supposed it was a little late. Youlia turned and fixed her gaze on me; it said a million things, but all she said was "Oh. Hmm. It isn't too late. Go do your run." She stood up and left. I went upstairs to my room, turned on the television, lay down on my bed, tried not to think about Youlia, got up after about thirty seconds, turned off the television, put on my running clothes, and went out for an hour, racing around and around the hotel. The next morning, I bumped into Youlia on the elevator. I started to say something about the tournament, but she interrupted me. "I have only one question," she said. "Now I will ask. After you left last night, did you go out and do your run?"

A TALL Swiss kid with radish-colored cheeks had been sitting next to me eating cold frankfurters out of a plastic box as Maggie started playing her third-round match in Lucerne, at the Eurocard Open, the week before the French Open. The weather was lousy. The matches had been interrupted several times by wild rainstorms, and the doubles competition had been cancelled so that all the courts could be used to complete the singles draw. The grandstand was mostly empty. Youlia was sitting alone at the far end of the court, so she could follow the game without moving her eyes back and forth, which happens to give her a headache. Manuela, who lives about two hours from Lucerne, had come to town to watch Maggie. She sat alone, hugging her knees, across the court from Youlia. They rarely sit together. This is because Youlia gets nervous watching her daughters play, and her nervousness makes Manuela nervous. Everyone has been getting nervous lately when Katerina plays, because she has had a tough year on the tour and has sagged in the rankings. If you ask Manuela about it, her face crumples like tissue, and she says, "I know all about this. The pressure, the pressure, the pressure. It's very, very, very *tough*. It's mental. It's in the head. It's not in the hand."

Beating a Maleeva has always paid a big dividend. Because the Maleevas are highly ranked, any player who beats one of them earns a lot of points on the tennis-ranking computer, which rewards victories in proportion to the size of the tournament as well as according to the ranking of the defeated player. On the other hand, the Maleevas have never been quite as fear-inspiring as some other top-ranked players, like Steffi Graf. In fact, the Maleevas believe that most of their opponents play the best games of their lives against them. The family phrase for this phenomenon is "out of her mind," as in "The girl who beat Katerina usually can hardly hit the ball, but against Katerina she was playing *out of her mind*." In the third round in Lucerne, Maggie was facing an out-of-her-mind situation. She was the second seed in the tournament. The first seed was Lindsay Davenport, a gigantic, scowling high-school student from California, with big legs and big arms and big shoulders, who had just bounded into the top ten. All the players in the tournament seemed a little afraid of her. They seemed less afraid of Maggie. In her second round, Maggie had struggled against a tiny Israeli girl named Anna Smashnova, who was unseeded in the tournament and is ranked eighty-seven places below Maggie. Youlia was sitting next to Smashnova's coach during the match, and she turned her chair so she could glare at him between points. After Maggie finally won, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1, Youlia muttered to me, "I watched that little girl play yesterday and she hit nothing but moon balls. She couldn't hit anything flat. Then she plays Maggie and boom, boom, *bang!* Every-



"I'm very comfortable with my bovinity."

thing is flat. She played out of her mind."

In this third round, Maggie was playing Lisa Raymond, a peppy Floridian with a pointy face, a streaky-blond ponytail, and four earrings in one ear. At the time, Raymond was ranked fifty-ninth in the world. She has a solid serve, a topspinning backhand, a good slice, and a bouncy stride on the court. As the first set began, Maggie was hitting a lot of her passing shots out, and a few of her overheads were wild and wide; then she steadied herself and began serving well and playing as many volleys as she could off her backhand, which she hits hard and sharply down the line. In contrast to Katerina and Manuela, who rarely move off the baseline, Maggie dashed around the court and came to the net several times. Still, most of the games went to deuce and were decided on errors—Maggie's, usually. Raymond eventually won the first set, seven games to five.

The rain started again. During the break, we went into the players' lounge, a big white tent set up behind the courts. Tennis racquets and racquet cases were piled up near the door. Raymond sat down next to Lindsay Davenport, whose match had also been suspended. Helena Sukova, a Czech player, who started on the tour the same year as Manuela, stood in a corner, dripping from the rainstorm, and flexed her legs. Maggie sat across the room, stretching to keep from cramping, and chatting with the tournament's massage therapist about Jennifer Capriati, who had recently been arrested on a drug charge. "I didn't know her too well, but I thought she was cool," Maggie said. "She was a cool person. I faxed her a letter the other day to tell her I thought she was cool." Manuela and Youlia were at the other end of the tent, faxing a note to Katerina, in Bulgaria, and glancing every few moments at Maggie. A few other players and their coaches were milling around, talking about their travel plans for Paris. Everyone who had lost her match was leaving Lucerne immediately, because the French Open was starting in three days. The losers seemed cheerful. It occurred to me that the best players on the tour are always the last ones to leave, because everyone who loses has either gone home or gone on to the next tournament. No one sticks around just to watch someone else win. Players would rather be early at the next tournament site. Linda Harvey-Wild, a Chicagoan, was one of the people in the tent. I asked her how long she was going to be in Lucerne, and she said, "Hey, not much longer! I lost! I'm done! I'm out of here! If I can get a flight, I'm leaving for Paris today!"

After an hour or so, the rain let up, and, once the courts had been mopped, the matches resumed. Maggie would hit several strong shots and then a string of reckless ones, and as she got frustrated her body seemed to get disorganized. Youlia was now leaning over the railing of the grandstand. The boy with the frankfurters was gone, so I edged closer to Youlia. The second set went to 3–0, in Raymond's favor, and then it began to drizzle again. We headed back to the lounge. Youlia walked beside Maggie and said something to her in Bulgarian, and then added, in a low voice, "She's playing out of her mind."

"*Mom*," Maggie said, grimacing.

Manuela walked next to them, saying nothing. The rain stopped after a few minutes, and the courts were sponged dry again. The two players went back onto the court. Raymond had tightened her ponytail, and it seemed to be pulling back the corners of her eyes. She looked fierce. One of her shots nicked the line and was called in; Maggie bounced her racquet on its head and then walked over to the umpire, saying, "What? Are you *craaazy*?" Her accent made the word "crazy" sound lulling and poetic. She did not get the call, did not win the game, and did not win the match. The final score was 7–5, 6–4, Raymond. As soon as the match was over, Youlia stood up, walked quickly to the lounge, and headed for the phone, to call about flights to Paris. Maggie slung her racquet cases over her shoulder and trudged toward the locker room. Manuela followed her in and didn't emerge for several minutes. In the car back to the hotel, Maggie cried a little and then stared out at a cottony fog that had wrapped around the Alps. After a moment, she rubbed her nose and said, "I wish I had won. It's kind of a bummer."

THE richest, most famous sisters in Bulgaria did not have the best time of their lives at the Grand Slams this summer. At Wimbledon, Katerina drew the second seed, Aranxta Sánchez Vicario, in the first round and lost; Maggie beat Shaun Stafford in the first but was upset by an unknown Indonesian player in the second. In the French Open, Maggie had been seeded thirteenth, but she lost in her first-round match against Ruxandra Dragomir. They had played each other many times before in Bulgaria, starting when Ruxandra was fourteen and Maggie was twelve, and Maggie had usually won. Ruxandra admitted to me afterward that she hadn't been too happy when she saw she was facing Maggie in the first round. "I was like, Oh my God," she said. "It was like, I wish I wasn't playing her. But today I was really confident, and she wasn't expecting me to play so well, so she got scared." For the next day or two, I hardly saw Maggie around at all. I asked Manuela how Maggie was. She said, "She had two days that were not very good. That's how it is. She'll be O.K." When I finally saw Maggie again, she was wearing her burgundy outfit and did seem O.K., although she looked slightly peaked. Unlike other first-round losers, she wasn't packing for home or for Wimbledon, because her whole family, except for her father, was for the moment residing in Paris at the hotel. Also, she had decided at the last minute to play the doubles competition with Katerina.

The evening after Maggie lost to Ruxandra, I'd seen Youlia in the lounge. She was wearing thick-soled sneakers and a T-shirt from last year's Wimbledon. She said that Dragomir had got lucky. "Do you remember that one incredible shot she hit? One of her strings was broken, and she hit such a risky shot, a backhand down the line. That gave her such a boost." She sighed deeply, and then said, "This is when it can kill you to be a mother and a coach. This is when it can kill you to have tennis in your family."

Katerina played Linda Harvey-Wild in her first round. During the match, her fiancé, Georgi, sat beside Youlia, but Maggie and Manuela, as usual, sat several rows apart and some distance from their mother. Katerina played an orderly and unyielding game, while Harvey-Wild was batting most of her passing shots into the net, double-faulting, and missing easy overheads. When the match was over, all the Maleevas looked exhausted and relieved. Two days later, in the second round, Katerina played a beefy German named Marketa Kochta. During the match, Kochta's coach sat at one end of the grandstand, and the Maleevas broke with family tradition and sat together at the other end. Katerina won the first set, 6–0, but then lost the next two, 3–6 and 2–6. As the match went on, she looked more and more solemn; in the stands her mother and her sisters sat more and more upright, their faces pulled into frowns. Kochta looked more and more surprised, and when she finally won she looked as if she might faint.♦

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

USE OUR WEEKLY LISTING TO DIAL DIRECTLY TO ADVERTISERS.

John Nuveen & Company
Looking for secure tax-free income?
Nuveen has specialized in tax-free municipal bonds for nearly 100 years.
Send for more information about our tax-free funds.
1.800.781.4085

Swissôtels
For precision non-stop service and deluxe accommodations in Atlanta,
Boston, Chicago, New York, and 10 other cities around the world, call:
1.800.63.SWISS

Cobblers Cove, Barbados
An intimate English-style country inn located on a beautiful palm-fringed beach.
All deluxe suites set in lush tropical gardens. Noted for exceptional international cuisine.
Member of the prestigious Relais & Châteaux. For reservations, please call:
1.800.890.6060

Come to Australia
Experience the wonder of a world that evolved differently. To get started, call for your free
136-page travel guide with all the information you need to plan your vacation.
1.800.444.0834 ext. 99

Orient Lines
Discover the world aboard the luxury liner Marco Polo. Exciting cruise-tours to Africa, India,
China, Southeast Asia, New Zealand, Australia, and the South Pacific.
1.800.333.7300

Pearl Cruises
Exciting Cruise Tours to the Far East – call for free color brochure.
Ask for our special fall China Dynasty offer, exclusive to New Yorker *readers.*
1.800.556.8850

Star Clipper and Star Flyer
Come experience two of the most remarkable and romantic vessels ever to sail
the Caribbean and Mediterranean. For additional information, or a free brochure, call:
1.800.442.0551

Stewart Home School
A year-round residential facility for mentally handicapped children and adults. Frankfort, KY.
1.502.875.4664

The New School
For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 1,500 Fall
adult education courses and B.A. and M.A. degree programs, please call:
1.800.319.4321 ext. 46

Sharpen your knives perfectly...easily
with the Chef's Choice® Diamond Hone® Knife Sharpener Professional Model 110.
Made with pride in the U.S.A. For a store near you, please call:
1.800.342.3255

ANGELS IN AMERICA
The two best plays on Broadway. Part 1: Millennium Approaches. *Part 2:* Perestroika.
Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 West 48th Street. Tele-charge®: (212) 239-6200 (24 hours, 7 days).
Outside Metro NY: (800) 432-7250. SHOWTIX (Groups of 20 or more): (212) 302-7000.

ADVERTISEMENT

PUT ON THE DOG

Now you can wear all the personality and wit of The New Yorker. Our cotton sweatshirt and t-shirt feature the irascible bull terrier created by New Yorker cartoonist George Booth.

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS, CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-336-5510

Or send check or money order with your name and address to:
New Yorker Products
Box 10214, Dept. 672147
Des Moines, IA 50336

Back of shirt.

Sweatshirts $24.95, **T-shirts** $14.95, both come in L or XL Please add $2.50/shirt for shipping and handling.

Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY, Please add applicable sales tax. In Canada, 7% GST. Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. © 1993 *The New Yorker* Magazine, INC.

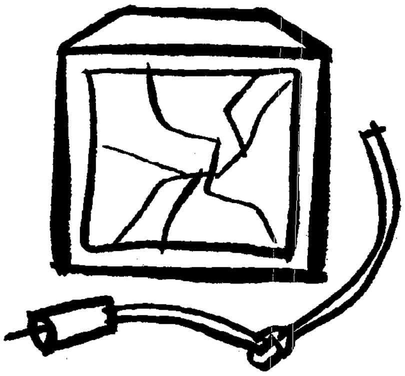
ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

NETWORK FOR SALE?

In the wake of Barry Diller's failed bid for CBS, who will own the network isn't clear, but some truths about mergers in the new electronic media are.

BY KEN AULETTA

THE contest for the control of CBS and QVC resembles a game of musical chairs: after each round, there are more participants than there are seats. On July 12th, it appeared that Barry Diller had lost his seat as the prospective chief executive officer of CBS and might soon leave as the C.E.O. of QVC. Now, even though the game is far from over for CBS and QVC, and other bidders may compete for a seat—the nation's largest cable operator, John Malone, of Tele-Communications, Inc., says he is prepared to back a new Diller bid for either CBS or QVC—there are lessons to be learned from what has gone on in the past month.



ANDERS WENNGREN

- *Lesson 1:* Though there is a lot of talk about "convergence," companies will not join forces if their interests don't converge. Diller's two principal partners in the QVC home-shopping network were two cable giants—Malone's Tele-Communications, Inc., and Ralph and Brian Roberts's Comcast. Malone gave his approval when Diller proposed that QVC merge with CBS; the Robertses objected. They owned a cable wire, but, unlike Malone, who has a stake in about thirty cable-programming networks, they did not own any programming to fill that wire. They wanted Diller to be their cable's programmer, and felt that their ownership of QVC stock—they held nearly sixteen per cent of it—guaranteed Comcast an important seat in the game. But, because government rules prevent a cable-system owner from having a seat on a broadcast network's board, Comcast would have been left without a seat if the merger with CBS had gone through. "From a regulatory standpoint, it wouldn't work," a close Diller adviser says of the Robertses' aim. The government rules also provide that a cable company can own no more than 4.9 per cent of a network. "They wanted a controlling position. What they wanted was anywhere from twenty to twenty-five per cent ownership. There was no way they could accomplish that."

A Comcast adviser puts another spin on the matter, saying that Diller's interests diverged from those of Comcast. "It was Barry's interests that converged with CBS's," he says. "Comcast's interests were steady. It wanted to get into programming. It's why Comcast recruited Diller—to create programming. But Comcast would not have had a voice in programming at CBS." Comcast felt proprietary about QVC, since Ralph Roberts was present at its creation, in 1986. Last Tuesday, therefore, Comcast acted on its perceived interests and made a two-billion-two-hundred-thousand-dollar bid to take over QVC, effectively sabotaging the merger of QVC and CBS. Early this year, a similar divergence of interests led to the end of the merger between Malone's cable company and Bell Atlantic. Diller recognizes that companies can and do have divergent interests. "What no one can understand—especially the media, which wants drama—is the perfect legitimacy of how our interests diverged," he says. "And it happened without rancor on either side." Brian Roberts concurs: "It's been a very difficult issue for both Barry and ourselves. There were legitimate issues on both sides."

- *Lesson 2:* Merger partners must feel that they are treated equally and respectfully. Not only did Diller and Malone override the wishes of Comcast but the merger that Diller embarked on would have diluted the ownership role of all three of his QVC partners. Malone, however, was willing to be a relatively passive partner, believing that as long as the investment was a solid one, and as long as he had a piece of everything, he could protect his interests; the Robertses, with no major programming interests outside QVC, felt shortchanged. This feeling may have been strengthened by Diller's occasional brusqueness. Diller is a strong manager, unafraid to assert himself. A longtime friend, referring to the period when Diller worked for Martin Davis, the former chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount, says, "His contract with Martin Davis said he didn't have to talk to Davis. Rather than embrace people, he sometimes does the opposite."

Brian Roberts, thirty-five, who is the president of Comcast, seemed content to operate in the shadow of Malone and Diller. He was deeply distressed when Malone agreed to merge with Bell Atlantic, but kept quiet. He was content to play an important behind-the-scenes role in Diller's futile 1993 effort to acquire Paramount. But last week he chose to make a statement: he would seek to take over QVC. Brian Roberts is well liked, and is respected for his intelligence. Now he may be feared as well.

- *Lesson 3:* The financially nimble Laurence Tisch, the chairman of CBS, could be left without a seat when the music stops. He may be in a predicament identical to the one in which he placed his predecessor, Thomas Wyman, back in 1986, when he circumscribed Wyman's ability either to lead CBS or to sell it. "He's had a 'For Sale' sign out for a long time," a Tisch financial adviser says. Yet the only offer came from Diller. When Comcast launched its surprise move to buy QVC, on July 12th, Tisch immediately declared the Diller merger dead. The next morning, to shore up CBS's stock price—and to earn a profit of about two hundred million dollars—Tisch announced that he would use the one billion one hundred million dollars in cash that CBS had on hand to buy back twenty-two per cent of its stock, at three hundred and twenty-five dollars a share. It was a tactically smart short-term maneuver, as was Tisch's sale of CBS's stake in various companies—records, magazines, books, and cable-sports networks—which helped amass that pile of cash. But in the long term this maneuver hobbles CBS's flexibility. At a time when the network business is volatile, Tisch has no cable or other business ventures to pick up the slack. He has one weapon, not several. And that weapon is being blunted by restless affiliates and employees, who know that Tisch, at seventy-one, wants to leave CBS, and whose ties to the network have weakened because many of them believe that Tisch has been a caretaker who has taken care of himself. Tisch has a brilliant record as a financier, but as a buyer, not a seller. And, following the failure of the Diller merger, it is not clear who might buy CBS. "I don't think there's a buyer," one prominent player says. Noting that throughout the past year everyone knew that Tisch was willing to sell, this player adds, "No one came forward. The QVC deal was open for almost two weeks before Wednesday's CBS board meeting. If ever there was an opportune time to come forward, it was then. No one sniffed at it."

- *Lesson 4:* Lesson 3 may prove not to be valid. "There are lots of buyers," John Malone says of Tisch and CBS. "He can sell. If he picked up the phone and called Michael Eisner, of Disney, and asked if he was interested, he'd have a deal. If he called Ted Turner, Ted would be on the next plane. If Larry said to Barry, 'Buy my stake in CBS and make the equivalent offer to my shareholders,' Barry would do it. Larry is in the catbird seat."

- *Lesson 5:* Barry Diller, like Tisch, could be left without a seat. Diller has made it clear that he does not wish to be an employee, and for that reason associates say he will leave QVC if Comcast or some other bidder wins control. Although Diller's net worth will increase by at least seventy-five million dollars, he does not have enough capital to become the principal owner of a major communications company, which is what he wants to do. As was true in 1992, when he left Fox to look for something else, he is long on talent and ambition and short on big dollars. Diller seeks to trade his unique managerial and programming prowess for capital. To get a major seat, he must rely on partners like John Malone, who are willing to invest in him. "No problem," says a Diller ad-

The original RIVERSTONES™ by Penelope Naylor add poetry to your garden or home and ". . . serve as a cornerstone for any of a wide range of individual or collective enterprises." *(The New Yorker, Dec. 2, 1991.)* Each unique, natural stone is deeply inscribed. Choose WELCOME, LOVE, LAUGH, REMEMBER, IMAGINE, HOPE, DREAM or BELIEVE.

SMALL (6"-9") . . . . $55. LARGE (12"-18") . . . $75.
MEDIUM (8"-14") . . $65. X-LARGE (16"-24"). $95.
Add $15. per stone for shipping & handling.
Full refund guaranteed.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
Stoneworks Gallery
P.O. BOX 35 • TUXEDO, NY 10987
CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME • 1-800-STONE-08

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print…

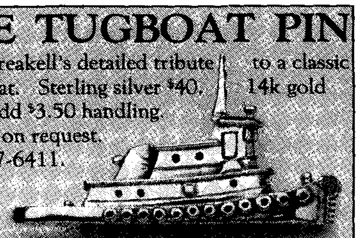
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)

1-(800) 275-DALI
9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week

SALVADOR DALI

THE TUGBOAT PIN

James Breakell's detailed tribute to a classic workboat. Sterling silver $40. 14k gold $424. Add $3.50 handling.
Catalog on request.
800-767-6411.



J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept NYTP Newport, RI 02840

MAINE'S BEST STAY

Convenient to major coastal sites. Luxury rooms and suites at moderate prices. Superb dining with fresh Maine seafood.
1-800-528-1234. AAA◆◆◆
(207) 622-5804

The Senator
Best Western
Inn & Conference Center
Western Ave. at I-95
Augusta, Maine

The Educated Traveler®

The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

My hands only hurt a little today. Maybe I can write my grandchildren.

Don't wait until your bad days start to outnumber your good days before you call the Arthritis Foundation. We're here, in towns and cities all across America, providing information about arthritis research and services. If you have arthritis or know someone who does, call your local Arthritis Foundation chapter or **1-800-283-7800.**

ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION®
Your Source for Help and Hope®

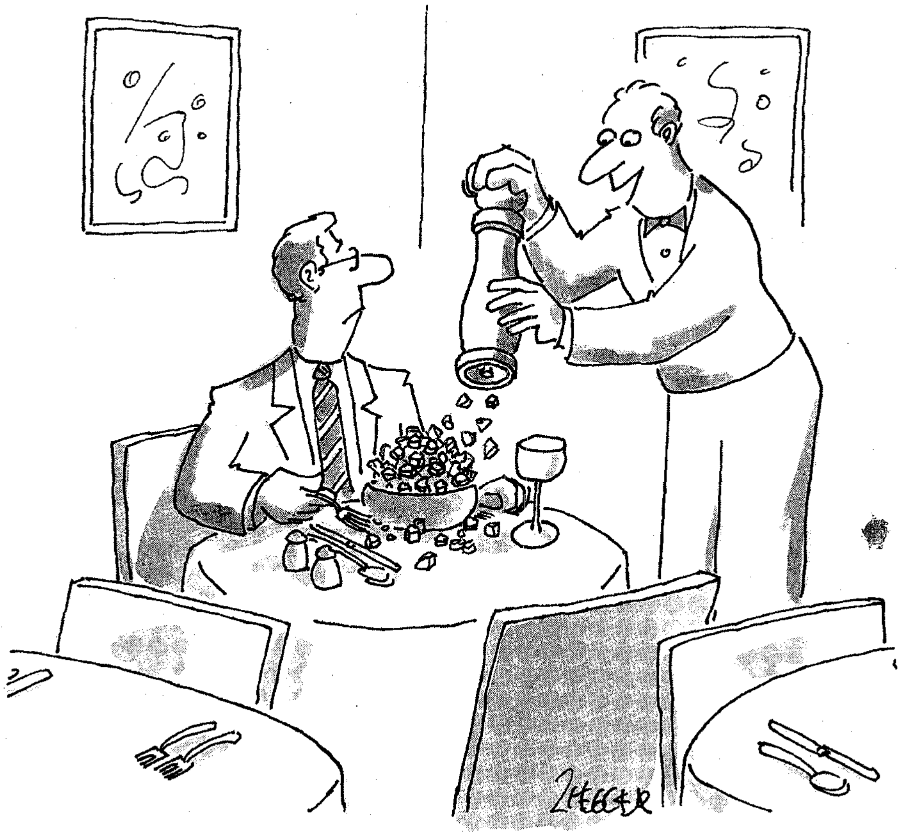
viser. "With Barry Diller owning his fair share, we could raise anywhere from four to six billion dollars in a blink. One commercial banker told me yesterday that they'd put up two billion for anything he wants."

• *Lesson 6:* Watch John Malone. In a long telephone interview from his plane as it headed toward an annual Sun Valley, Idaho, retreat for business executives Malone said, "We are not happy selling our stake in QVC on the basis of the proposal made by Comcast." He said that T.C.I. did not want to cash out, and would prefer to remain a partner in the venture. If necessary, he said, he would consider backing a Diller bid to buy Comcast's interest in QVC. "We would love to invest in a deal where Barry Diller has a broader platform," he said. "We'd love to be an equity holder in such an institution."

Could that institution be CBS?

"If Larry Tisch is willing, sure," he replied. "If Larry still wants Barry, and Barry still wants Larry, the money can be found." As for the government rule stipulating that a cable company's investment in a network must be under five per cent, Malone declared there were potential ways around it. "If CBS wants cable assets rather than money, they can be found," he said. "I think we can do it in such a way that government would be happy. I think the world of Barry, and of CBS. I'd love to see CBS be cable-friendly." Malone said that he and Diller, who was also headed for Sun Valley, planned to get together soon after they arrived last Thursday evening.

• *Lesson 7:* The pivotal role will prove to be played by the government rather than by John Malone. Everyone, Malone included, has to await pending government legislation that will suspend certain rules and impose others: until that happens, no cable operator can own five per cent or more of a network. And, since Malone already owns a controlling interest in the Home Shopping Network, it is unlikely that he would risk stirring up antitrust regulators by outbidding Comcast for QVC. By the same token, a Baby Bell or a long-distance telephone company that petitions the government to enter the cable-TV business presumably doesn't wish to provoke the fury of the federal government by bidding for CBS. Federal financial-interest and syndication regulations are not scheduled to be lifted until the fall of 1995, and until they are they effectively



"More croutons, sir?"

limit a joint ownership of networks and studios. And federal law sets limits on the ownership of broadcast stations by noncitizens, so a Japanese-owned company like Sony can't enter the picture. "Everything is frozen now pending the legislation in Congress," Malone says.

• *Lesson 8:* Those who wish to merge should do it quickly. "If we had held the board meetings of CBS and QVC the week before, I wonder whether Comcast would have made a bid," a Diller adviser says, bemoaning the two weeks that passed between the announcement of the proposed merger and the meeting of the boards. It probably wouldn't have, according to a Comcast adviser. "If they had signed a week earlier, we never would have made the bid," he says.

• *Lesson 9:* Beware of generalizations. "Every time something like this comes along, people draw sweeping conclusions," says the Lazard Frères investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who represents Comcast. "They did when Tele-Communications and Bell Atlantic announced their merger last year. They said every phone company would buy a cable company. Except for the very recent U.S. West acquisition, it didn't happen." Barry Diller is wounded, not dead. The Diller-Comcast partnership may end, but other players will jockey for their seat.

• *Lesson 10:* Too much attention is being paid to these fitful maneuvers. "Over the last few weeks, besides being involved with Comcast, we were involved in the merger of Burlington Northern and the Santa Fe to create the biggest railroad in the United States," Rohatyn observes. "That's probably more meaningful in terms of over-all economic impact than any of these media transactions. Yet it got five per cent of the ink. It's amazing to me. It's show biz."

• *Lesson 11:* Despite all the talk of how technology will increase convergence, or of how content matters more than technology, because people watch programs, people matter at least as much as either technology or programming. Industries are not inanimate objects. Businesses are not just balance sheets. The chemistry and the culture and the personalities of the people who are to merge matter more, not less, than the numbers or the so-called business synergies. ♦

Sleep Better On Air

Enjoy the ultimate in sleeping comfort. Select Comfort supports your entire body on a cushion of air that gives you the firmness you want at the touch of a button.

Select Comfort's patented air design conforms to your body shape for relaxing sleep and perfect spinal support.

Firmer
Softer

With Select Comfort, you each get exactly the firmness you need.

Studies prove our exclusive air design supports your spine more evenly than metal coil mattresses or waterbeds. And because Select Comfort has no springs to wear out and sag, we can offer you one of the longest warranties in the bedding industry – 20 years.

Why Not Feel For Yourself?

With our 90 Night No-Risk Trial, you can sleep on it for three months before you decide. For more information, call toll-free or return the coupon below.

Variable Firmness: A Comfort Breakthrough.

Dual air chambers inside the mattress can each be made firmer or softer, so you each get the exact support you need.

Firmer
Softer
SELECT COMFORT

The Only Mattress with Push Button Firmness Control.

SELECT COMFORT
AIR SLEEP SYSTEMS

1-800-831-1211

Please send me a FREE Video, Brochure and Price List.

Name________________________
Address________________________
City________________ State______
Zip_______ Phone_______________

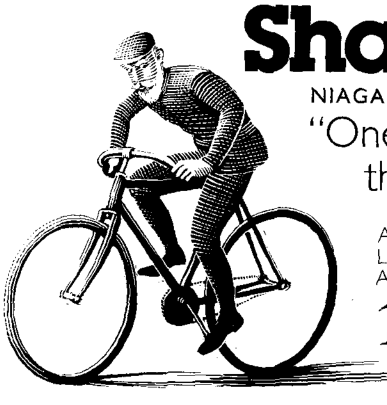
Mail to: Select Comfort Corporation
6105 Trenton Lane N., Minneapolis, MN 55442
Dept 2789

10 PLAYS • 3 THEATRES • IN REPERTORY UNTIL OCTOBER

Shaw Festival

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA

"One of the leading festivals of the English speaking world"
DETROIT FREE PRESS



ARMS AND THE MAN • THE FRONT PAGE
LADY, BE GOOD! • SHERLOCK HOLMES
AND MORE. TWO HOURS FROM TORONTO

1-800-267-4759

CALL FOR A FREE BROCHURE!
PACKAGES AVAILABLE

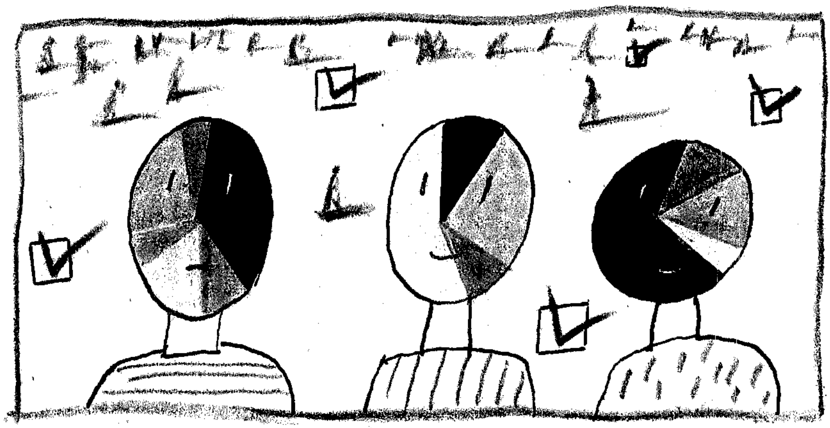
ANNALS OF POLITICS

ONE DROP OF BLOOD

Do ethnic categories protect us or divide us? The way that Washington chooses to define the population in the 2000 census could trigger the biggest debate over race in America since the nineteen-sixties.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

WASHINGTON in the millennial years is a city of warring racial and ethnic groups fighting for recognition, protection, and entitlements. This war has been fought throughout the second half of the twentieth century largely by black Americans. How much this contest has widened, how bitter it has turned, how complex and baffling it is, and how far-reaching its consequences are became evident in a series of congressional hearings that began last year in the obscure House Subcommittee on Census, Statistics, and Postal Personnel, which is chaired by Representative Thomas C. Sawyer, Democrat of Ohio, and concluded in November, 1993.



Black, White, Asian, Hispanic, or Native American: With the rise of multiracialism, what do the old labels mean?

EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

Although the Sawyer hearings were scarcely reported in the news and were sparsely attended even by other members of the subcommittee, with the exception of Representative Thomas E. Petri, Republican of Wisconsin, they opened what may become the most searching examination of racial questions in this country since the sixties. Related federal agency hearings, and meetings that will be held in Washington and other cities around the country to prepare for the 2000 census, are considering not only modifications of existing racial categories but also the larger question of whether it is proper for the government to classify people according to arbitrary distinctions of skin color and ancestry. This discussion arises at a time when profound debates are occurring in minority communities about the rightfulness of group entitlements, some government officials are questioning the usefulness of race data, and scientists are debating whether race exists at all.

Tom Sawyer, forty-eight, a former English teacher and a former mayor of Akron, is now in his fourth term representing the Fourteenth District of Ohio. It would be fair to say that neither the House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service nor the subcommittee that Sawyer chairs is the kind of assignment that members of Congress would willingly shed blood for. Indeed, the attitude of most elected officials in Washington toward the census is polite loathing, because it is the census, as much as any other force in the country, that determines their political futures. Congressional districts rise and fall with the shifting demography of the country, yet census matters rarely seize the front pages of home-town newspapers, except briefly, once every ten years. Much of the subcommittee's business has to do with addressing the safety concerns of postal workers and overseeing federal statistical measurements. The subcommittee has an additional responsibility: it reviews the executive branch's policy about which racial and ethnic groups should be officially recognized by the United States government.

"We are unique in this country in the way we describe and define race and ascribe to it characteristics that other cultures view very differently," Sawyer, who is a friendly man with an open, boyish face and graying black hair, says. He points out that the country is in the midst of its most profound demographic shift since the eighteen-nineties—a time that opened "a period of the greatest immigration we have ever seen, whose numbers have not been matched until right now." A deluge of new Americans from every part of the world is overwhelming our traditional racial distinctions, Sawyer believes. "The categories themselves inevitably reflect the temporal bias of every age," he says. "That becomes a problem when the nation itself is undergoing deep and historic diversification."

Looming over the shoulder of Sawyer's subcommittee is the Office of Management and Budget, the federal agency that happens to be responsible for determining standard classifications of racial and ethnic data. Since 1977, those categories have been set by O.M.B. Statistical Directive 15, which controls the racial and ethnic standards on all federal forms and statistics. Directive 15 acknowledges four general racial groups in the United States: American Indian or Alaskan Native; Asian or Pacific Islander; Black; and

White. Directive 15 also breaks down ethnicity into Hispanic Origin and Not of Hispanic Origin. These categories, or versions of them, are present on enrollment forms for schoolchildren; on application forms for jobs, scholarships, loans, and mortgages; and, of course, on United States census forms. The categories ask that every American fit himself or herself into one racial and one ethnic box. From this comes the information that is used to monitor and enforce civil-rights legislation, most notably the Voting Rights Act of 1965, but also a smorgasbord of set-asides and entitlements and affirmative-action programs. "The numbers drive the dollars," Sawyer observes, repeating a well-worn Washington adage.

The truth of that statement was abundantly evident in the hearings, in which a variety of racial and ethnic groups were bidding to increase their portions of the federal pot. The National Coalition for an Accurate Count of Asian Pacific Americans lobbied to add Cambodians and Lao to the nine different nationalities already listed on the census forms under the heading of Asian or Pacific Islander. The National Council of La Raza proposed that Hispanics be considered a race, not just an ethnic group. The Arab American Institute asked that persons from the Middle East, now counted as white, be given a separate, protected category of their own. Senator Daniel K. Akaka, a Native Hawaiian, urged that his people be moved from the Asian or Pacific Islander box to the American Indian or Alaskan Native box. "There is the misperception that Native Hawaiians, who number well over two hundred thousand, somehow 'immigrated' to the United States like other Asian or Pacific Island groups," the Senator testified. "This leads to the erroneous impression that Native Hawaiians, the original inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands, no longer exist." In the Senator's opinion, being placed in the same category as other Native Americans would help rectify that situation. (He did not mention that certain American Indian tribes enjoy privileges concerning gambling concessions that Native Hawaiians currently don't enjoy.) The National Congress of American Indians would like the Hawaiians to stay where they are. In every case, issues of money, but also of identity, are at stake.

In this battle over racial turf, a disturbing new contender has appeared. "When I received my 1990 census form, I realized that there was no race category for my children," Susan Graham, who is a white woman married to a black man in Roswell, Georgia, testified. "I called the Census Bureau. After checking with supervisors, the bureau finally gave me their answer: the children should take the race of their mother. When I objected and asked why my children should be classified as their mother's race only, the Census Bureau representative said to me, in a very hushed voice, 'Because, in cases like these, we always know who the mother is and not always the father.' "

Graham went on to say, "I could not make a race choice from the basic categories when I enrolled my son in kindergarten in Georgia. The only choice I had, like most other parents of multiracial children, was to leave race blank. I later found that my child's teacher was instructed to choose for him based on her knowledge and observation of my child. Ironically, my child has been white on the United States census, black at school, and multiracial at home—all at the same time."

Graham and others were asking that a "Multiracial" box be added to the racial categories specified by Directive 15—a proposal that alarmed representatives of the other racial groups for a number of reasons, not the least of which was that multiracialism threatened to undermine the concept of racial classification altogether.

According to various estimates, at least seventy-five to more than ninety per cent of the people who now check the Black box could check Multiracial, because of their mixed genetic heritage. If a certain proportion of those people—say, ten per cent—should elect to identify themselves as Multiracial, legislative districts in many parts of the country might need to be redrawn. The entire civil-rights regulatory program concerning housing, employment, and education would have to be reassessed. School-desegregation plans would be thrown into the air. Of course, it is possible that only a small number of Americans will elect to choose the Multiracial option, if it is offered, with little social effect. Merely placing such an option on the census invites people to consider choosing it, however. When the census listed "Cajun" as one of several examples under the ancestry question, the number of Cajuns jumped nearly two thousand per cent. To remind people of the possibility is to encourage enormous change.

Those who are charged with enforcing civil-rights laws see the Multiracial box as a wrecking ball aimed at affirmative action, and they hold those in the mixed-race movement responsible. "There's no concern on any of these people's part about the effect on policy—it's just a subjective feeling that their identity needs to be stroked," one government analyst said. "What they don't understand is that it's going to cost their own groups"—by losing the advantages that accrue to minorities by way of affirmative-action programs, for instance. Graham contends that the object of her movement is not to create another protected category. In any case, she said, multiracial people know "to check the right box to get the goodies."

Of course, races have been mixing in America since Columbus arrived. Visitors to Colonial America found plantation slaves who were as light-skinned as their masters. Patrick Henry actually proposed, in 1784, that the State of Virginia encourage intermarriage between whites and Indians, through the use of tax incentives and cash stipends. The legacy of this intermingling is that Americans who are descendants of early settlers, of slaves, or of Indians often have ancestors of different races in their family tree.

Thomas Jefferson supervised the original census, in 1790. The population then was broken down into free white males, free white females, other persons (these included free blacks and "taxable Indians," which meant those living in or around white settlements), and slaves. How unsettled this country has always been about its racial categories is evident in the fact that nearly every census since has measured race differently. For most of the nineteenth century, the census reflected an American obsession with miscegenation. The color of slaves was to be specified as "B," for black, and "M," for mulatto. In the 1890 census, gradations of mulattoes were further broken down into quadroons and octoroons. After 1920, however, the Census Bureau gave up on such distinctions, estimating that three-quarters of all blacks in the United States were racially mixed already, and that pure blacks would soon disappear. Henceforth anyone with any black ancestry at all would be counted simply as black.

Actual interracial marriages, however, were historically rare. Multiracial children were often marginalized as illegitimate half-breeds who didn't fit comfortably into any racial community. This was particularly true of the offspring of black-white unions. "In my family, like many families with African-American ancestry, there is a history of multiracial offspring associated with rape and concubinage," G. Reginald Daniel, who teaches a course in multiracial identity at the University of California at Los Angeles, says. "I was reared in the segregationist South. Both sides of my family have been mixed for at least three generations. I struggled as a child over the question of why I had to exclude my East Indian and Irish and Native American and French ancestry, and could include only African."

Until recently, people like Daniel were identified simply as black because of a peculiarly American institution known informally as "the one-drop rule," which defines as black a person with as little as a single drop of "black blood." This notion derives from a long-discredited belief that each race had its own blood type, which was correlated with physical appearance and social behavior. The antebellum South promoted the rule as a way of enlarging the slave population with the children of slaveholders. By the nineteen-twenties, in Jim Crow America the one-drop rule was well established as the law of the land. It still is, according to a United States Supreme Court decision as late as 1986, which refused to review a lower court's ruling that a Louisiana woman whose great-great-great-great-grandmother had been the mistress of a French planter was black—even though that proportion of her ancestry amounted to no more than three thirty-seconds of her genetic heritage. "We are the only country in the world that applies the one-drop rule, and the only group that the one-drop rule applies to is people of African descent," Daniel observes.

People of mixed black-and-white ancestry were rejected by whites and found acceptance by blacks. Many of the most notable "black" leaders over the last century and a half were "white" to some extent, from Booker T. Washington and Frederick Douglass (both of whom had white fathers) to W. E. B. Du Bois, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King, Jr. (who had an Irish grandmother and some American Indian ancestry as well). The fact that Lani Guinier, Louis Farrakhan, and Virginia's former governor Douglas Wilder are defined as black, and define themselves that way, though they have light skin or "European" features, demonstrates how enduring the one-drop rule has proved to be in America, not only among whites but among blacks as well. Daniel sees this as "a double-edged sword." While the one-drop rule encouraged racism, it also galvanized the black community.

"But the one-drop rule is racist," Daniel says. "There's no way you can get away from the fact that it was historically implemented to create as many slaves as possible. No one leaped over to the white community—that was simply the mentality of the nation, and people of African descent internalized it. What this current discourse is about is lifting the lid of racial oppression in our institutions and letting people identify with the totality of their heritage. We have created a nightmare for human dignity. Multiracialism has the potential for undermining the very basis of racism, which is its categories."

But multiracialism introduces nightmares of its own. If people are to be counted as something other than completely black, for instance, how will affirmative-action programs be implemented? Suppose a court orders a city to hire additional black police officers to make up for past discrimination. Will mixed-race officers count? Will they count wholly or partly? Far from solving the problem of fragmented identities, multi-

PRESCRIP
Lorenz

"Can't you give him one of those personalities in a bottle I keep reading about?"

Bernard Schoenbaum

racialism could open the door to fractional races, such as we already have in the case of the American Indians. In order to be eligible for certain federal benefits, such as housing-improvement programs, a person must prove that he or she either is a member of a federally recognized Indian tribe or has fifty per cent "Indian blood." One can envision a situation in which nonwhiteness itself becomes the only valued quality, to be compensated in various ways depending on a person's pedigree.

Kwame Anthony Appiah, of Harvard's Philosophy and Afro-American Studies Departments, says, "What the Multiracial category aims for is not people of mixed ancestry, because a majority of Americans are actually products of mixed ancestry. This category goes after people who have parents who are socially recognized as belonging to different races. That's O.K.—that's an interesting social category. But then you have to ask what happens to their children. Do we want to have more boxes, depending upon whether they marry back into one group or the other? What are the children of these people supposed to say? I think about these things because—look, my mother is English; my father is Ghanaian. My sisters are married to a Nigerian and a Norwegian. I have nephews who range from blond-haired kids to very black kids. They are all first cousins. Now, according to the American scheme of things, they're all black—even the guy with blond hair who skis in Oslo. That's what the one-drop rule says. The Multiracial scheme, which is meant to solve anomalies, simply creates more anomalies of its own, and that's because the fundamental concept—that you should be able to assign every American to one of three or four races reliably—is crazy."

These are sentiments that Representative Sawyer agrees with profoundly. He says of the one-drop rule, "It is so embedded in our perception and policy, but it doesn't allow for the blurring that is the reality of our population. Just look at— What are the numbers?" he said in his congressional office as he leafed through a briefing book. "Thirty-eight per cent of American Japanese females and eighteen per cent of American Japanese males marry outside their traditional ethnic and nationality group. Seventy per cent of American Indians marry outside. I grant you that the enormous growth potential of multiracial marriages starts from a relatively small base, but the truth is it starts from a fiction to begin with; that is, what we think of as black-and-white marriages are not marriages between people who come from anything like a clearly defined ethnic, racial, or genetic base."

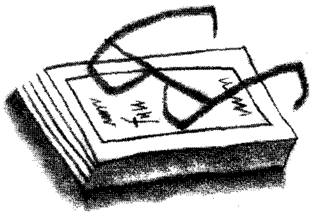
The United States Supreme Court struck down the last vestige of anti-miscegenation laws in 1967, in Loving v. Virginia. At that time, interracial marriages were rare; only sixty-five thousand marriages between blacks and whites were recorded in the 1970 census. Marriages between Asians and non-Asian Americans tended to be between soldiers and war brides. Since then, mixed marriages occurring between many racial and ethnic groups have risen to the point where they have eroded the distinctions between such peoples. Among American Indians, people are more likely to marry outside their group than within it, as Representative Sawyer noted. The number of children living in families where one parent is white and the other is black, Asian, or American Indian, to use one measure, has tripled—from fewer than four hundred thousand in 1970 to one and a half million in 1990—and this doesn't count the children of single parents or children whose parents are divorced.

Blacks are conspicuously less likely to marry outside their group, and yet marriages between blacks and whites have tripled in the last thirty years. Matthijs Kalmijn, a Dutch sociologist, analyzed marriage certificates filed in this country's non-Southern states since the Loving decision and found that in the nineteen-eighties the rate at which black men were marrying white women had reached approximately ten per cent. (The rate for black women marrying white men is about half that figure.) In the 1990 census, six per cent of black householders nationwide had nonblack spouses—still a small percentage, but a significant one.

Multiracial people, because they are now both unable and unwilling to be ignored, and because many of them refuse to be confined to traditional racial categories, inevitably undermine the entire concept of race as an irreducible difference between peoples. The continual modulation of racial differences in America is increasing the jumble created by centuries of ethnic intermarriage. The resulting dilemma is a profound one. If we choose to measure the mixing by counting people as Multiracial, we pull the teeth of the civil-rights laws. Are we ready for that? Is it even possible to make changes in the way we count Americans, given the legislative mandates already built into law? "I don't know," Sawyer concedes. "At this point, my purpose is not so much to alter the laws that underlie these kinds of questions as to raise the question of whether or not the way in which we currently define who we are reflects the reality of the nation we are and who we are becoming. If it does not, then the policies underlying the terms of measurement are doomed to be flawed. What you measure is what you get."

SCIENCE has put forward many different racial models, the most enduring being the division of humanity into three broad groupings: the Mongoloid, the Negroid, and the Caucasoid. An influential paper by Masatoshi Nei and Arun K. Roychoudhury, entitled "Gene Differences between Caucasian, Negro, and Japanese Populations," which appeared in *Science*, in 1972, found that the genetic variation among individuals from these racial groups was only slightly greater than the variation within the groups.

In 1965, the anthropologist Stanley Garn proposed hundreds, even thousands, of racial groups, which he saw as gene clusters separated by geography or culture, some with only minor variations between them. The paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould, for one, has proposed doing away with all racial classifications and identifying people by clines—regional divisions that are used to account for the diversity of snails and of songbirds, among many other species. In this Gould follows the anthropologist Ashley Montagu, who waged a lifelong campaign to rid science of the term "race" altogether and never used it except in quotation marks. Montagu would have substituted the term "ethnic group," which he believed carried less odious baggage.



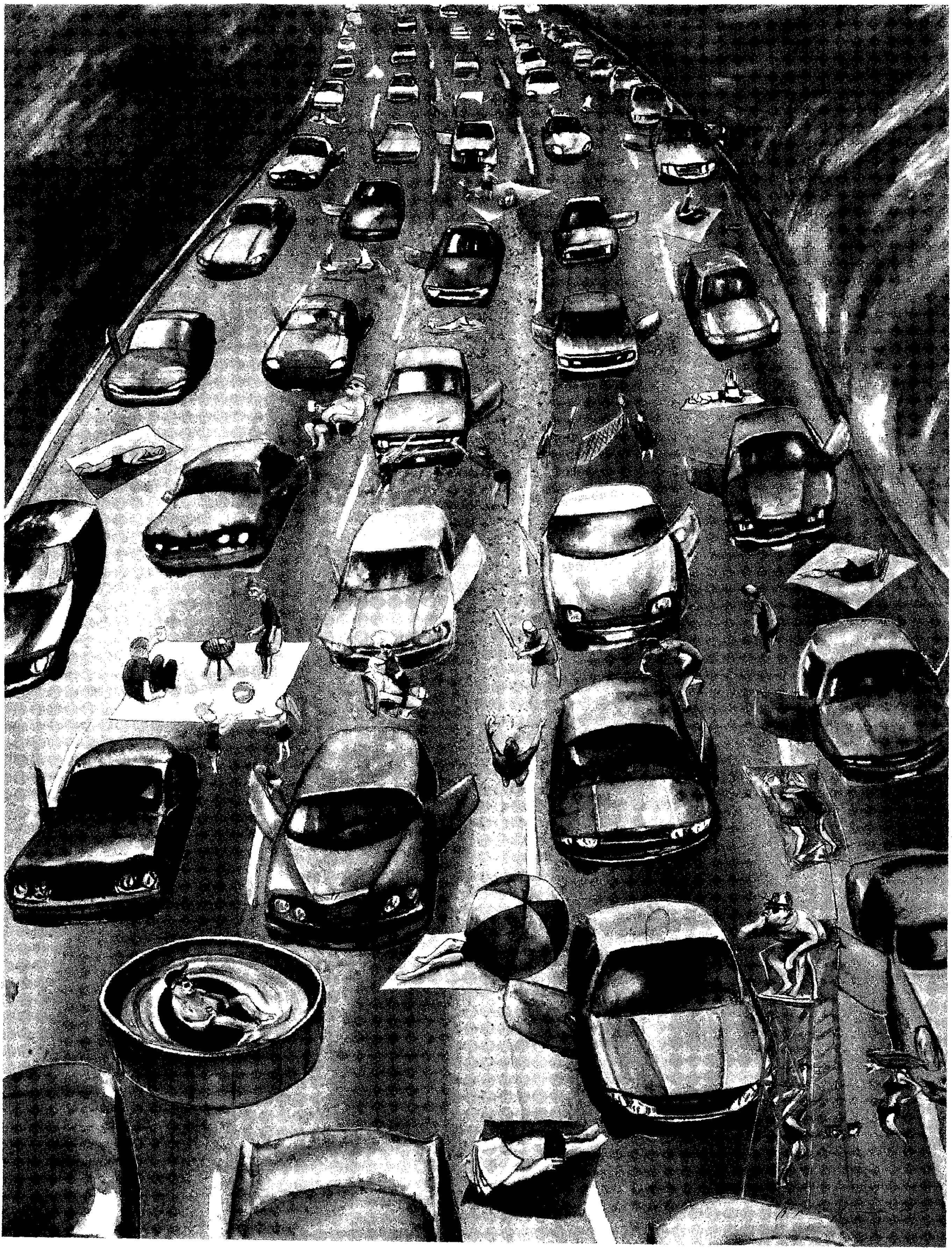
Race, in the common understanding, draws upon differences not only of skin color and physical attributes but also of language, nationality, and religion. At times, we have counted as "races" different national groups, such as Mexicans and Filipinos. Some Asian Indians were counted as members of a "Hindu" race in the censuses from 1920 to 1940; then they became white for three decades. Racial categories are often used as ethnic intensifiers, with the aim of justifying the exploitation of one group by another. One can trace the ominous example of Jews in prewar Germany, who were counted as "Israelites," a religious group, until the Nazis came to power and turned them into a race. Mixtures of first- and second-degree Jewishness were distinguished, much as quadroons and octoroons had been in the United States. In fact, the Nazi experience ultimately caused a widespread reëxamination of the idea of race. Canada dropped the race question from its census in 1951 and has so far resisted all attempts to reinstitute it. People who were working in the United States Bureau of the Census in the fifties and early sixties remember that there was speculation that the race question would soon be phased out in America as well. The American Civil Liberties Union tried to get the race question dropped from the census in 1960, and the State of New Jersey stopped entering race information on birth and death certificates in 1962 and 1963. In 1964, however, the architecture of civil-rights laws began to be erected, and many of the new laws—particularly the Voting Rights Act of 1965—required highly detailed information about minority participation which could be gathered only by the decennial census, the nation's supreme instrument for gathering demographic statistics. The expectation that the race question would wither away surrendered to the realization that race data were fundamental to monitoring and enforcing desegregation. The census soon acquired a political importance that it had never had in the past.

Unfortunately, the sloppiness and multiplicity of certain racial and ethnic categories rendered them practically meaningless for statistical purposes. In 1973, Caspar Weinberger, who was then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, asked the Federal Interagency Committee on Education (FICE) to develop some standards for classifying race and ethnicity. An ad-hoc committee sprang into being and proposed to create an intellectual grid that would sort all Americans into five racial and ethnic categories. The first category was American Indian or Alaskan Native. Some members of the committee wanted the category to be called Original Peoples of the Western Hemisphere, in order to include Indians of South American origin, but the distinction that this category was seeking was so-called "Federal Indians," who were eligible for government benefits; to include Indians of any other origin, even though they might be genetically quite similar, would confuse the collecting of data. To accommodate the various, highly diverse peoples who originated in the Far East, Southeast Asia, and the Pacific Islands, the committee proposed a category called Asian or Pacific Islander, thus sweeping into one massive basket Chinese, Samoans, Cambodians, Filipinos, and others—peoples who had little or nothing in common, and many of whom were, indeed, traditional enemies. The fact that American Indians and Alaskan Natives originated from the same Mongoloid stock as many of these peoples did not stop the committee from putting them in a separate racial category. Black was defined as "a person having origins in any of the black racial groups of Africa," and White, initially, as "a person having origins in any of the original peoples of Europe, North Africa, the Middle East, or the Indian subcontinent"—everybody else, in other words. Because the Black category contained anyone with any African heritage at all, the range of actual skin colors covered the entire spectrum, as did the White category, which included Arabs and Asian Indians and various other darker-skinned peoples.

The final classification, Hispanic, was the most problematic of all. In the 1960 census, people whose ancestry was Latin-American were counted as white. Then people of Spanish origin became a protected group, requiring the census to gather data in order to monitor their civil rights. But how to define them? People who spoke Spanish? Defining the population that way would have included millions of Americans who spoke the language but had no actual

ARTWARE • BY STEVE BRODNER

WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY



roots in Hispanic culture, and it excluded Brazilians and children of immigrants who were not taught Spanish in their homes. One approach was to count persons with Spanish surnames, but that created a number of difficulties: marriage made some non-Hispanic women into instant minorities, while stripping other women of their Hispanic status. The 1970 census inquired about people from "Central or South America," and more than a million people checked the box who were not Hispanic; they were from Kansas, Alabama, Mississippi—the central and southern United States, in other words.

The greatest dilemma was that there was no conceivable justification for calling Hispanics a race. There were black Hispanics from the Dominican Republic, Argentines who were almost entirely European whites, Mexicans who would have been counted as American Indians if they had been born north of the Rio Grande. The great preponderance of Hispanics are mestizos—a continuum of many different genetic backgrounds. Moreover, the fluid Latin-American concept of race differs from the rigid United States idea of biologically determined and highly distinct human divisions. In most Latin cultures, skin color is an individual variable—not a group marker—so that within the same family one sibling might be considered white and another black. By 1960, the United States census, which counts the population of Puerto Rico, gave up asking the race question on the island, because race did not carry the same distinction there that it did on the mainland. The ad-hoc committee decided to dodge riddles like these by calling Hispanics an ethnic group, not a race.

In 1977, O.M.B. Statistical Directive 15 adopted the FICE suggestions practically verbatim, with one principal exception: Asian Indians were moved to the Asian or Pacific Islander category. Thus, with little political discussion, the identities of Americans were fixed in five broad groupings. Those racial and ethnic categories that were dreamed up almost twenty years ago were not neutral in their effect. By attempting to provide a way for Americans to describe themselves, the categories actually began to shape those identities. The categories became political entities, with their own constituencies, lobbies, and

HISTORY: THE HOME MOVIE

In this episode from the author's novel in verse,
Boris Pasternak converses with Stalin.

BY CRAIG RAINE

1934: ANSWER THE TELEPHONE

Stella and Stella's new breasts
are taking their weekly bath,
monitored by Stella's family.

The full, adoring complement:
perspiring Papa, proud Mama,
little sister, little brother,

and big brother are watching
the delicate, blunt beauty
of her breasts, nipples

like dregs of rosé,
deliciously inaccessible.
Each aureole pricked out.

When the communal telephone rings
in the hall's camera obscura.
For Boris Leonidovich.

Who is fetched and finds himself
staring at Stella's wet breasts
through a pinhole in the plaster

and talking to Comrade Stalin.
Swung gleam. (What?) Each tit
tipped like a billiard cue

with pink morocco plush.
They hold their audience.
What? He stares up the wall,

away from the hairy hole,
at Papa's portrait of Tolstoy,
old L.N. in his linen *rubashka*

like a German dentist,
hung high in the darkness.
And what does Borya feel?

Power. Most of all, power.
Peter the Great, pulling out
teeth, teeth by the sackful.

His own begin to ache,
steadily, like testicles
after hours of foreplay.

Clockwise from left: Boris Pasternak, Viktor Shklovsky, Pyotr Neznamov, Osip Brik, Vladimir Mayakovsky, and Sergei Tretyakov in 1927.

COURTESY OF PASTERNAK ARCHIVES

And in himself? Power, too,
importance, panic. Pride and fear.
Excitement almost sexual.

He has the sense
that everything is clear,
intimate, but upside down.

When Stalin mentions Mandelstam,
Boris feels, profoundly feels,
There must be some mistake.

Is Mandelstam a genius?
(Osip Emilyevich? *Mandelstam*?
But what about me?)

Disappointed, downcast, genuine,
Boris addresses the question:
A good writer, yes. A *genius* . . .

His voice trails off.
Trails off, he suddenly thinks,
like drops of blood

and sees them there,
splintered on the parquet floor,
as he sees the question,

at last, for what it is.
Political. And therefore:
Osip Emilyevich is a poet

and a poet who will live
as long as Russian poetry.
Against the sentence of death,

pronounces this short sentence.
He will forget the exact words
because (for him) they are untrue.

He will remember only the truth.
The things he thought.
The sense of being chosen.

The shameful sense of eagerness,
of having said too much.
Of unrequited love.

Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?
Outside, the full moon hangs up
her radical mastectomy.

Epileptic by the geyser,
a fly, unable, injured
on its trampoline. Poised,

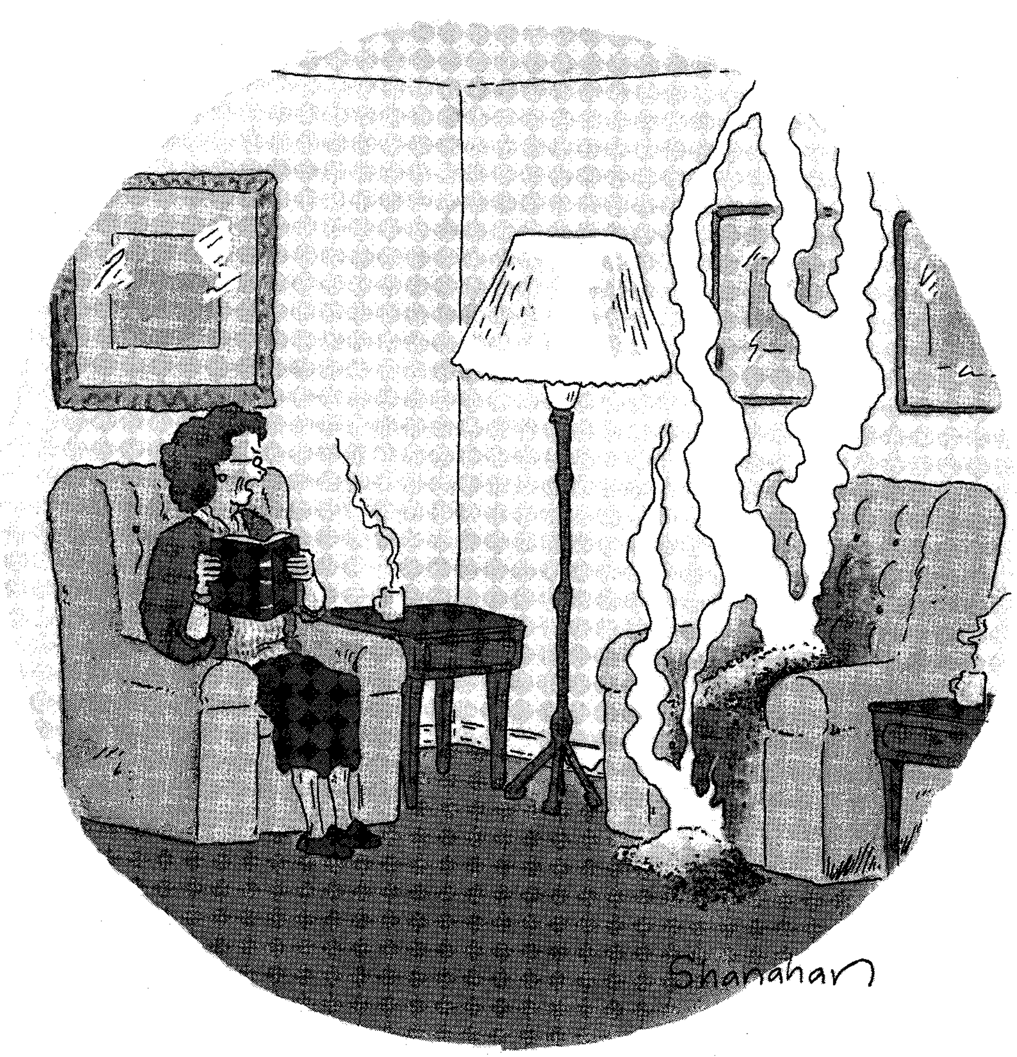
the doctor's black bag
hesitates, then hurries to help,
with eight horrible handles. ♦

---

vested interests. What was even more significant, they caused people to think of themselves in new ways—as members of "races" that were little more than statistical devices. In 1974, the year the ad-hoc committee set to work, few people referred to themselves as Hispanic; rather, people who fell into that grouping tended to identify themselves by nationality—Mexican or Dominican, for instance. Such small categories, however, are inconvenient for statistics and politics, and the creation of the meta-concept "Hispanic" has resulted in the formation of a peculiarly American group. "It is a mixture of ethnicity, culture, history, birth, and a presumption of language," Sawyer contends. Largely because of immigration, the Asian or Pacific Islander group is considered the fastest-growing racial group in the United States, but it is a "racial" category that in all likelihood exists nowhere else in the world. The third-fastest-growing category is Other—made up of the nearly ten million people, most of them Hispanics, who refused to check any of the prescribed racial boxes. American Indian groups are also growing at a rate that far exceeds the growth of the population as a whole: from about half a million people in 1960 to nearly two million in 1990—a two-hundred-and-fifty-nine-per-cent increase, which was demographically impossible. It seemed to be accounted for by improvements in the census-taking procedure and also by the fact that Native Americans had become fashionable, and people now wished to identify with them. To make matters even more confounding, only seventy-four per cent of those who identified themselves as American Indian by race reported having Indian ancestry.

Whatever the word "race" may mean elsewhere in the world, or to the world of science, it is clear that in America the categories are arbitrary, confused, and hopelessly intermingled. In many cases, Americans don't know who they are, racially speaking. A National Center for Health Statistics study found that 5.8 per cent of the people who called themselves Black were seen as White by a census interviewer. Nearly a third of the people identifying themselves as Asian were classified as White or Black by independent observers. That was also true of seventy per cent of people who identified themselves as American Indians. Robert A. Hahn, an epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, analyzed deaths of infants born from 1983 through 1985. In an astounding number of cases, the infant had a different race on its death certificate from the one on its birth certificate, and this finding led to staggering increases in the infant-mortality rate for minority populations—46.9 per cent greater for American Indians, 48.8 per cent greater for Japanese-Americans, 78.7 per cent greater for Filipinos—over what had been previously recorded. Such disparities cast doubt on the dependability of race as a criterion for any statistical survey. "It seems to me that we have to go back and reëvaluate the whole system," Hahn says. "We have to ask, 'What do these categories mean?' We are not talking about race in the way that geneticists might use the term, because we're not making any kind of biological assessment. It's closer to self-perceived membership in a population—which is essentially what ethnicity is." There are genetic variations in disease patterns, Hahn points out, and he goes on to say, "But these variations don't always correspond to so-called races. What's really important is, essentially, two things. One, people from different ancestral backgrounds have different behaviors—diets, ideas about what to do when you're sick—that lead them to different health statuses. Two, people are discriminated against because of other people's perception of who they are and how they should be treated. There's still a lot of discrimination in the health-care system."

Racial statistics do serve an important purpose in the monitoring and enforcement of civil-rights laws; indeed, that has become the main justification for such data. A routine example is the Home Mortgage Disclosure Act. Because of race questions on loan applications, the federal government has been able to document the continued practice of redlining by financial institutions. The Federal Reserve found that, for conventional mortgages, in 1992 the denial rate for blacks and Hispanics was roughly double the rate for whites. Hiring practices, jury selection, discriminatory housing patterns, apportionment of political power—in all these areas, and more, the government patrols society, armed with little more than statistical



"So now all of a sudden you're Mr. Spontaneous?"

* * *

information to insure equal and fair treatment. "We need these categories essentially to get rid of them," Hahn says.

The unwanted corollary of slotting people by race is that such officially sanctioned classifications may actually worsen racial strife. By creating social-welfare programs based on race rather than on need, the government sets citizens against one another precisely because of perceived racial differences. "It is not 'race' but a *practice* of racial classification that bedevils the society," writes Yehudi Webster, a sociologist at California State University, Los Angeles, and the author of "The Racialization of America." The use of racial statistics, he and others have argued, creates a reality of racial divisions, which then require solutions, such as busing, affirmative action, and multicultural education, all of which are bound to fail, because they heighten the racial awareness that leads to contention. Webster believes that adding a Multiracial box would be "another leap into absurdity," because it reinforces the concept of race in the first place. "In a way, it's a continuation of the one-drop principle. Anybody can say, 'I've got one drop of *something*—I must be multiracial.' It may be a good thing. It may finally convince Americans of the absurdity of racial classification."

In 1990, Itabari Njeri, who writes about interethnic relations for the Los Angeles *Times*, organized a symposium for the National Association of Black Journalists. She recounts a presentation given by Charles Stewart, a Democratic Party activist: "If you consider yourself black for political reasons, raise your hand." The vast majority raised their hands. When Stewart then asked how many people present believed they were of pure African descent, without any mixture, no one raised his hand. Stewart commented later, "If you advocate a category that includes people who are multiracial to the detriment of their black identification, you will replicate what you saw—an empty room. We cannot afford to have an empty room."

Njeri maintains that the social and economic gap between light-skinned blacks and dark-skinned blacks is as great as the gap between all blacks and all whites in America. If people of more obviously mixed backgrounds were to migrate to a Multiracial box, she says, they would be politically abandoning their former allies and the people who needed their help the most. Instead of draining the established categories of their influence, Njeri and others believe, it would be better to eliminate racial categories altogether.

That possibility is actually being discussed in the corridors of government. "It's quite strange—the original idea of O.M.B. Directive 15 has nothing to do with current efforts to 'define' race," says Sally Katzen, the director of the Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs at O.M.B., who has the onerous responsibility of making the final recommendation on revising the racial categories. "When O.M.B. got into the business of establishing categories, it was purely statistical, not programmatic—purely for the purpose of data gathering, not for defining or protecting different categories. It was certainly never meant to *define* a race." And yet for more than twenty years Directive 15 did exactly that, with relatively little outcry. "Recently, a question has been raised about the increasing number of multiracial children. I personally have received pictures of beautiful children who are part Asian and part black, or part American Indian and part Asian, with these letters saying, 'I don't want to check just one box. I don't want to deny part of my heritage.' It's very compelling."

This year, Katzen convened a new interagency committee to consider how races should be categorized, and even whether racial information should be sought at all. "To me it's *offensive*—because I think of the Holocaust—for someone to say what a Jew is," says Katzen. "I don't think a government agency should be defining racial and ethnic categories—that certainly was not what was ever intended by these standards."

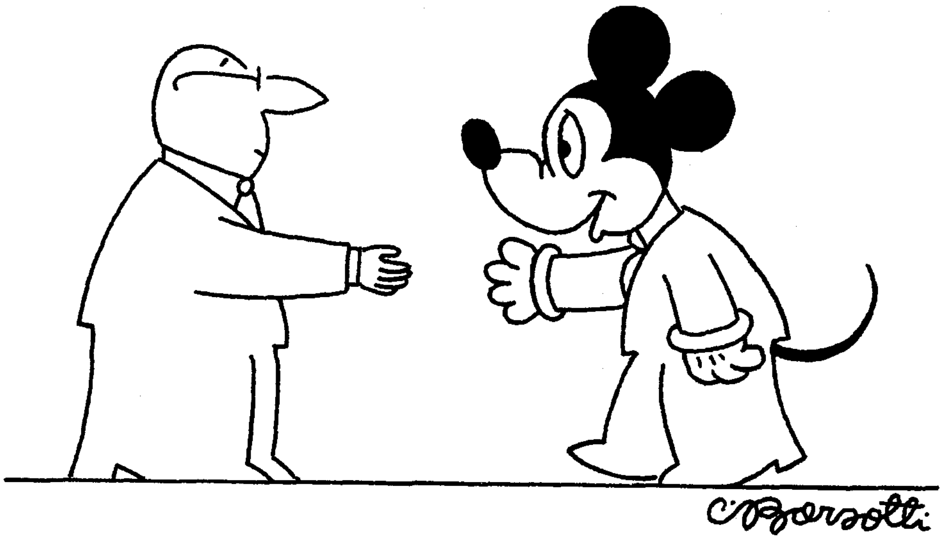
Is it any accident that racial and ethnic categories should come under attack now, when being a member of a minority group brings certain advantages? The white colonizers of North America conquered the indigenous people, imported African slaves, brought in Asians as laborers and then excluded them with prejudicial immigration laws, and appropriated Mexican land and the people who were living on it. In short, the nonwhite population of America has historically been subjugated and treated as second-class citizens by the white majority. It is to redress the social and economic inequalities of our history that we have civil-rights laws and affirmative-action plans in the first place. Advocates of various racial and ethnic groups point out that many of the people now calling for a race-blind society are political conservatives, who may have an interest in undermining the advancement of nonwhites in our society. Suddenly, the conservatives have adopted the language of integration, it seems, and the left-leaning racial-identity advocates have adopted the language of separatism. It amounts to a polar reversal of political rhetoric.

Jon Michael Spencer, a professor in the African and Afro-American Studies Curriculum at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, recently wrote an article in *The Black Scholar* lamenting what he calls "the postmodern conspiracy to explode racial identity." The article ignited a passionate debate in the magazine over the nature and the future of race. Spencer believes that race is a useful metaphor for cultural and historic difference, because it permits a level of social cohesion among oppressed classes. "To relinquish the notion of race—even though it's a cruel hoax—at this particular time is to relinquish our fortress against the powers and principalities that still try to undermine us," he says. He sees the Multiracial box as politically damaging to "those who need to galvanize peoples around the racial idea of black."

There are some black cultural nationalists who might welcome the Multiracial category. "In terms of the African-American population, it could be very, very useful, because there is a need to clarify who is in and who is not," Molefi Kete Asante, who is the chairperson of the Department of African-American Studies at Temple University, says. "In fact, I would think they should go further than that—identify those people who are in interracial marriages."

Spencer, however, thinks that it might be better to eliminate racial categories altogether than to create an additional category that empties the others of meaning. "If you had who knows how many thousands or tens of thousands or millions of people claiming to be multiracial, you would lessen the number who are black," Spencer says. "There's no end in sight. There's no limit to which one can go in claiming to be multiracial. For instance, I happen to be very brown in complexion, but when I go to the continent of Africa, blacks and whites there claim that I would be 'colored' rather than black, which means that somewhere in my distant past—probably during the era of slavery—I could have one or more white ancestors. So does that mean that I, too, could check Multiracial? Certainly light-skinned black people might perhaps see this as a way out of being included among a despised racial group. The result could be the creation of another class of people, who are betwixt and between black and white."

Whatever comes out of this discussion, the nation is likely to engage in the most profound debate of racial questions in decades. "We recognize the importance of racial categories in correcting clear injustices under the law," Representative Sawyer says. "The dilemma we face is trying to assure the fundamental guarantees of equality of opportunity while at the same time recognizing that the populations themselves are changing as we seek to categorize them. It reaches the point where it becomes an absurd counting game. Part of the difficulty is that we are dealing with the illusion of precision. We wind up with precise counts of everybody in the country, and they are precisely wrong. They don't reflect who we are as a people. To be effective, the concepts of individual and group identity need to reflect not only who we have been but who we are becoming. The more these categories distort our perception of reality, the less useful they are. We act as if we knew what we're talking about when we talk about race, and we don't." ♦



"Pardon my glove."

ANNALS OF LAW

AN INCENDIARY DEFENSE

A surprising and dangerous defense strategy under consideration by O. J. Simpson's legal team, led by Robert Shapiro, centers on Detective Mark Fuhrman, the police officer who jumped over Simpson's wall—and found the bloody glove.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

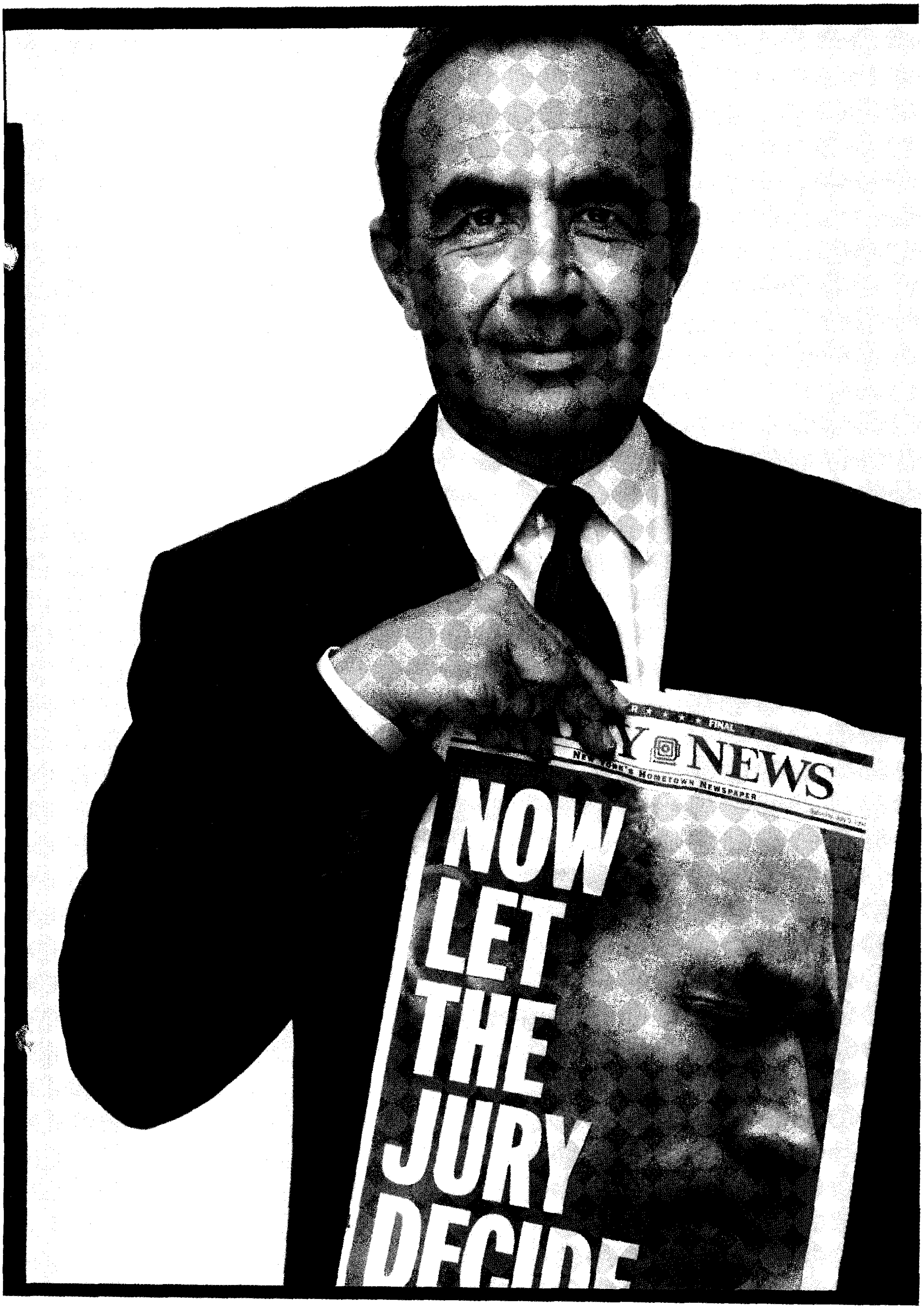
WHEN Robert Shapiro rose from his chair, on July 9th, to give his summation at O. J. Simpson's preliminary hearing on murder charges, he could not explain away the most damaging evidence against his client—matching bloody gloves. The tale of the gloves had been told three days earlier, in the polished and articulate testimony of Detective Mark Fuhrman, of the Los Angeles Police Department. Fuhrman recounted how he had been among the first police officers to arrive at the town house in Brentwood where the slashed bodies of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman were found before dawn on June 13th. There, Fuhrman testified, he discovered a single bloody glove. As he was securing the murder scene, the police brass began to realize the magnitude of the crime on their hands, and the case was assigned to two of the city's highest-ranking homicide detectives, Philip Vannatter and Tom Lange. It was still before dawn when Vannatter, Lange, and Fuhrman travelled the short distance to Simpson's house, on Rockingham. Fuhrman, receiving no answer to his buzz at the entrance to the estate, vaulted over a five-foot-high wall and opened the gate for his less agile colleagues. As he was searching the grounds, he found a single bloody glove along a two-foot-wide pathway behind Simpson's guesthouses. It seemed to match perfectly the one found at the murder scene—and turned out to be the piece of evidence that most bedevilled Shapiro and his colleagues in the defense camp. According to news leaks last week, the results of sophisticated DNA tests suggest that the blood of both victims was on the glove found at Simpson's house. If Simpson did not bring the glove from the murder scene to his home, who did? At the preliminary hearing, Robert Shapiro had no answer.

He does now—Mark Fuhrman. In a series of conversations last week, leading members of Simpson's defense team floated this new and provocative theory as part of both the public-relations war surrounding the case and their continuing effort to keep the prosecution off balance. Those conversations revealed that they plan to portray the detective as a rogue cop who, rather than solving the crime, framed an innocent man. "Just picture it," one of the attorneys told me. "Here's a guy who's one of the cops coming on the scene early in the morning. They have the biggest case of their lives. But an hour later you're told you're not in charge of the case. How's that going to make that guy feel? So now he's one of four detectives heading over to O. J.'s house. Suppose he's actually found two gloves at the murder scene. He transports one of them over to the house and then 'finds' it back in that little alleyway where no one can see him." That would make him "the hero of the case," the attorney said.

At one level, it is a brilliant theory. It's what some defense lawyers call a "judo defense," in that it turns the strength of the prosecution's case against the prosecution. The fact that the blood on the glove is consistent with the victims' blood goes from being strong evidence of Simpson's guilt—who else but Simpson could have been at both Nicole's house and his own that night?—to being evidence of a police conspiracy. (However,

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Robert Shapiro, Simpson's top defender, in Los Angeles, July 11, 1994.


FINAL
NEWS
NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER
NOW LET THE JURY DECIDE

if Simpson's blood is found on the gloves, the defense theory will be harder to maintain.) If it was Fuhrman who transported the glove, then the bloody gloves become, for the defense, harmless at worst and exculpatory at best. That the Simpson defense team is advancing this theory shows just what kind of hardball it plans to play at the trial. For the theory, while ingenious, is also monstrous. It means that the defense will attempt to persuade a jury of Los Angeles citizens that one of their own police officers planted evidence to see an innocent man convicted of murder and, potentially, sent to the gas chamber.

In fact, the defense's theory is even more monstrous. The defense will assert that Mark Fuhrman's motivation for framing O. J. Simpson is racism. "This is a bad cop," one defense lawyer told me. "This is a racist cop." That would be an explosive allegation in any community, but it has a special resonance in Los Angeles. It was, of course, several officers in the Los Angeles Police Department who administered the notorious videotaped beating of Rodney King, in 1991—and it was the acquittal of those cops of state charges, in 1992, that prompted rioting in the city. For all the interest in the Simpson case, it has so far been regarded, particularly in Los Angeles, as a largely apolitical event. Its public impact has been, if anywhere, on the issue of domestic violence, not race relations. The wares of the T-shirt salesmen in front of the Los Angeles Criminal Courts Building last week included "Save O.J." and "Let the Juice Loose!" models, but the same people were also selling shirts that said, "Remember Ron and Nicole." One vender told me, "It's all about business for us here, not politics."

If race does become a significant factor in this case—if the case becomes transformed from a mere soap opera to a civil-rights melodrama; that is, from the Menendez brothers writ large to Rodney King redux—then the stakes will change dramatically. Simpson's attorneys understand the implications of a racially tinged strategy, and there appear to be subtle but real differences of opinion within the defense camp about how hard to push the race angle. One Simpson attorney asserts that, while his client does appear to be the victim of a racist cop, the team will not claim that he was framed unless it truly believes he was. Another says that the Fuhrman defense is a done deal. Still, it appears that the case is about to enter a new phase—one with the potential to affect the city of Los Angeles as a whole, and not just one of its most famous residents.

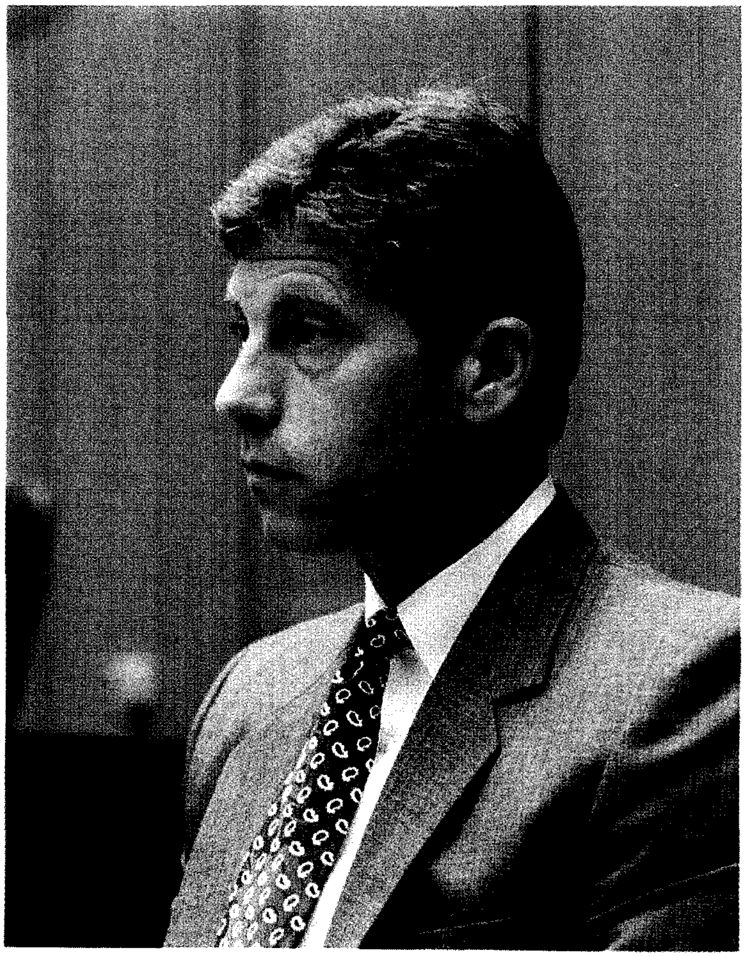
MARK FUHRMAN was born on February 5, 1952, and grew up in Washington state. An older brother died of leukemia before Mark was born. Mark's father was a truck driver and carpenter, and when Mark was seven his parents divorced. In 1970, Fuhrman joined the Marines. He served in Vietnam, as a machine gunner, and he thrived in the service until his last six months there. As Fuhrman later explained to Dr. Ronald R. Koegler, a psychiatrist, he stopped enjoying his military service because "there were these Mexicans and niggers, volunteers, and they would tell me they weren't going to do something." As a result of these problems, in 1975 Fuhrman left the Marines and went almost directly into the Los Angeles Police Academy.

Fuhrman excelled at the academy, finishing second in his class, and his career with the L.A.P.D. had a promising start. His early personnel ratings were high. One superior wrote, "His progress is excellent and with continued field experience he should progress into an outstanding officer." But in 1977 Fuhrman's assignment was changed to East Los Angeles, and his evaluations began to show some reservations. "He is enthusiastic and demonstrates a lot of initiative in making arrests," a superior wrote at the time. "However, his overall production is unbalanced at this point because of the greater portion of time spent in trying to make the 'big arrest.' " Dr. Koegler wrote, "After a while he began to dislike this work, especially the 'low-class' people he was dealing with. He bragged about violence he used in subduing suspects, including choke holds, and said he would break their hands or face or arms or legs, if necessary."

Fuhrman was moved into the prosecution of street gangs in late 1977, and, while his job ratings remained high, he later reported that the strains of the job affected him. "Those people disgust me, and the public puts up with it," he told Dr. John Hochman, another psychiatrist, referring to his gang work. Fuhrman said that he was in a fight "at least every other day" and that he had to be "violent just to exist." In just one year, he said, he was involved in at least twenty-five altercations in pursuing his duties. "They shoot little kids and they shoot other people," he told Dr. Hochman. "We'd catch them and beat them, and we'd get sued or suspended." In fact, Fuhrman *was* sued for his actions during this period. A man named Mario Carillo said that on October 16, 1978, he was stepping onto his sister's porch when Fuhrman and another officer jumped out of their car and threw their batons at him. According to the civil lawsuit that Carillo filed against Fuhrman, the other officer, and the L.A.P.D., Carillo "ran inside the residence for protection and the police officers forced their way in and beat him." (The case never came to trial and was ultimately dismissed, in 1985, when it appeared that Carillo was out of the country.) In any event, Fuhrman told Dr. Hochman, "That job has damaged me mentally. I can't even go anywhere without a gun." He explained, "I have this urge to kill people that upset me."

The stress of police work took such a toll that, in the early nineteen-eighties, Fuhrman sought to leave the force. At the time, his lawyers asserted that in the course of his work he "sustained seriously disabling psychiatric symptomatology" and as a result should receive a disability pension from the city. To get that pension, Fuhrman waged an extended legal battle. The extensive case file, replete with detailed psychiatric evaluations of the officer (it is part of the public record), is paradoxical. In Fuhrman's own briefs, he is portrayed as a dangerously unbalanced man; as one of them puts it, Fuhrman is "substantially incapacitated for the performance of his regular and customary duties as a policeman." In the city's answers, however, he is called a competent officer, albeit one involved in an elaborate ruse to win a pension. Dr. Hochman observed, "There is some [illegible]gestion here that the patient was trying to feign the presence of severe psychopathology. This suggests a conscious attempt to look bad and an exaggeration of problems which could be a cry for help and /or overdramatization by a narcissistic, self-indulgent, emotionally unstable person who expects immediate attention and pity." In neither case—whether Fuhrman is a psychotic or a malingerer—is the picture of him an attractive one. He lost his case, and, as a result, is still on the force.

Simpson's lawyers say that they are continuing a vigorous investigation of Fuhrman's past. "We are hearing things that are unbelievable," one of the lawyers told me. In fairness to Fuhrman, the proposition that he planted the glove on Simpson's property may be just that—unbelievable. An L.A.P.D. spokesman told me last week that there was no public record of any disciplinary proceedings against Fuhrman. Fuhrman and all other members of the L.A.P.D. are under orders not to answer press questions about the Simpson case. I did, however, speak briefly with him on the telephone last week, and I asked him whether he had planted the glove on Simpson's property. "That's a ridiculous question," he said. But did he do it? "Of course it didn't happen," he said. When I asked whether he had ever been sued for civil-rights violations, Fuhrman said that he could not speak further with me, and ended the conversation. It is true that the public record of Fuhrman's career since he was denied his disability pension is uniformly favorable. In 1989, he helped arrest the former chief fund-raiser of a major charity for burglarizing post-office boxes, for which the man was convicted. In 1991, he was involved in the case against two University of Southern California football players in connection with a string of robberies and beatings. Later that year, he helped investigate two Santa Monica men who were charged in connection with as many as twenty-five muggings of elderly people. Simpson's lawyers, led by Shapiro, will have the task of persuading a jury—or, at least, part of a jury—that such a man could be capable of a heinous form of official misconduct.



Mark Fuhrman on the stand: It appears that the Simpson case is about to enter a new phase—one that could affect the entire city of Los Angeles.

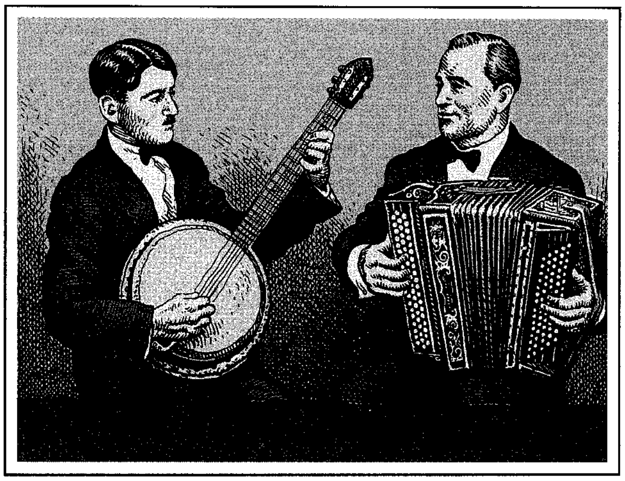
MIKE NELSON/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE

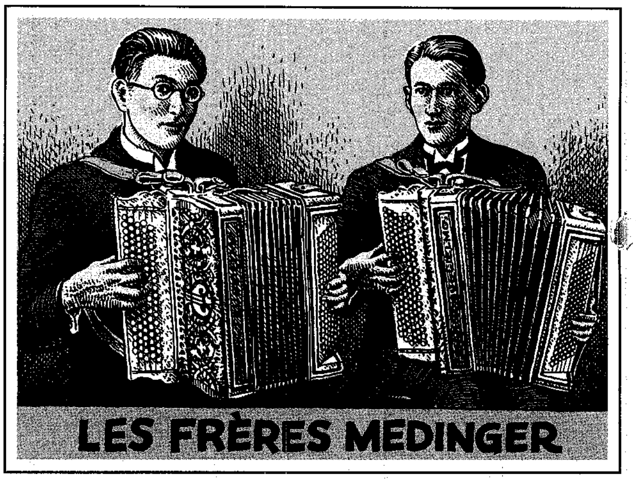
THE projected attack on Fuhrman is just part of a concerted defense strategy to portray Simpson as a victim—of official misconduct and, in a larger sense, of his race. For one thing, the Simpson defense team is considering diversifying its own ranks. One Simpson lawyer told me that the team was negotiating with Johnnie L. Cochran, a prominent black litigator in Los Angeles, to join Shapiro on the trial team. The team is also at work on a motion, perhaps to be filed as early as this week, that will begin to lay out some of the perceived unfairnesses to Simpson. The motion will allege that the police mishandled the crime scene, making it impossible for the defense to conduct its own forensic tests of blood and hair samples. "Nobody was living at the house or planning on selling it at the time, but still they cleaned up the scene and made it impossible to pick our own samples of what was there," one of Simpson's lawyers told me. The defense will also allege that the prosecution is unfairly refusing to share the blood and hair samples that it did seize. "We want to make our own independent examinations," the Simpson lawyer said. "Even if it's not a fifty-fifty split, we should be allowed at least a third, or something reasonable like that." The defense will assert, further, that there was additional tampering with evidence, beyond the placing of the second glove at Simpson's house. Finally, Simpson's lawyers will ask the judge to give an unusual instruction to the jury: that because of prosecution errors the defense was not allowed to conduct a full range of forensic tests on the evidence. All these claims, like the Fuhrman frameup theory, have a judolike appeal. Bad evidence becomes good; if Simpson's own tests fail to exonerate him, the defense can argue that it was because it was not given access to adequate raw material. If the government's tests tend to show guilt, then the government wasn't playing fair.

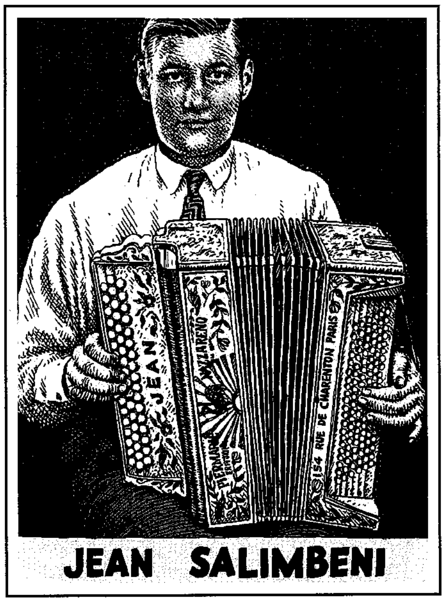
Some—perhaps much—of the defense team's newly aggressive posture may be nothing more than grandstanding. For all its bravado this week, the defense has not foreclosed any option, including a claim that Simpson did kill his ex-wife and Goldman but was suffering from some sort of insanity at the time. Even a plea bargain remains a possibility, though the defense attorneys state that they (and especially their client) have made and will make no overtures in securing one. By one reckoning, the new strategy may simply be a sign of desperation; the race card may be the only one in Simpson's hand. But it appears that his defense team will be playing it, even if it means that helping O. J. Simpson threatens the tender peace of the city of Los Angeles. To Alan Dershowitz, one of Simpson's legal strategists, such a tradeoff may well be worth making. In his book "The Best Defense" he wrote, "Once I decide to take a case, I have only one agenda: I want to win. I will try, by every fair and legal means, to get my client off—without regard to the consequences." ♦

ARTFILE • BY R. CRUMB

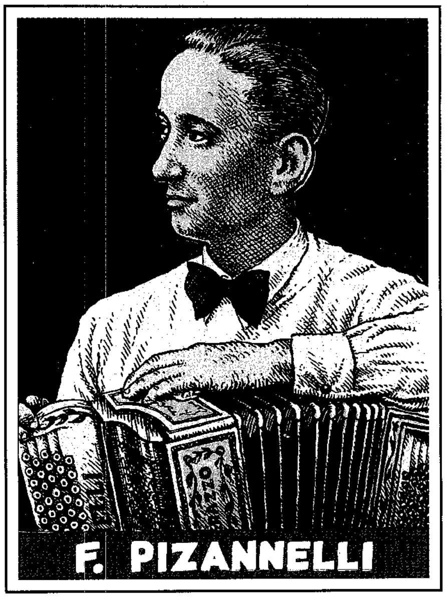
D'ACCORDION

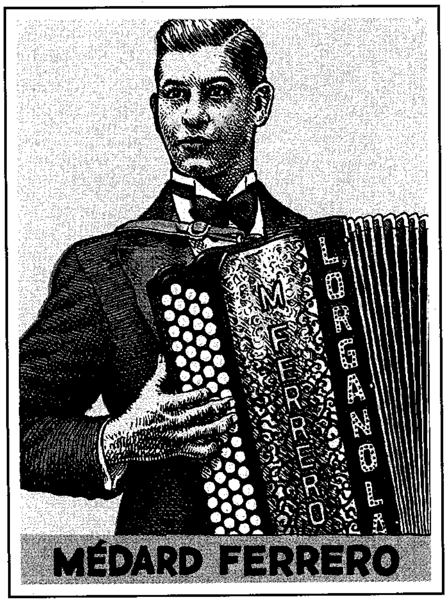


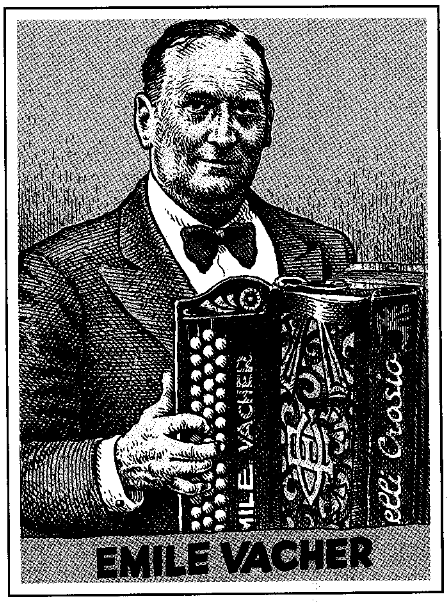

LES FRÈRES MEDINGER

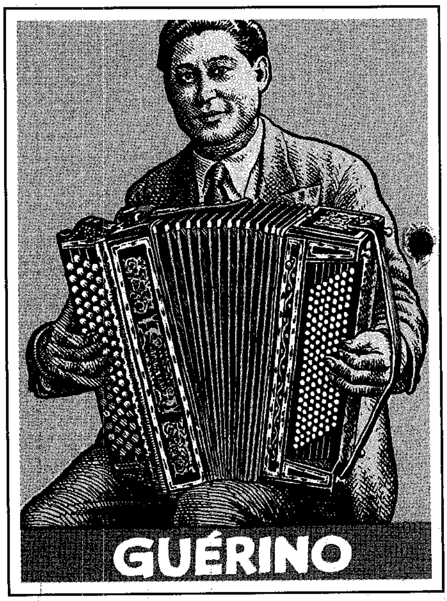

JEAN
184 RUE DE CHARENTON PARIS
JEAN SALIMBENI

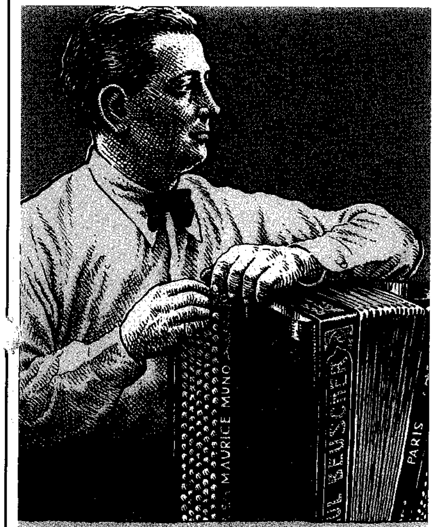
Musette—lilting, jolly, unpretentious, prewar, pre-television, working-class dance music—could be heard all over France in the nineteen-twenties and thirties in a thousand tiny night clubs. Today, these tunes exist mainly on 78-r.p.m. records stacked up in French flea markets—which is where R. Crumb, the American cartoonist and banjo player, discovered them. His new set of thirty-six *musette* trading cards celebrates the great virtuosi of this tradition—the accordionists, some of them French country boys, some Italian immigrants. "The clubs back then were tough," Crumb says. "Knife fights could break out at any time. And then there was this music—sweet, happy, poetic." —TONY HISS


F. PIZANNELLI

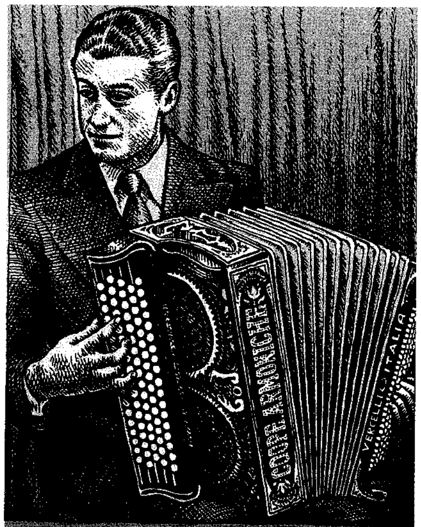

M FERRERO
LORGANOL
MÉDARD FERRERO


MILE VACHER
ell Crosio
EMILE VACHER

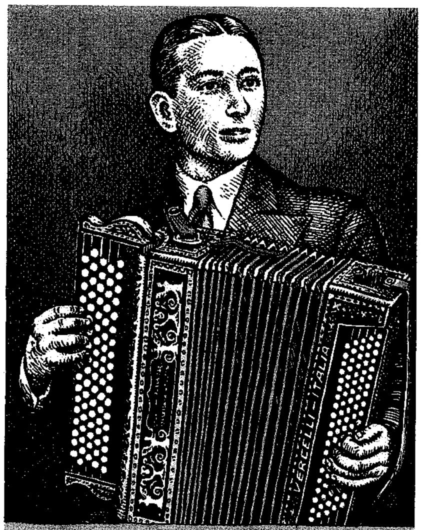



MAURICE MUNO
L. BEUSCHER
PARIS

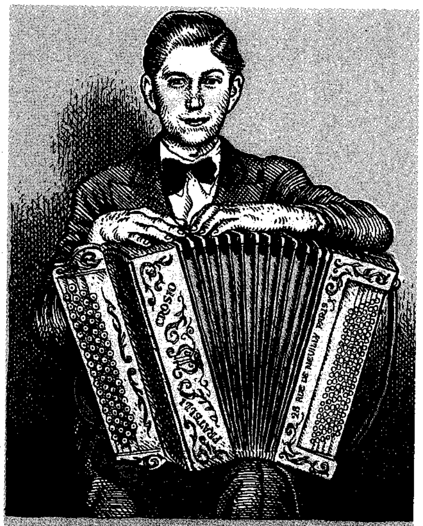
MAURICE MUNO


COOP. ARMONICHE
VERCELLI-ITALIA

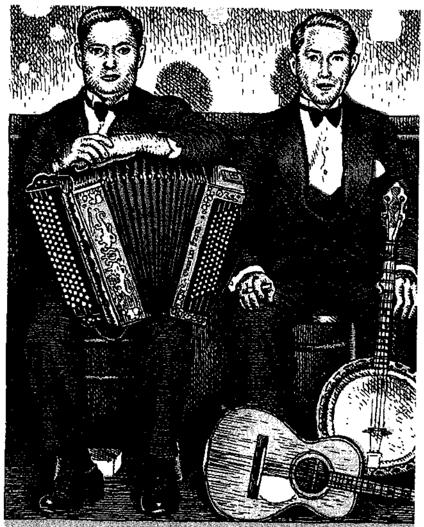
GEORGES "JO" PRIVAT


VERCELLI-ITALIA

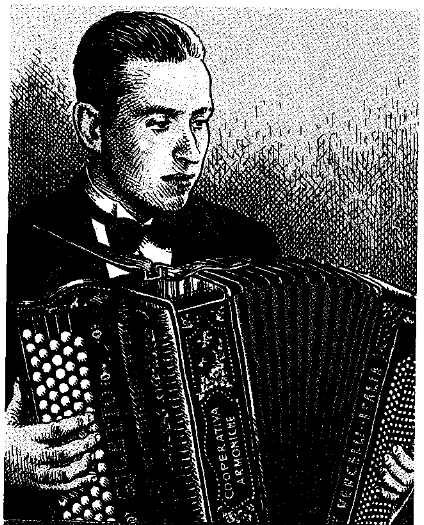
HUBERT BRESSION



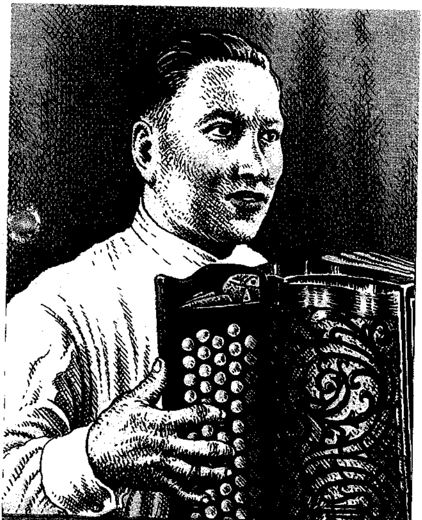
GUS VISEUR



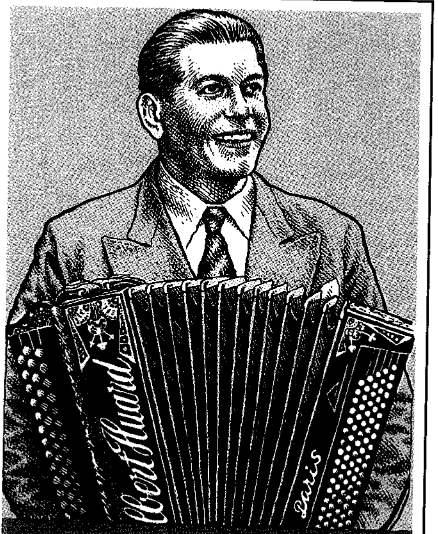
JEAN VAISSADE et LUCIEN BELLIARD


COOPERATIVA ARMONICHE
VERCELLI-ITALIA

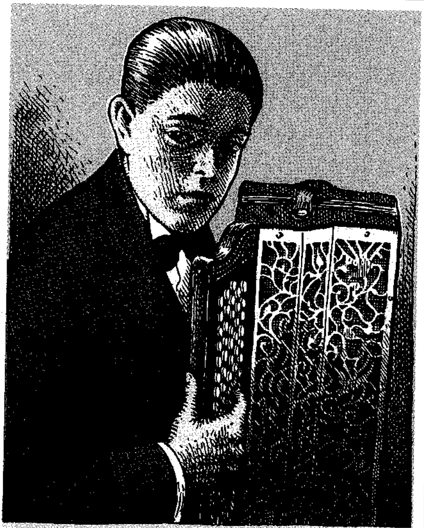
GIGETTO



DEPRINCE


Albert Huard
Paris

ALBERT HUARD



V. MARCEAU

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

AUDEN'S HEIR

W. H. Auden was once elected Oxford University's official poet. Now that post has gone by acclaim to James Fenton: journalist, scholar, and bard of the "New Recklessness."

BY IAN PARKER

JAMES FENTON, the new Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, is known to have done many things in his life besides write poems, and this partly accounts for the respect in which he is held in Britain. That he has *kept busy* is thought to be good for the poetry and good for the poet, and somehow good for the nation, which doesn't want a poet under its feet all day, moping. Fenton has lived with a pet monkey in Phnom Penh, farmed prawns in the Philippines, eaten a bowl of live ants—that sort of thing. Almost by accident, he has made a fortune from a musical, "Les Misérables." Perhaps most famously, he was the foreign correspondent who rode on the first North Vietnamese tank to reach the Presidential Palace during the fall of Saigon in 1975.

When you first see Fenton, your heart rather goes out to the tank. This is a tall, solidly built man with a boulder of a bald head. Professor Fenton would do well in a tuxedo, scaring people into line outside a South London night club; or he could pose naked for Lucian Freud, like Leigh Bowery. Fenton has put on some weight in recent years, and there is speculation among his friends that adventure is behind him, and only the Senior Common Room, and retreat, lie ahead. It has been noticed that he is writing *love* poetry.

The English poet Peter Porter once called James Fenton "the most talented poet of his generation." Seeing him on a perfect English lawn in early summer, you might wonder which generation was meant. As he moves slowly through his large garden outside Oxford, he seems old: there's the bald head, the rich, slow, slightly lisping speech, the absorption in gardening, the baggy brown jacket. He walks me to his pond, pointing out one flower and another along the way.

This is the wrong first impression of the poet. Fenton is forty-five; he deals in "projects"; he is close friends with Martin Amis and Christopher Hitchens—writers with attitude who live in capital cities. He tells jokes. His poems cause people to talk of Tom Waits and hip-hop. Bill Buford, the editor of *Granta*, shared a platform with Fenton last year: "I thought I should be providing percussion at the very least," he says. Martin Amis says that Fenton never used to share his taste for rock music, but things have changed "now that he's a rap artist himself." The old man in the garden is a young man with an audience. This is a key Fenton trick. James Fenton, rap fogey, is forever commuting across the divide—or showing that there was no divide in the first place—between ancient and modern, scholarship and journalism, journalism and poetry, poetry and song, sense and nonsense, socialism and luxury, self-mockery and high seriousness.

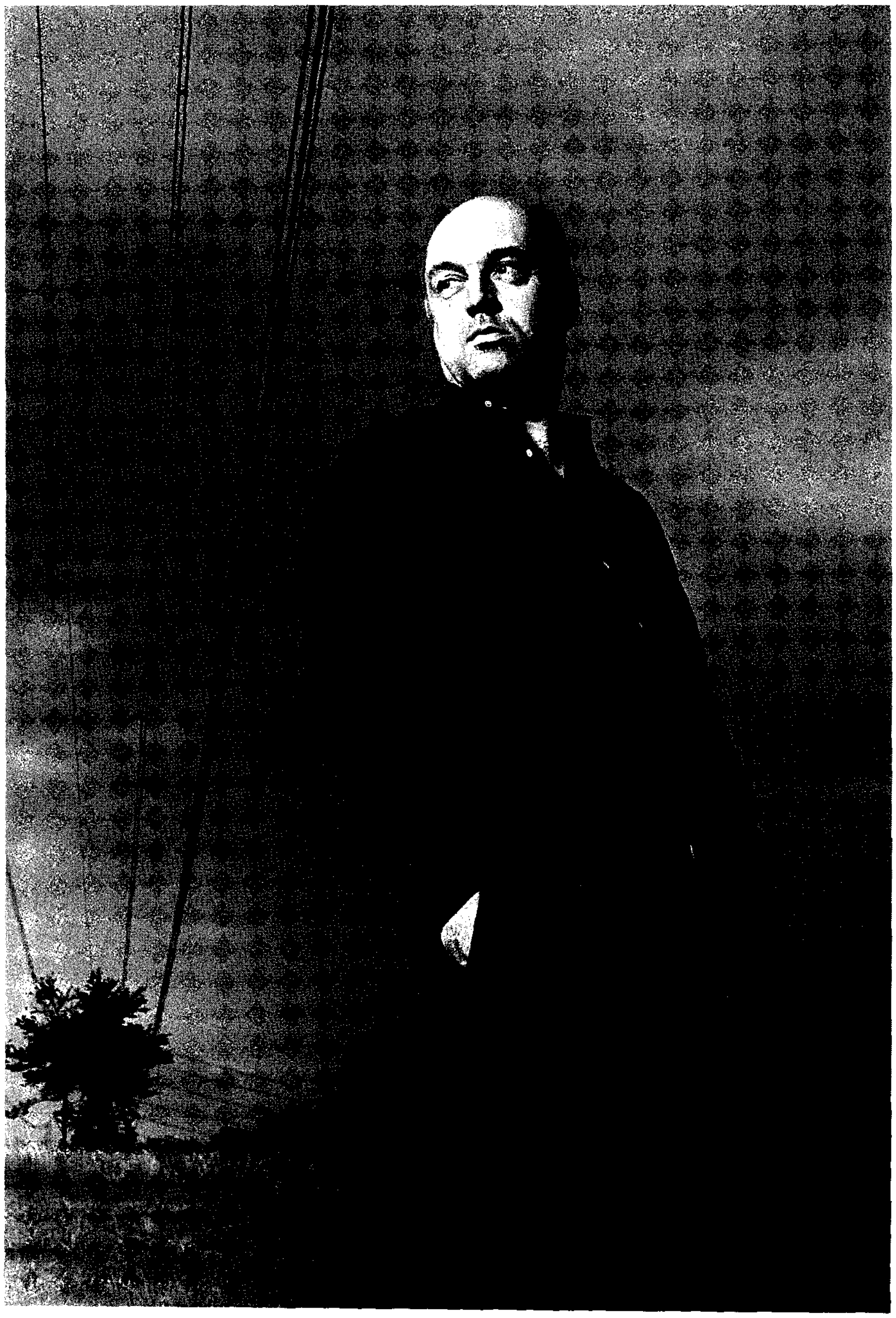
Perhaps most obviously, there's the divide between the garden and the city, withdrawal and engagement. Although his house and its hundred and fifty acres are just an eight-pound taxi ride from central Oxford (Fenton knows this price well, because he has failed his driving test six times and has no car), it feels almost magically remote. Once you reach it, no other buildings can be seen in any direction. You have driven through a meadow and an orchard, along a rutted lane. From nothing, and in the middle of nothing, he has built a large, high-walled garden that is a source of wonder among people who know him. A few years ago, the grounds were all "Passchendaele," in Craig Raine's description. And yet—you're not quite sure how to bring this up—there is a distraction. Standing a few yards from the house is a huge electrical pylon, one of a line that bounces off toward the light-industrial city of Swindon. You guess he must have noticed.

He has, and he has been interested to learn that Swindon's water supply as well as what he takes to be its electricity runs through his land. "If one day I took against Swindon, I could take a vial of anthrax and a great syringe and *syringe* it into the water," he says. "Yes, and then cut off their electricity. And see how they manage." Rather out of necessity, Fenton has given a modest meaning to his pylon. He has decided that it tells him, "I'm maybe living in the country, but reality, real life, goes on."

Ten years ago, soon after James Fenton published his second highly praised collection of poems (called "Children in Exile" in the United States), and when he had already completed several careers in journalism—as a foreign correspondent, a parliamentary columnist, and a theatre critic—he went upriver in Borneo with the writer Redmond O'Hanlon. For O'Hanlon, it was the wildest of adventures; for Fenton, a chance to read Victor Hugo and look around. That discrepancy was the big joke in O'Hanlon's subsequent book, "Into the H[illegible]rt of Borneo," which also made it clear that the area's hospitality represented a great danger to travellers. After each day of unaccustomed exertions, Fenton and O'Hanlon had to take part in tribal marathons of booze and dance. One evening, by way of a prank—its aim being to burden his companion with the bulk of the socializing—O'Hanlon revealed Fenton's poetry habit. " 'Look,' " he said to their guide, " 'don't tell James, because he wouldn't like it, he's so modest. But, in England, he's *very* famous. He is the poet of all the tribe, the chief poet in all England.' " Fenton was indeed called upon to perform, and, according to O'Hanlon's account, did so with style: he sang an impromptu rhyming ballad that described his journey from England, and he mimed the hunting and butchering of a pig. O'Hanlon pointed out to me recently, "All the things I said half as a joke in the book are now officially *true.* The greatest poet in all England. He actually is the Professor, and he will teach people songs all day."

O'HANLON was referring to the decision of the tribe of England—or that gowned part of the tribe which has an Oxford M.A.—to elect Fenton to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. Collectively, these M.A.s form something called Convocation, which used to be a powerful arm of university government and now is not. Convocation has only one other responsibility—to elect the Chancellor of the University—so it is doubtless with some excitement that, every five years, some of the many thousand M.A.s make their way to Oxford and, having been ushered into a room by men in bowler hats, choose between two or more poets, whom they may or may not have read. Ten years ago, Fenton stood against Peter Levi, who won. Five years ago, he did not stand against the Irishman Seamus Heaney, who won. This year, in a field with three rivals, including the Australian Les Murray, he was determined to win. Martin Amis explains why: "It will make him write a very good book. *Make* him do it." And it is a job that was once held by Fenton's great hero—and, during one period, a sort of friend—W. H. Auden. "Yes," Fenton says. "That's jolly nice."

To be Professor of Poetry at Oxford is to have a slightly more ordinary job than the Poet Laureate, who is the poet of the British royal household—a post currently held by Ted Hughes. Still, the Professor shares a little of the Laureate's odd glory. Though the Professor must work for his stipend of four thousand and fifty-nine pounds a year—give three lectures a year for five years—the position is intended to recognize an admired poet as much as to appoint a teacher of students. The election has become a national issue; the media take an amused interest. This year, the election came at a time of half-serious talk in British newspapers of poetry being the country's "new rock and roll." The phrase is silly, but it is inspired by a real, if modest, surge of interest: good attendance at readings, two new poetry prizes, the promotion of a group dubbed the "New Generation Poets" this spring. In this climate, Fenton has sold nearly ten thousand copies of his new collection, "Out of Danger," in the six months since its British publication, which is a lot, if not quite platinum.



Fenton fled Phnom Penh just before it fell to the Khmer Rouge. When he wrote about it in verse, he became a major poet—and a poet who had been to war.

Fenton could be described as the candidate of the New Recklessness—a rather rock-and-roll phrase of his own coining. In the New Recklessness, Fenton told me, poets should yodel or write sonnet sequences, as they see fit. They should be suspicious of the free-verse consensus and any pull toward autobiographical pathos. Poets should reserve the right to do what Fenton, for example, has done, which is to avoid the confessional and to take metre into new and marvellous places of public and private alarm while keeping an eye on Byron, W. H. Auden, Lewis Carroll, eighteenth-century satire, and the music hall. "You could say that you're in danger of being a tart," Fenton says, "but my feeling is that poetry will wither on the vine if you don't regularly come back to the simplest fundamentals of the poem: rhythm, rhyme, simple subjects—love, death, war."

It's in these terms that Fenton's achievements are assessed by his fellow journalist-poet Blake Morrison. "No English poet since Wilfred Owen has written so movingly about war and the pity of war," Morrison says. "No English poet since Auden has been so versatile with traditional verse forms, like the ballad and the nonsense rhyme. It's a unique combination: serious but also funny; humane and intelligent but also eclectic and eccentric; widely travelled but also responsive to the English landscape and the English temperament."

James Fenton tells me that he made two key contributions to his campaign for the Oxford preferment. One was to plan a party, in his garden, to be held on the second, and final, day of voting. ("Of course it was a vote-rigging exercise," he says. "You think I don't know how to vote-rig?") The other was to allow himself to be interviewed in the *Times*. The interview included this vote-winning exchange:

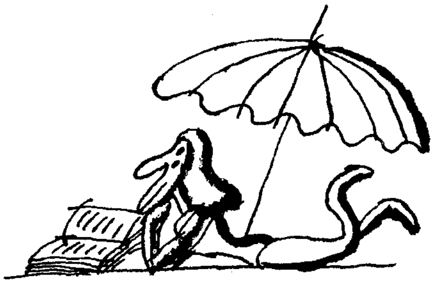
> Q: Les Murray, who I suppose is your main rival, told another paper that he had heard that the duties of the professor of poetry were not particularly onerous. Is that your impression?
>
> A: I saw that article. . . . I have to say that it made me think that Les Murray had been very badly advised. First of all, it seems insulting to imply that the job you are standing for is a doddle. Secondly, it is very much in my mind that the task of writing 15 worthwhile lectures on poetry is not to be taken lightly.

It is important to know that the questions as well as the answers were Fenton's. The *Times* was somehow persuaded to allow Fenton, quite openly, to interview himself. This was a "filthy trick," Fenton says merrily. He's capable of making the display of avidity seem endearing.

On May 14th, Fenton heard the result, at his party. The day was sunny; food was supplied by his sister Charlotte, a professional caterer; an old Army tent served as the marquee. Among the guests were two editors of national newspapers, a professor of epidemiology for whom an Oxford M.A. had suddenly become a social asset, Sonny Mehta, Jonathan Miller, and several novelists, including Ian McEwan and Malcolm Bradbury. Salman Rushdie joined a group that could not stomach missing the entire F.A. Cup soccer final and gathered around a television set in the kitchen. Outside, Fenton's guests could inspect the nearby pond and the rockery around it, then move with polite casualness away from the pylon and across the lawn, toward the two hundred and fifty-odd varieties of rose and a fountain. Or they could skirt the library—a separate building—and head into the extensive herb and vegetable gardens beyond. A young boy was challenged by his father to work out which of the guests were Rushdie's armed police protectors, so people were asked, "Have you got a pistol?" And then, sooner than expected, the telephone rang. A friend took the call, and guests watched Fenton's face as he was told the news. It was a face of true delight, and a ragged cheer went up. Les Murray had won ninety-eight votes, Fenton two hundred and twenty-eight. James Fenton was the chief poet of all England.

As Professor, Fenton will not only give a lecture each term but also judge a poetry competition, deliver a public oration every other year, and be available to student poets. Redmond O'Hanlon is worried: "Imagine the grasp of reality the students will have as they take a paid-for taxi out to the great estate and read their poems in the evening light. They'll think: One more stanza, and all this could be mine."

At the age of nine, the future Professor of Poetry intended to become a professor of Latin. "I would pray every night," Fenton tells me over lunch a few weeks after his victory, "first for my family, then to do well in form that term, then to get a scholarship, then to do well in public school, and then get to Oxford, then get my degrees one by one, then become a professor of Latin." He looks slightly sheepish.



Fenton was born in Lincoln, in the North of England, in 1949. His father, John Fenton, was a vicar. One of four children, James was sent as a boarder to the Chorister School, Durham, and came to be in the "sacrificial élite"—the chorister corps itself. Fenton recalls this prep-school period with unembarrassed affection. In his last year at Durham, he was head boy, and Tony Blair, M.P., who was four years Fenton's junior—and who now stands to be the next leader of the British Labour Party and is a likely future Prime Minister—was "Blair," or, rather, "Blair!" "I think," Fenton says with firmness, "that if I was head boy, I'm *still* head boy. I'm still his head boy. I mean, these things don't just go away." He feels that when Blair is at No. 10 Downing Street, "I'll be able to stand outside and say 'Blair!' in a loud voice and he'll come quivering to the door and obey whatever I tell him to do."

James Fenton grants journalists only limited access to his past and to his private life. And there is a lot that cannot be detected in the poetry. In 1972, he lashed out in verse at A. Alvarez for his discussions, in "The Savage God" and elsewhere, of links between poetry and pain; Fenton accepts the idea that his anger there *might* be called "misplaced." His mother died when he was ten. Besides his own grief, he had to contend with the dispersal of the family that followed his father's remarriage. During school holidays, James tended to stay with an aunt in North Wales, and there he began to acquire a skill that never left him: the ability to have himself informally adopted into new family groups. Fenton says that something rings very true in the novel "Black Dogs," by his friend and Oxford neighbor Ian McEwan: "Ever since I lost mine in a road accident when I was eight, I have had my eye on other people's parents," the novel opens. Fenton's father is alive, and is now Honorary Canon Emeritus of Christ Church, Oxford. He refers to neither of his marriages in *Who's Who,* where James is listed immediately above him.

When James Fenton was sixteen years old, and was at public school in Repton, near Lichfield, he wrote to W. H. Auden, the poet to whom he is now most frequently compared. Auden, then fifty-eight, wrote back, and later there was a meeting, in Austria, which occasioned equal awkwardness on both sides. Fenton read psychology, philosophy, and physiology at Magdalen College, Oxford, and Auden would occasionally visit and take him out to dinner in a godfatherly way. At the same time, Fenton was befriended by the poet John Fuller, son of the poet Roy Fuller; he later collaborated with the younger Fuller on a book of rather donnishly whimsical verse, "Partingtime Hall" (1987). As an undergraduate at Oxford, Fenton wrote poetry, and in 1968 he won the university's most distinguished student-poetry prize, the Newdigate, for a long poem on Japan, America, and Commodore Perry called "Our Western Furniture."

According to Martin Amis, who met Fenton at Oxford, "James always said, 'I want a job, like anyone else. One can't just be a poet.' "After graduating, in 1970, Fenton became the assistant literary editor of the left-wing weekly *The New Statesman.* Six months later, he moved to the front, newsy half of the paper. (Later still, when he and Christopher Hitchens and Amis were all twenty-six years old and at *The New Statesman* together they formed the 26 Club. "We did think we were a hot trio," Amis says. "The 26 Club! Now we almost weep with embarrassment.") Fenton lived in the working-class East End of London and tried to sell left-wing literature to his neighbors, at the cost of missing weekend parties in the country; at Oxford, Hitchens had introduced him to the Trotskyist organization International Socialism, and in those days he remained an active member.

In 1972, Fenton published his first collection of poetry, "Terminal Moraine," in which "Our Western Furniture" was set among a kind of contemporary "Dunciad," various oddities on Oxford themes, and a poem called "A Frog," which arranged a 1940 magazine article in stanzas. These were not poems by Ted Hughes. When he set out, Fenton says, there was a conviction that English poetry "had to be more violent, and that produced a kind of aesthetic where if you described nature it had to be a sort of violent nature. Basically, blackbirds had to be massacring toads." Poems like Hughes's "Crow" (1970) "made me prefer a kind of dandyism, which I know is my besetting sin," he adds. In 1973, Fenton applied for an Eric Gregory award for poets, and in an interview he explained that he would use the money to travel. "They gave me a thousand pounds," he tells me, "which in *those* days was . . . a thousand pounds." He flew to Cambodia.

GOD, A POEM

A nasty surprise in a sandwich,
A drawing-pin caught in your sock,
The limpest of shakes from a hand which
You'd thought would be firm as a rock,

A serious mistake in a nightie,
A grave disappointment all round
Is all that you'll get from th'Almighty,
Is all that you'll get underground.

Oh he *said:* "If you lay off the crumpet
I'll see you alright in the end.
Just hang on until the last trumpet.
Have faith in me, chum—I'm your friend."

But if you remind him, he'll tell you:
"I'm sorry, I must have been pissed—
Though your name rings a sort of bell. You
Should have guessed that I do not exist.

"I didn't exist at Creation,
I didn't exist at the Flood,
And I won't be around for Salvation
To sort out the sheep from the cud—

"Or whatever the phrase is. The fact is
In soteriological terms
I'm a crude existential malpractice
And you are a diet of worms.

"You're a nasty surprise in a sandwich.
You're a drawing-pin caught in my sock.
You're the limpest of shakes from a hand which
I'd have thought would be firm as a rock,

"You're a serious mistake in a nightie,
You're a grave disappointment all round—
That's all that you are," says th'Almighty,
"And that's all that you'll be underground."

—JAMES FENTON
(1983)

Fenton was twenty-four. He settled in a relatively poor part of Phnom

Penh, made friends, and kept a monkey. "I surrendered to a way of life," he says now. "I can't explain why I was so happy, but I was happy." Fenton filed stories for *The New Statesman*, excluding from them his sympathy for the invisible, approaching Khmer Rouge. Then, in 1975, along with almost all foreigners, Fenton was evacuated, just before the Khmer Rouge took the city. He moved to Saigon, and it was then that he rode on a tank during the fall of the city. He stayed on in Saigon for three months, filing stories for the Washington *Post*. It was already clear that a "grotesque crime" was being committed in Cambodia. Only years later was Fenton able to make contact again with friends he had made during his Cambodian idyll. He helped one survivor of the Khmer Rouge, Someth May, write a book; he directed other refugees to a family he knew in Italy. Now when Fenton is obliged to say Pol Pot's name it is preceded by a pause of several seconds.

From Saigon he returned home. He was writing almost no poetry; a nonsense epic he had taken abroad was abandoned. He became a political writer on *The New Statesman*, but in 1978 failed to be appointed editor of the magazine after Anthony Howard left, and he is said to have been crushed by a major romantic crisis at the same time. Friends link both of these setbacks to a later poem that is one big blush, "The Mistake."

THE MISTAKE

With the mistake your life goes in reverse.
Now you can see exactly what you did
Wrong yesterday and wrong the day before
And each mistake leads back to something worse

And every nuance of your hypocrisy
Towards yourself, and every excuse
Stands solidly on the perspective lines
And there is perfect visibility.

What an enlightenment. The colonnade
Rolls past on either side. You needn't move.
The statues of your errors brush your sleeve.
You watch the tale turn back—and you're dismayed.

And this dismay at this, this big mistake
Is made worse by the sight of all those who
Knew all along where these mistakes would lead—
Those frozen friends who watched the crisis break.

Why didn't they *say*? Oh, but they did indeed—
Said with a murmur when the time was wrong
Or by a mild refusal to assent
Or told you plainly but you would not heed.

Yes, you can hear them now. It hurts. It's worse
Than any sneer from any enemy.
Take this dismay. Lay claim to this mistake.
Look straight along the lines of this reverse.

—James Fenton
(1987)

In 1978, Fenton fled to Germany as the *Guardian's* correspondent—another mistake, he says. But there he did manage to write a poem, "A German Requiem," and others followed. Having failed to write about Cambodia, and war, in extended prose form (he returned a book advance), Fenton found that he could do so in verse. These "bulletins from the front line of an extraordinary, inclusive imagination," in the words of a review in the *Times Literary Supplement*, were collected in Britain as "The Memory of War: Poems 1968-1982."

FENTON was now a major poet, and a poet who had been to war. He was "alone among his contemporaries," Jonathan Raban wrote at the time, "in having a great deal to write *about*." But he still needed to work. He became the theatre critic for the *Sunday Times*, in which office he expressed his views clearly and with great seriousness—things were "very bad poetry indeed," "terribly interesting," for reasons beautifully given—but always with a touch of English, or mock-English, coltishness: "I say, steady on!" or "Odd things, dinner jackets."

And here the story takes a fabulous turn, because in 1983, shortly after translating "Rigoletto" for the English National Opera, James Fenton was approached by the theatrical impresario Cameron Mackintosh and asked to work on a musical of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Fenton flew to Borneo with his paperback "Les Misérables" (Redmond O'Hanlon, a fetishist in these matters, can show you the very volume, puffy with water damage) and, having resigned from the *Sunday Times*, got to work. A year later, Mackintosh fired him, and a deal was struck whose generosity could not have been predicted. Fenton describes it as "less than one per cent" of the worldwide box-office receipts. We do not know the figure, but we do know this: since opening in London in October of 1985, "Les Misérables" has played to thirty-four and a half million people in twenty-two countries and has grossed over six hundred million pounds.

Money started to arrive at the door of a sociable left-wing man in his late thirties living in a terraced house in East Oxford—a man whom Christopher Hitchens has described as "traditionally very, very indifferent to money and the things it would buy." This development was, of course, fascinating to Fenton's friends. O'Han-

lon says he remembers realizing the scale of things only when he saw James with a large plastic shopping bag *full* of compact disks. The money became part of Fenton's story: when he won the Professorship election this year, the headline in the *Observer* was "FILTHY RICH POET TO EARN HIS CRUST." With quiet regret, Fenton says that this fuss about money would not happen to "someone like a film-maker or an actor or whatever; it's just the novelty of being a poet"—which, surely, is rather the point.

In 1984, Fenton became the chief book reviewer for the *Times*. That same year, he contributed part of his abandoned Indo-China book to *Granta*. Here readers learned about the bowl of live ants that needed to be eaten. It was Fenton's first published piece of what *Granta's* Bill Buford calls "narrative reportage." Others followed. In 1985, *The New York Review of Books* sent Fenton to Mali and Ethiopia, and *Granta* published Fenton's account of the fall of Saigon. Buford speaks of Fenton's prose as "a breath of real pure oxygen." When scared, lost, ignorant, or joking, Fenton still wrote with a kind of moral certainty, and an air of absolute honesty; the "I" of his prose was never phonily purged from these pieces, nor was it ever coked up with New Journalism weirdness. Buford told me of wanting to tidy up a paragraph of Fenton's about a tiny sequence of events—something to do with ordering drinks and sitting down and going to the bar—and Fenton's refusing to allow him to: things had happened in an odd order that made the paragraph a little unmanageable, but it was the order in which things had happened.

In 1986, Fenton flew to the Philippines as Far East correspondent for a new national daily newspaper, the *Independent*. (He now writes a weekly column for it.) He had been in Manila earlier in the year, reporting for *Granta*, and had looted a monogrammed Imelda Marcos towel from the Presidential Palace. Now he roved around China, Fiji, and South Korea. And, using money kindly forwarded from the Palace Theatre, London, and the Broadway Theatre, New York, he bought a bit of the Philippines—part swamp, part sandbar, on the east coast of Luzon. Like the house he found outside Oxford on his return to England in 1989, it was close to the city—Manila—but bumpy to get to, a retreat but also a farm. The first crop was prawns.

It was a "development project," not a money-spinner, and in 1988 Fenton wrote of the "nightmare" possibility that it might succeed ("We will make enemies among those with access to dynamite"), but that nightmare has not come to pass. Eventually, like the flow of North Sea oil that cushioned Britain's economy in the nineteen-eighties, the flow of "Les Misérables" money may slow, and the project may become unsupportable. Meanwhile, James Fenton is the only serious poet in Britain to employ a workforce of more than thirty.

ON the English-Welsh border in late May, Fenton is wearing a beautiful blue linen suit and a white button-down shirt and is slightly marring the reputation that he has among his friends for looking a disgrace. He is about to recite poetry at the Hay arts festival, a relaxed gathering held under canvas in a field in Hay-on-Wye. There are sheep around, and there is mud, and something like sunshine. Applause and laughter can carry from one tent to another and are in danger of picking up irony, and slight melancholy, along the way, as when distant cheering happens to greet a bit of useless tennis on a court at Wimbledon. Walking toward the stage, Fenton has found himself in a little pocket of poets. He says, "I'm up against Edna O'Brien." She is in the larger of the two main festival tents, Fenton in the smaller. A poet asks Fenton, "And how long are you on for?" Fenton says, "A knockout or two submissions."

This is an interesting time to hear Fenton recite. Some British reviewers of Fenton's most recent poems have expressed disappointment that he has lately been giving his attention to the many roses in his garden, as it were, rather than to the pylons. The newest poems in his new collection are love poems, spare and simple; there are those critics who rather yearn to have the tanks and angst again processed into the longer poems on international themes. But both groups of poems delight their audience at Hay-on-Wye. "In Paris with You," a Cole Porterish lyric with a punch line, is applauded loudly by three hundred and fifty people, but so is "The Ballad of the Imam and the Shah."

James Fenton scorns the idea of poetry "written for the page," and today he *performs*. He starts softly, with "For Andrew Wood":

> I think the dead would want us
> To weep for what *they* have lost.
> I think that our luck in continuing
> Is what would affect them most.
> But time would find them generous
> And less self-engrossed.

This is followed, a little later, by "Out of the East," a fairly recent poem, in which the 1975 Khmer Rouge victory is seen through Khmer Rouge eyes:

> Out of the South came Famine.
> Out of the West came Strife.
> Out of the North came a storm cone
> And out of the East came a warrior wind
> And it struck you like a knife.

Now overheated, Fenton takes off his jacket and makes charmingly over-fastidious apologies for this disrespect. In the fifth row, a woman takes off her jacket in sympathy.

Last year, Jonathan Raban saw Fenton recite in Raban's adopted city of Seattle, and he describes the audience's response as "about as near to rapture as is imaginable for a poet to create in a large audience." In Hay-on-Wye, Fenton goes for a kind of rap, then a kind of singing. And he dances, to the extent that he moves his arms while keeping his elbows locked in right angles, like a Keith Haring drawing. The audience's excitement can be felt, transmitted through bouncing rows of interconnected blue plastic seats. When it is over, there is warm applause; then, drifting in from the other tent, applause for Edna O'Brien.

Later, in his kitchen, I ask him about shyness, because he has none onstage. "In the Philippines," he said, "I spent a lot of time in the barrio, and in barrio life you have to perform—if you don't, it's not very polite. I would sing 'Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini.' "

"FENTON was tall and bulky, inclined to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise; for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman, that once waited on him at a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would *lie a-bed, and be fed with a spoon.*" This is James's eighteenth-century ancestor Elijah Fenton, one of the few English poets to tackle the subject of pubic hair; the italics are Dr. Johnson's.

It has not yet come to this with the twentieth-century Fenton, but he is not travelling as much as he did before, and readers have now waited awhile for a new, big, solemn poem. He writes his column for the *Independent,* gardens, reads. He recently composed what he calls a pop song, to accompany a film treatment he is writing of James Hamilton-Paterson's novel "The Bell-Boy." He has people over, and cooks what Martin Amis recalls as "the Sunday dinners you hadn't had since you were living with your mum, with roast potatoes and all the rest." Fenton has a weak heart and has stopped smoking, but he remains a notable drinker. When he visited the American poet W. D. Snodgrass at his home, outside Syracuse, a few years ago, Snodgrass found him, as always, "a delightful man, simply delicious," but says he has "never seen anyone down so much alcohol in a few nights and remain cogent, or even remain alive."

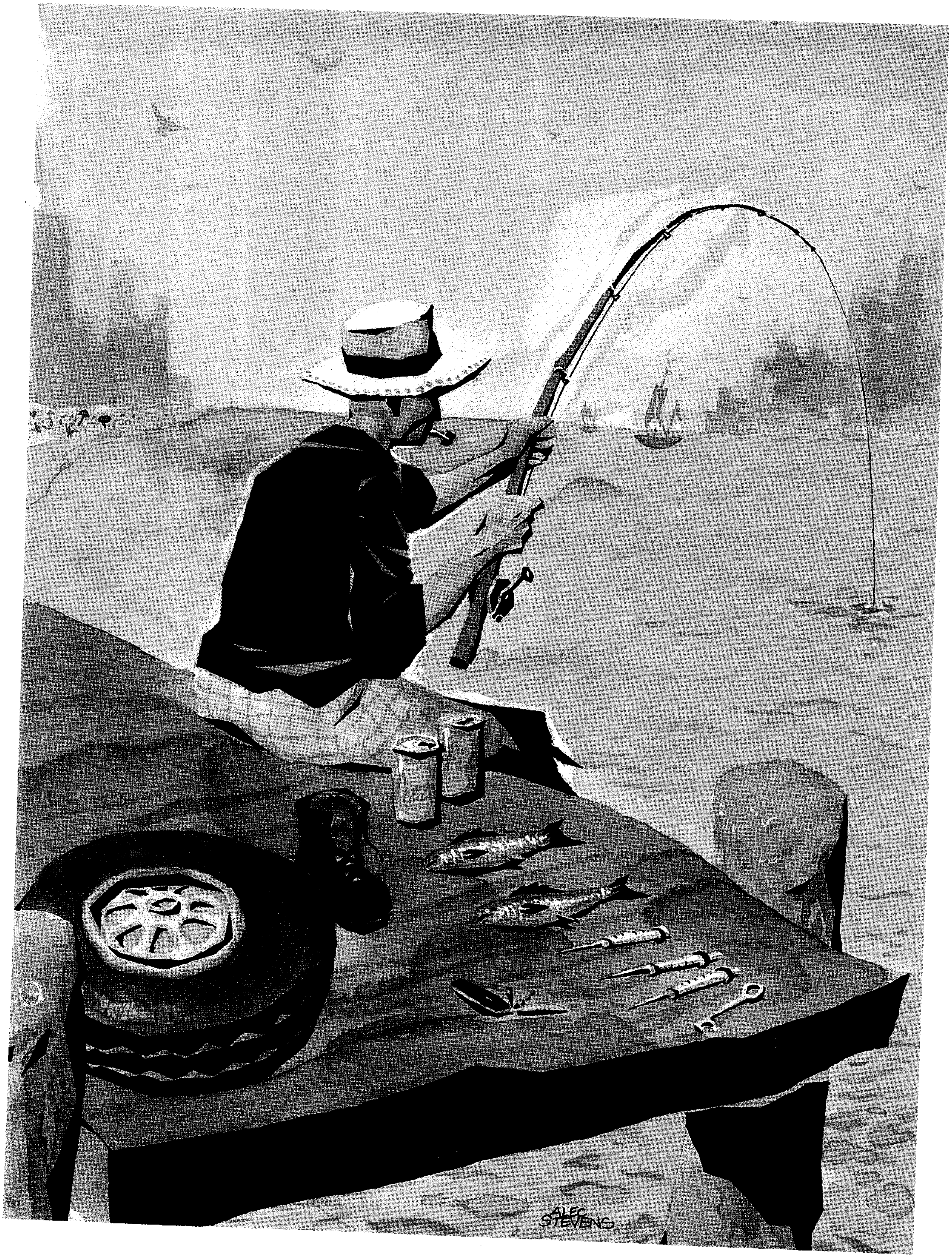
Now and then, Fenton goes up to his airy new apartment in the center of central London, set in the fancy strip of land between the Strand and the Thames which also houses the Savoy. And then he goes back to the Oxfordshire farm. Because he does not drive, he is an accomplished car passenger. I gave him several lifts, and he was extremely appreciative and polite, greeting rural wrong turns with raptures of enthusiasm about how much better this route was than the dreary old *right* way, and only once saying, "Remember, it is better to be alive than to be dead." He once identified a bird, but then lost confidence in his identification: "Hen harrier! Marsh harrier? Large bird. Bird. Bird, it was a bird." He even got out of the car to shoo horses from our path. But in London, on our most recent journey together, he was more directorial, as if to remind one of his familiarity with city things and scupper any nonsense about retirement.

There may, in truth, be a slight withdrawal into a rural domesticity: he sees some friends less often than he used to. Yet Fenton remains something rare in British life: a major literary figure with a public voice. For all the self-confessed dandyism, he has an appealing inflexibility of attitude, a refusal to accept the belief that publicly expressed political anger evaporates on graduation, or that people doing harm are doing their best. Following recent disapproving comments on postmenopausal childbirth by Britain's Secretary of State for Health, Virginia Bottomley, Fenton referred to her in the *Independent* as an "impertinent cow." Jonathan Galassi, Fenton's editor at his American publishing house, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, refers to this as his "Samurai stance." Fenton has rules, about pentameters and flowers and social justice, and on these issues he keeps his readers posted. Things do matter. He is a man who does not always insert the little laugh of embarrassment that interrupts many an English attempt to enter the world of ideas, and he keeps company with people—like Salman Rushdie, Jonathan Miller, and Timothy Garton Ash—who are not ashamed to discuss Big Issues when sober.

Things do matter. Fenton may cultivate several varieties of mint, but in an article last year he reminded readers of the "classical definition of gardening." It is "that activity with which I busy myself when I am not fighting." The garden is, then, "a retreat, a *buen retiro*, only in the sense that a retreat is a maneuver from which I return refreshed, the better to face my opponents."

I asked Fenton if it was true, as his friends take delight in saying, that he inquired about the cost of burying his pylon. Yes, he said, but the cost was too great. ♦

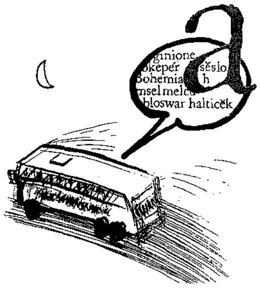
CATCH OF THE DAY


ALEC STEVENS

FICTION

EUROPEAN NIGHT JOURNEY

BY JOHN BERGER



A VEHICLE swaying, a sizzling of wheels running not on rails but on asphalt, an engine purr, a sensation of being cushioned like a child dozing on a sofa, voices in Czech telling long stories, and on the back seat—which a honeymoon couple have to themselves—a bride still wearing her roses. Near the front, a group of shopkeepers who specialize in glassware, on their way to look at Venetian glassblowers. A Bohemian dance comes over the loudspeaker; there is a faint smell of beer. We are with Zdena, in the coach she caught outside the Hauptbahnhof of Bratislava.

She is seated next to a bald man wearing a dark suit with a pinstripe that is twenty years out of fashion. They have been sitting beside each other for two hours and have not exchanged a word. Not even arriving in Vienna made them talk. He removed his hat, and she kicked off her shoes. After that, each of them settled back into their personal limbo. Zdena looked out the window, and he read a newspaper.

Now he opens his dispatch case and takes out a brown-paper package. Unwrapping it, he finds some meat sandwiches. Lifting up the whole package, he offers one to her. She shakes her head. He shrugs and bites into one.

—Have you noticed, he says with his mouth full, how gherkins, the *ogurchiky*, are getting more and more sour?

She says nothing.

—Is it your first visit to Venice?

—Yes, it is.

She has a voice that doesn't fit her reticent appearance. The voice of a born singer, which doesn't have to search for expression, since expression is the gift of that voice. The three words—yes, it is—sounded as though they were an entire life story.

She turns again to the window. Soon it will be dark. The last sunshine lights the distant mountains, a church hidden between hills, leaves (millions of them, the nearest along the edge of the road made to flutter by the draft of the passing coach), village houses of three stories, apple trees, wooden fences, a solitary horse.

—I'm sure you'll like Venice, he says.

—I just change there, she says.

It is the moment in the farmsteads out there when the chickens are locked up for the night, and old women crumple newspapers and push them, with kindling wood, into the stove and look for the box of matches.

—Why not take an orange? In Venice we'll already find cherries. Where do you go afterward?

—To my daughter's wedding.

—A happy occasion, then.

—Scarcely. My daughter is H.I.V.-positive.

Without an instant's reflection, Zdena has told this man what she has hesitated to tell her intimate friends. She stares at him as though he, not she, has said something shocking. The skin of his bald scalp is as smooth as a silk scarf that has been moistened with a spray and ironed.

—I'm so sorry, he murmurs.

—I think you should be!

The driver turns down the volume on the music and announces over the loudspeaker that in five minutes the coach will be stopping at a Gasthaus for toilets and refreshments.

—It takes a long time, the bald man says, and meanwhile it's possible . . .

—Are you a doctor?

—No, I drive a taxi.

—You expect me to believe that! What are you doing riding in a coach if you drive a taxi?

—I'm tired of driving, he explains.

—You don't have the face of a taxi-driver! she retorts.

—I can't help it. I drive a taxi. And anyway cars are useless in Venice; in Venice you walk.

Zdena pauses, perhaps to wonder what she's doing.

—A taxi-driver. It's hard to believe, she says.

—We're all living through things that are hard to believe, the man says, things we never imagined.

—Forty minutes' respite, announces the driver over the loudspeaker, not a minute more, please.

WHEN Zdena and the bald man come back into the coach, they know each other's names—she has discovered that his is Tomas—and are deep in conversation as they walk down the aisle to their seats.

—What shall I tell her when I see her? I can't bear lies. All my life I've fought against lies—to my cost. But it's stronger than me. I can't bear lies.

—You have a voice that couldn't lie. There are voices that can't lie.

—So?

—There's no need to lie. What's needed is calm.

—I haven't seen her for six years. As you might guess, I blame myself: if I'd been with her, it wouldn't have happened. I should have stayed with her. She needed me. Of course, I blame myself.

—There's no blame.

—She's so young, so young. . . .

—Whom the gods love, says the bald man, quoting the poet Menander, whom the gods love dies young.

—There's no love in AIDS. I'm a scientist. I know what I'm talking about. No love. Not a scrap.

—You mustn't panic, Citizen.

—Citizen! You're the second person this week to call me Citizen. I thought our ancient form of address was junked. As discredited as the ancien régime.

—You like to hear it?

—Now that it's no longer used, I suppose I do. When it *was* used, I hated the hypocrisy of it. I guess it reminds me of my teens, when I dreamed of going to the Conservatoire.

There's a silence. Both of them remembering.

—So, she's getting married, the man says.

—An Italian has fallen in love with her, and insists upon marrying her. Crazy.

—He knows?

—Of course.

—She doesn't want to get married?

—She wants everything and she wants nothing. They can't have children. I'll never know what she feels. Nobody else can know. But I feel it here.

She used the Slavic word *duchá*—putting her hand to the base of her neck—and the way she pronounced it indicated that, although she was small and light as a bird, her longing and her despair were immense.

Outside, the trees are blacker than the sky, and the driver has put on an old cassette of a Verdi opera. The honeymoon couple are cuddling, and the shopkeepers are opening cans of beer.

—Is he unemployed, your future son-in-law?

—He sells clothes, men's clothes.

—So he works in a big store.

—No, in street markets. He's called Gino.

—That's short for Luigi.

—Yes, taxi-driver!

—If I understand you, you've never met him.

—Here, I have a photo that my daughter sent me.

He examines it.

—She's very beautiful, your daughter, and she already looks Italian! As for Gino with his big nose and his long wrists, he's exactly like a young man drawn by Lucas van Leyden. A long time ago, nearly five centuries ago. I have a postcard of the drawing at home. Lucas probably drew it a few months after meeting Albrecht Dürer—the two of them swapped drawings in Antwerp.

—How come you know so much?

—Gino and the man in Lucas's drawing have the same kind of independence. It goes with their faces—with those teeth and that nose. It has nothing to do with rank. Men like them never have power. They're riders. Much later, the Americans turned the rider into a cowboy, but he's much older than America. He's the man in folktales who comes to take you away on his horse. Not to his palace; he doesn't have one. He lives in a tent in the forest. He's never learned to count—

—If he sells clothes in a street market, I'd have thought he could count!

—Prices, yes; consequences, no.

—That's why I say "crazy." He doesn't know what he's doing.

—He knows exactly what he's doing. More than you or I know what we're doing. When we do a thing, when we decide to do something, we're already thinking about what it'll be like when it's done, when it's over. Not him. He only thinks about what he's doing at the moment.

—His passion, apparently, is fishing on the river Po.

—His passion is your daughter.

Zdena lowers her head, as if ashamed. The coach passes a castle with lights in every window and hundreds of cars parked outside.

—Lucas van Leyden, Tomas says after a silence of several minutes—a silence underlined by the snoring of the passengers already asleep—Lucas van Leyden died before he was forty.

—I don't think Dutch painters of the sixteenth century take taxis in Bratislava—so how do you know?

—Every day I bring with me a hundred postcards to look at while I'm waiting for a fare!

Zdena raises her head and, for the first time in weeks, she laughs. Her laugh ripples.

The bald man shakes his head and smiles.

—Then she says, gently, When I listen to you, I feel you deploy your encyclopedic knowledge—for that's what it is—so as not to have to face the pain of it, the cruelty, of life.

—Under the ancien régime, he says, I used to work for an encyclopedia.

—That explains everything!

—Not everything.

—Everything about you! She laughs again.

—The *Příručný Slovník Naučný*, he announces.

—I have it at home. You were an editor?

—I tried to keep the painters for myself. I was a general editor.

—And now?

—What do you expect? *L'ancienne encyclopédie!* There's no money. We were turned out into the street, and each of us was given fifty sets of the encyclopedia to sell. If we succeeded, we could keep the money for ourselves. What we called a 'kopeck handshake'!

—I bet they were hard to sell.

—I didn't sell one set. I kept my car and I became a taxi-driver.

—You lost your job working for an encyclopedia, Tomas, and years before that I was distributing samizdat. We're political enemies.

—My wife makes dresses. . . . No, don't cry. . . . Yes, cry.

—I haven't cried once.

—Then cry, my dear, cry.

Her sobs come faster, and, so as not to be heard, she buries her mouth in her companion's jacket. Then she tries to speak, but she can't find her voice. When at last she does find it, she whispers, barely audibly:

and what a black mountain
has blocked the world from the light.
It's time— It's time— It's time
to give back to God his ticket!

The coach hurtles down the motorway. The shopkeepers drink their last beer. The bride lays her head on the crotch of her sleeping husband. And Tomas puts his arm round the woman from Bratislava who quoted Tsvetaeva.

The driver is going slow, for the visibility is poor. The wipers barely clear the windscreen, and they scrape like rakes. The headlights illuminate a wall of falling snow, beyond which he can make out nothing. He slows to a walking pace, and finally stops, puts on the hand brake, and switches off the engine.

Now the noise of the sleeping passengers sounds louder: snores, the bubbling of deep breaths, murmurs like those of an organ after the organist has stopped playing. Outside the coach, silence—a silence of feathers.

Zdena stirs, opens an eye, screws it up, rubs the misted window with her left hand. Rubbed, it reveals nothing new. Snowflakes falling, so close together that they touch one another.

—We've lost our way. She says this to the man against whose shoulder she has been sleeping.

The bald man opens his eyes and takes in the snow.

—We must be near Packsattel, he says. What I don't understand is why we have stopped.

—Because we can't go on.

She leans against his shoulder, still half asleep.

—We should be able to go on, she says, we should, and we don't. They say Communism is dead, yet we've lost our nerve. We have nothing to fear and we are frightened of everything.

—For something to die, Tomas says, for something to be dead, it has first to be alive. And this wasn't the case with Communism.

—You had a Party card!

—So one can't talk of its being dead. To talk of its being dead is a stupidity.

—Are we going to stay here forever? Stay here forever. Ever. Forever?

—Sshh. . . . I'll tell you a story. Can you hear me?

—'Let me sing of sorrow from the top of the mountain.' Zdena plucks with little pinches at the material of the man's sleeve. That's also Marina Tsvetaeva, you know?

—Once, Tomas says, there was a man called Ulrich. He lived in the Koralpe, which is near where we are now. This was fifty years ago.

—Around the time Marina hanged herself, Zdena says.

—Ulrich had a chalet high up in the *alpage*, and every summer he took his goats and his two cows up there. In the morning, he would go out barefoot over the grass and collect with a shovel all the cow shit he could find and dump it in one heap. All the men in the *alpage* did the same, for cows won't eat grass where shit has rested for days, and in the ferocious immensity of these mountains every square metre of green grass is precious.

With the coach stopped, the snowflakes stick to the windows, with the effect of crocheted curtains. Calm now, Zdena nuzzles her ear against the shoulder of Tomas's jacket.

—One year, earlier than expected, the snows came, he continues. So Ulrich decided not to fight his way down but to spend the winter in the chalet. He made a tunnel through the snow to the stable and the barn where some hay was stacked. He stayed on the mountainside all winter, and not one of his animals died.

Tomas rests his hand on her hair, which is short and curly, with traces of gray at the roots. She is on the verge of sleep.

—In the valley, the villagers were frightened for Ulrich. The other men had all come down. If Ulrich spends the winter up there, they said, he'll go mad. But when the spring came and the snows melted and some of the villagers climbed up to see Ulrich, he welcomed them in. He offered them firewater, and he appeared to be completely himself. We must wait and see, the villagers said on their way down, these things take time.

With her hair between the fingers of his large hand, Tomas prevents her head from lolling and falling too low, and this gentle tugging on her scalp keeps her just awake enough to hear some of his words.

—The next year, before the snows came, Ulrich decided not to go down to the valley but to spend the winter with his animals on the mountainside again. He saw to it that there was enough hay, and they all survived. In this way the years passed. Sometimes the snows came early, sometimes late, but Ulrich never again came down to the village for the winter.

One summer, years later, the village schoolmaster was walking high in the mountains and he came upon Ulrich, and so he asked him: Ulrich, why do you never come back to the village when the snows come? And Ulrich replied: Imagine how hard it would be for a man to spend six months in a village surrounded by people who are convinced he is mad! I'm better here.

The bald man can feel the woman's regular breathing. Sleep, little mother, sleep.

WHEN Zdena wakes up, it is a new day: there is no more snow; the coach is in the bus station in Trieste; the sun is up; the seat beside her is empty. She glances at the luggage rack: Tomas has taken both his hat and his battered dispatch case.

—Have I time to go and wash? she asks the driver, who is eating cherries from a paper bag and spitting the stones out of the window.

The driver looks at his watch.

—We leave in four minutes, he says.

The passengers from Bratislava are more alert than yesterday. Today they are in a foreign country that, until recently, was a forbidden one—a land of fruit and wine, of elegant shoes, jewelry, corruption, and sunshine. The newlyweds are impatient to go to bed in their Venetian hotel. The shopkeepers are impatient to get down, to take note of every difference, and to buy whatever they can.

The driver starts the engine just as Zdena climbs back into the coach, panting.

—You can't leave yet, there's a passenger missing!

—If somebody misses the bus, says the driver, it's not the bus's fault.

—Please, wait two minutes more, I'm asking you.

—You know how long we have in Venice to turn around, lady, before I drive back? Eight hours, no more. And I need some sleep.

—That's wrong, says Zdena. You are entitled to twenty-four hours.

—Entitled! You want more than eight hours, they scream, then drive for another coach line, not ours!

—It's against the security regulations, argues Zdena.

—Who cares?

—I know he was going to Venice, he told me so.

—He's not the first man, sweetheart, to vanish in Trieste.

—He had a ticket for Venice!

—He was the first passenger to get down. You were still asleep!

—Please, one moment more. You can make up the time on the autoroute.

—There's a speed limit.

—Who cares? You just said it. Who cares?

She opens her handbag and slips a couple of hundred-koruna notes under the paper bag of cherries on the shelf by the windscreen.

—I'd say you're a doctor, says the driver.

—No, I'm an engineer.

—I'll give you two minutes, engineer, not a second more.

He lays the palm of his hand flat on the horn and hoots. Not once but three times.

—That should put him up if anything can!

Encyclopedia editors rarely run. The man, who has appeared at the street corner, tries to sprint, doubled up, holding his case against his chest like somebody performing in an egg-and-spoon race. All those watching from the coach smile, Zdena included.

Once seated, he takes a while to catch his breath.

—I kept the coach back for you, they wanted to leave without you.

By way of reply, Tomas unfolds a paper napkin and shows her two rolls of golden milk bread decorated with sugar crystals and vermillion berries.

—Ambrosia, food for the gods—and the thermos I had filled with cappuccino.

The two of them drink from blue paper cups with white Madonnalike figures printed on them, and the froth of the coffee lines his upper lip. Then they bite into the rolls. Zdena has pearly, very regular teeth.

—It's hard, he says. We're living on the brink, and it's hard, because we've lost the habit. Once everybody—old and young, rich and poor—took it for granted. Life was painful and precarious. Chance was cruel. On feast days, there were brioches. You like them?

—These are filled with almond paste.

—And these are morello cherries.

—For two centuries, we've believed in history as a highway that was taking us to a future such as nobody has ever known before. We thought we were exempt. When we walked through the galleries of the old palaces and saw all those massacres and last rites and decapitated heads on platters, all painted and framed on the walls, we told ourselves we had come a long way—not so far that we couldn't still feel for them, of course, but far enough to know that we'd been spared. Now people live to be much older. There are anesthetics. We've landed on the moon. There are no more slaves. We apply reason to everything. And suddenly we find ourselves far from any highway, perched like puffins on a cliff ledge in the dark.

—I can't fly.

—You've never flown, even in a dream?

—Perhaps.

—It's a question of belief.

—In that case there's no harm in being on your ledge, is there?

It has never occured to Zdena before that a stranger might make advances to her grief, and that she might flirt with him. She wants to weep at the absurdity of it and smile with the relief.

—You have to be frightened, he says.

—Frightened I am.

—Then, you'll fly.

—Look! She points through the window, where the snowflakes made their curtain. There's the sea.

—We've lost the habit.

—Of flying?

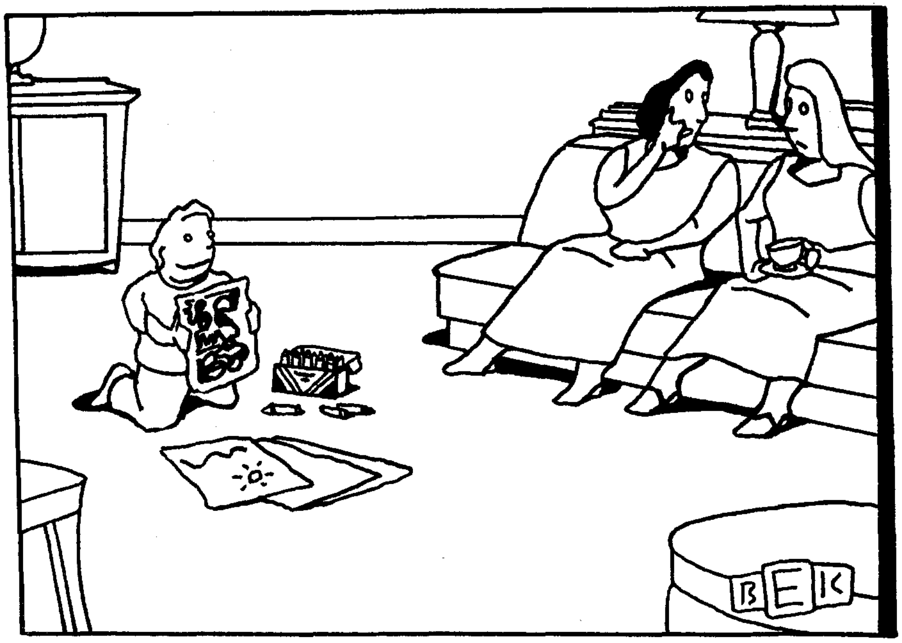
—No, of living on a ledge.

—The sea's very calm.

—It'll come back.

—You mean one day I'll get used to it.

—Things become familiar without your getting used to them.



"I don't have the heart to tell him what's going on with today's art market."

—Despair is familiar, Tomas, don't you think?

—Of course, one can't help imagining less pain, less injustice.

—Dear God, why?

—They asked the same question during the Black Death, when, in Europe, one person in three died of the plague. . . . Fourteenth century.

—You had to write an entry about the Black Death in your encyclopedia?

—There wasn't one. It came under Feudalism, Reasons for Its Decline. Try one of these, they're made from walnuts. Walnuts were once thought to cure illnesses of the brain.

—Lightly roasted, they eliminate despair! she shrieks.

—The thing about Italians is they understand pleasure, he says, all their ingenuity goes into pleasure. They're the opposite of Slavs.

—Are they? If you say so, I expect you're right. We only live once, don't we? And today we have to—no, I have to—I have to live without hope.

Tears fill her eyes.

—Last summer, says the bald man, I visited a ruined temple. In places, the grass had split the stones. No inscriptions. No time. Only the grass growing and wilting and growing.

Outside Zdena's window, the morning colors roll by: greens, poppy reds, mustard yellows. Hill gives way to hill, and the far ones are lavender-colored. They pass lorries from Sofia and Istanbul. Up by the windscreen, the light dazzles as from a hundred key rings.

—I could see a broken arch. It framed the sky and a little triangle of the sea. Everything so far away, my dear, and very slowly, so slowly it perhaps took an hour or more, I noticed that the sky framed by the ruin was brighter, had more light in it than the sky around, and that the little triangle of sea was of a deeper blue than the rest of the sea. Optical illusion, you'll say! You're the scientist, and I'm your political enemy with a Party card. . . . On a ledge, but not without hope, Zdena.

She begins to shake like a leaf before it drops from a tree after the first night of frost, and she shakes with laughter, uncontrollable. And the bald man repeats: on a ledge in the dark. Then he picks up her nearest hand to stroke it, whilst the bus hurtles on. At last Zdena is calm. Silently, the two of them sit there. She doesn't pull her hand away, and as a coach from Budapest overtakes them he reaches for her left hand, the one whose fingers often hurt her, and although he doesn't know this and will never know it, he gently clasps the fingers that hurt and comforts them, and she looks down at the man's hand with its hairs curling like "Q"s, and she sighs. Much later she whispers: Thank you. ♦

THE CRITICS

ON TELEVISION

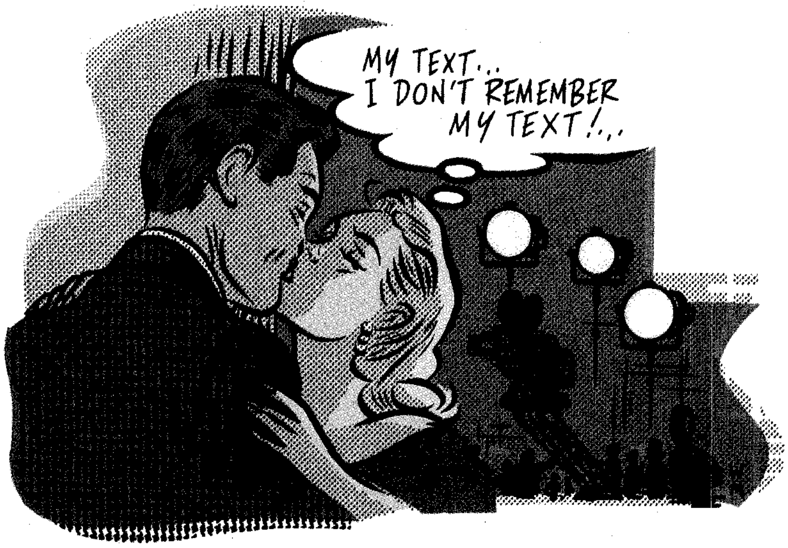
THE CLASH OF CHEEKBONES

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Like the Beach Boys, the television producer Aaron Spelling sells pieces of the California dream—postcards from paradise. He manufactures foam from the Fountain of Youth. The man responsible for "Charlie's Angels," "Dynasty," "The Love Boat," "Fantasy Island," and "Nightingales" (a bold look at nurses running around in their lingerie), Spelling has no interest in raw, street-level reality. His is a helicopter view of a perfect Southern Cal afternoon, a smog-free vista of sand, supple flesh, and polished chrome—a time-capsule version of Los Angeles untouched by race riots and drive-by shootings. It's a throwback world, where every bod on the beach looks like a member of the master race. His two hit shows on Fox—"Beverly Hills, 90210" and its spinoff, "Melrose Place"—are whiter than white, as if they had been sprayed with peroxide. "Beverly Hills, 90210" began as a teen-crisis series (its characters have since gone on to college), complete with a local hangout that might have come out of "Archie" comics. Racier and more mature, "Melrose Place" gives its characters pretend jobs that consist mostly of making dramatic phone calls. (In the old days, an actor could slam down the receiver at the end of such a dramatic phone call. Now he or she has to jam in the antenna with the palm of the hand. With every technological advance, a precious drop of humanity is lost.) Neither show has a major character of color in the cast. Now "Melrose Place" has its own spinoff, "Models Inc." (Wednesdays on Fox), and it, too, has been whittled from a giant bar of Ivory soap.

Like "Melrose Place," "Models Inc." is set in a battle zone of beautiful phonies, where every air kiss may augur a stab in the back. This isn't the first time TV has based a prime-time soap on the model biz. ABC's "Paper Dolls" was a shiny effort that failed after only a few months in 1984 despite the pubescent appeal of Nicollette Sheridan and Terry Farrell and the sharpened fingernails of Lauren Hutton, Mimi Rogers, Morgan Fairchild, and Brenda Vaccaro. It was said at the time that the reason "Paper Dolls" didn't draw ratings was that viewers, particularly female viewers, couldn't sympathize with teen-age thoroughbreds whose figures carry a cash value of privilege. They lucked out in the genetic lottery, and we're supposed to care about their problems? What problems? A boo-boo on the nose? "Models Inc." tries to play down the pampered state of its stable by emulating "Melrose Place" and playing up the naked rivalry among women—the clash of cheekbones. What makes "Melrose Place" campy and amusing is its role reversal of corporate intrigue. Gone are the men in the blue pin-striped suits fighting for the biggest desk. On "Melrose Place," it's the women who circle one another in the carpeted arena, competing for position, status, money, power, and better décor. The show's sparkplug is Heather Locklear, a perky "bad girl," who marches into her office like a drum majorette. Almost all the boy toys these women bed are simply sex pawns in their power plays. They're the bimbos.

The boss lady on "Models Inc." is Linda Gray, best known for pursing her caterpillar lips at the perfidy of J.R. on "Dallas." Her character is named Hillary, an obvious nod to the First Lady, but Gray shows none of her namesake's mental armory—the capacity to freeze ill-chosen comments in midair with a single stare. She acts as if she were the show's hostess instead of a matriarchal tycoon empowered to place dramatic phone calls. Whether


MY TEXT...
I DON'T REMEMBER
MY TEXT!...

she's making love eyes at a detective or playing mommy to her models, her smile has never seemed more forced. The young women in her agency aren't the prize set of bones one expects from a Spelling production. Considering how many A.M.W.s (actress/model/whatever) are zipping around Hollywood with their "books," you'd think "Models Inc." could assemble more impressive pairs of high nostrils. Most of the A.M.W.s on this show look too short to traipse down the runway.

As the show's authorized slut and Heather Locklear-character clone, Julie (Kylie Travis) sashays down the hall swinging her bottom as if trying to bounce it off both walls. If that butt could talk, it could teach us much, but instead Julie relies on oral communication, raising both eyebrows to put quotation marks around each smirky insinuation. She tries to be a corrupting influence on junior model Sarah (Cassidy Rae), an innocent doll with a smooth, smooth forehead. But the stress of being the new kid in town is already making Sarah crack. Before a catalogue shoot, Hillary's son David (Brian Gaskill) tells her that her career is going great. She can't believe her little teacup ears. "My old boyfriend follows me out from Iowa and tries to beat me up, and you think it's great? Some motorcycle salesman tries to rip my clothes off. People are getting murdered. Arms are falling out of coffins. My roommate hates my guts for no reason, no reason. And you think it's great?" David tries to reassure her, but he has something stuck in his dimple. Mere set decorations, the men on this show are even more simpering than those on "Melrose Place."

A Spelling soap often makes several false starts before it finds its flamboyant snap. "Dynasty" didn't click until Joan Collins unpacked her wig boxes for Season Two. But this new show's malaise goes deeper than its nitwit writing/staging/acting. Even for a schlock merchant like Spelling, it's becoming more of a challenge to depict Southern California as a dream package. With its lack of racial mix and its sense of isolation (some of the models share a beach house so private it seems protected by a force field), "Models Inc." betrays a fortress mentality, a fear of L.A. as the next Rio de Janeiro—a sprawl of luxury compounds surrounded by free-floating mayhem. It's not an irrational fear, and Spelling is no doubt wise to let grittier producers tackle such material. But "Models Inc." is so bottled up it can't breathe. It's an exclusive sorority that needs to open up its membership.

MTV's deadly-hip documentary series "The Real World" (Thursdays) could never be accused of practicing apartheid and presenting a solid pale front. Its ensemble cast of nonactors is as carefully chosen for ethnic/sexual diversity as the Clinton Cabinet. Each edition of "The Real World" is a social study of a group of seven MTV-generation strangers sharing a big house that has been rigged with lights, microphones, and cameras. Upscale yet funky, the house is like a lavish coed dorm. The new roommates—picked from a huge pool of hopefuls who send essays and videos to MTV, then undergo a battery of interviews—are volunteer lab rats in an experiment in communal living. The very heterogeneity of the people involved invites wariness, friction, tiny power grabs. (Refrigerator space is where the skirmishing often begins.) The initial feeling-out process soon gives way to questions of who will bond with whom, who will prove to be the biggest pain, who will find himself at odds with the burgeoning hierarchy. In last season's "Real World," set in a beach house in L.A., a young man whose tantrums made him a ticking bomb tried to tear the covers off the bed of a woman who was huddled under them in her underwear. He said he was just playing. She protested that he had crossed the line. Since both of them were black, the parallels to Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill provided an uncomfortable subtext. Only this time the brother had to pay the price. He was voted out of the house and forced to leave the show in disgrace, like Chuck Connors exiled from the fort in "Branded."

Fake as "The Real World" looks, with its askew camera angles, fidgety zoom-ins, and intermittent postmortem interviews (where the housemates analyze one another's motives and some try to justify their own bonehead behavior), it thrives on these anxious moments of nerves being struck. Its jagged edges justify its voyeurism. Over time, the residents of "The Real World" divest themselves of their labels (gay, straight, jock, punk), to reveal the quirks,

SEDUCTIVE CINEMA
THE ART OF THE SILENT FILM
BY JAMES CARD

Drawing on his close association with Gloria Swanson, Louise Brooks, Joan Crawford, and Joseph von Sternberg, and his profound knowledge of the work of Cecil B. DeMille and King Vidor, James Card writes freshly, authentically, fascinatingly about the art they and their contemporaries created.

HAILED BY THE NEW YORK TIMES:
"A film historian who for nearly 30 years was the director of the film department at the George Eastman House of Photography in Rochester... James Card remains in thrall [to] the entire medium of silent film... *Seductive Cinema* is his tale of a medium and a passion. By the end you too will be a willing captive." —Margo Jefferson

With 167 photos Knopf

CHIVERS
AUDIO BOOKS
UNABRIDGED RENTALS
You've Tried the Rest –
Now Try
the BEST!
Best Authors
Best Readers
Best Recordings
CALL FOR
$5
INTRODUCTORY
OFFER!
(800) 704-2005
PO Box 1450, Hampton, NH 03843-1450

Picasso
HERITAGE LTD
3003 E. 3rd Ave., Suite 101, Denver,CO 80206
Estate Lithographs now available for 40% less than appraisals!
"Experience the pleasure and status of owning a remarkably affordable Picasso!"
The 90's is a buyer's market in fine art providing opportunities that may never be present again!
Call now 800-213-2626
Richly illustrated book - an invaluable introduction to the magic of Picasso. Special offer - $12.

Back Relief & Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position... as used by NASA astronauts.

Scandinavian styling and elegant wood finishes, with leather or fabric.

FREE color catalog features 36 of our doctor-recommended products!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NYDR, Holliston, MA 01746

THE TIDES INN
Irvington, Virginia
America's Elegant Resort by The Bay
1-800-TIDES INN

SUNFLOWER BLOSSOM PIN

A cheerful sunflower to adorn your lapel. Crafted in sterling silver and designed by Chip deMatteo. 1.5 inches $32 PPd. Catalog $2

Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
(800) 545-4556

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

If you teach, *The New Yorker* has an Education Program that might interest you. Please call Elaine Berman for information at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

FREE CATALOGUE

MINNETONKA MOCCASINS

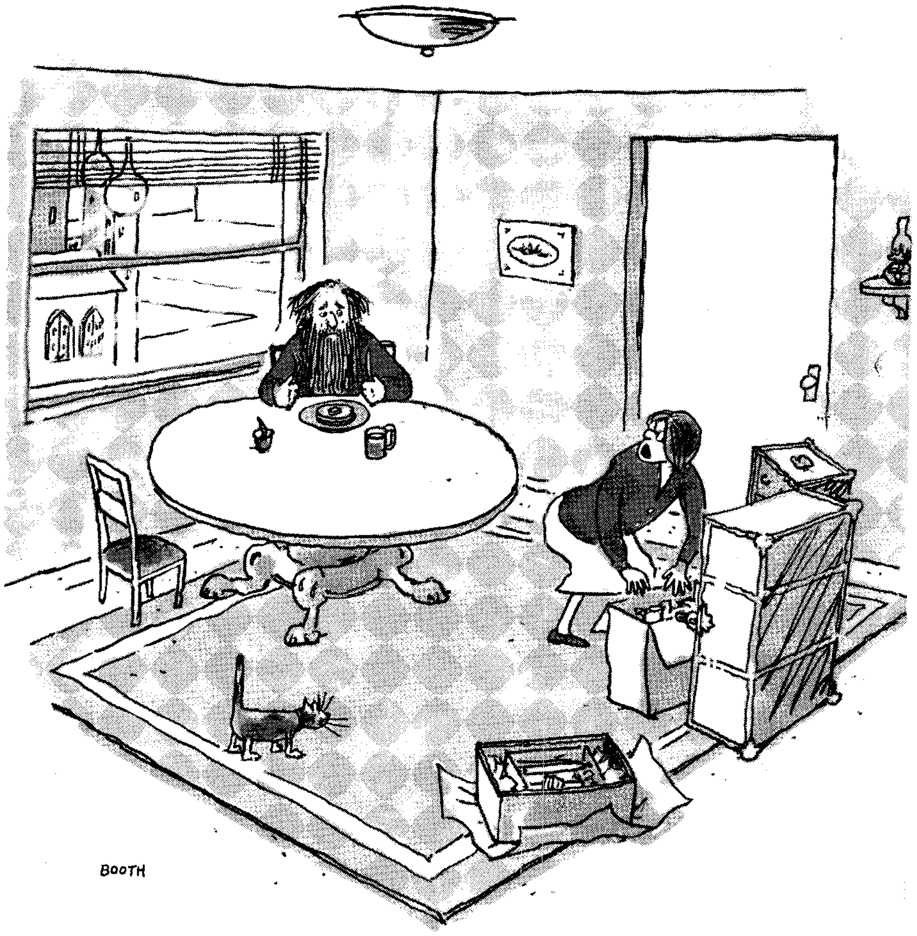
CALL 1-800-603-0003
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.

WORLD TRADERS
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6
Brewer, ME 04412

BOOKS ON CASSETTE

- Buy or Rent
- Abridged and Unabridged
- Latest Releases
- Low Prices

AUDIO-DEPOT™
800-745-4830 Sounds Like A Good Book™



"Did you pack the Vermont maple syrup?"

• •

imperfections, and other facets so conspicuous in their absence from the vanilla cupcakes on Spelling's shows. Whenever I channel-surf and happen upon an episode, I find myself hooked, watching to the end even if I've seen it before. It's visual gossip that manages to be interesting, even in the retelling.

The social habitat of the third "Real World" is a large house in San Francisco. Its rainbow coalition includes Pedro, a Cuban-American who is H.I.V.-positive; Rachel, a female Dan Quayle; Mohammed, a reggae poet with dreadlocks; Pam, an Asian-American med student; and Puck, a bicycle messenger who seems to have been put together from back issues of *Details*. So far, Puck has emerged as the mega nega-force in the group. He seldom bathes, he shoots what I believe are called "snot rockets" from his nose, then eats with his fingers; he even abominates his housemates' enthusiasm for "Beverly Hills, 90210"—"It's a big giant nut-filled turd," he says, which does seem a trifle extreme. A self-proclaimed rebel who races in soapbox derbies ("It's what I'm about"), Puck draws every discussion back to himself, drowns out anyone who disagrees with him, and pouts. One of the best moments in this new series occurs when Rachel attends a soapbox night at a local club with Puck and reports, "I like grungy guys, but a lot of these guys smell as bad if not worse than Puck—than my date. They smell worse than my date!" Odorizing the house, polarizing his roommates, Puck (who has his poignant moments) supplies the obnoxiousness quotient needed by the show to keep it from becoming an extended sleepover. We know Puck will be ousted, but when? What will be the last straw?

"The Real World" succeeds where so many Generation X films ("Reality Bites," "Bodies, Rest & Motion") have flopped because it isn't so affectless that it shuns the basic narrative suspense of what-happens-next. It doesn't rely on a hit soundtrack to supply its missing emotion. The John Cassavetes closeups catch the moment when a face ignites with feeling. ♦

SMART DUCK!

High. Wide. Handsome. And zipper-topped for security. The only bag you'll need for everything from schlepping to picnicking in the park. Navy-trimmed heavy duty canvas, double layered on the bottom and triple stitched. Approximately 15" by 11" by 6". With extra long handles.

To order *The New Yorker Tote Bag*, call toll-free:

1-800-336-5510

or, send check or money order for $32.00* plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 672121,
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

Please send me _____ bags at $32.00*
plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State .... *Zip* ....

**Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery ©1993 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

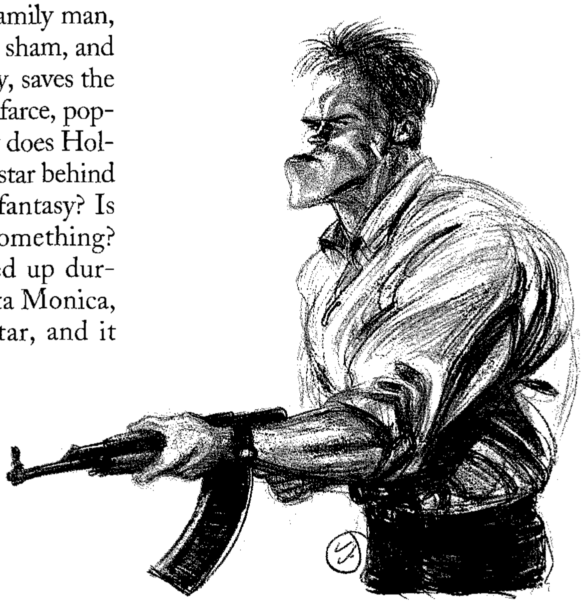
THE CURRENT CINEMA

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

BY ANTHONY LANE

DOES Arnold Schwarzenegger exist? It's a question that is starting to prey on the minds of moviegoers, if we have minds anymore. There was always the possibility, raised by the "Terminator" films, that he was merely on loan to us from the future, but the symptoms are getting worse. In "Last Action Hero," he struggled gamely against accusations that he was no more than a fictional construct. And now, in "True Lies," he plays a man called Harry Tasker, who isn't much of an improvement. Harry's outward life (family man, sells computers) is a complete sham, and his secret life (government spy, saves the world) is a kind of pubescent farce, popping with joke violence. Why does Hollywood keep hiding its No. 1 star behind these shields of deceit and fantasy? Is someone trying to tell us something? Maybe Arnold was dreamed up during a poolside lunch in Santa Monica, as a spoof of the perfect star, and it worked out all too well: the creature's career went nuclear, and now everyone is scared to speak the truth, so writers content themselves with slipping little hints into their scripts. There's no way of knowing for sure. When Dr. Johnson was asked about the philosophical doctrine that matter does not exist, he angrily kicked a stone and said, "I refute it *thus.*" I was thinking of flying to Los Angeles and testing this out on the man himself, but something held me back. I mean, what would happen if I went up to Arnold Schwarzenegger on the street, said, "I refute you *thus,*" and kicked him, and he turned out to be real after all?

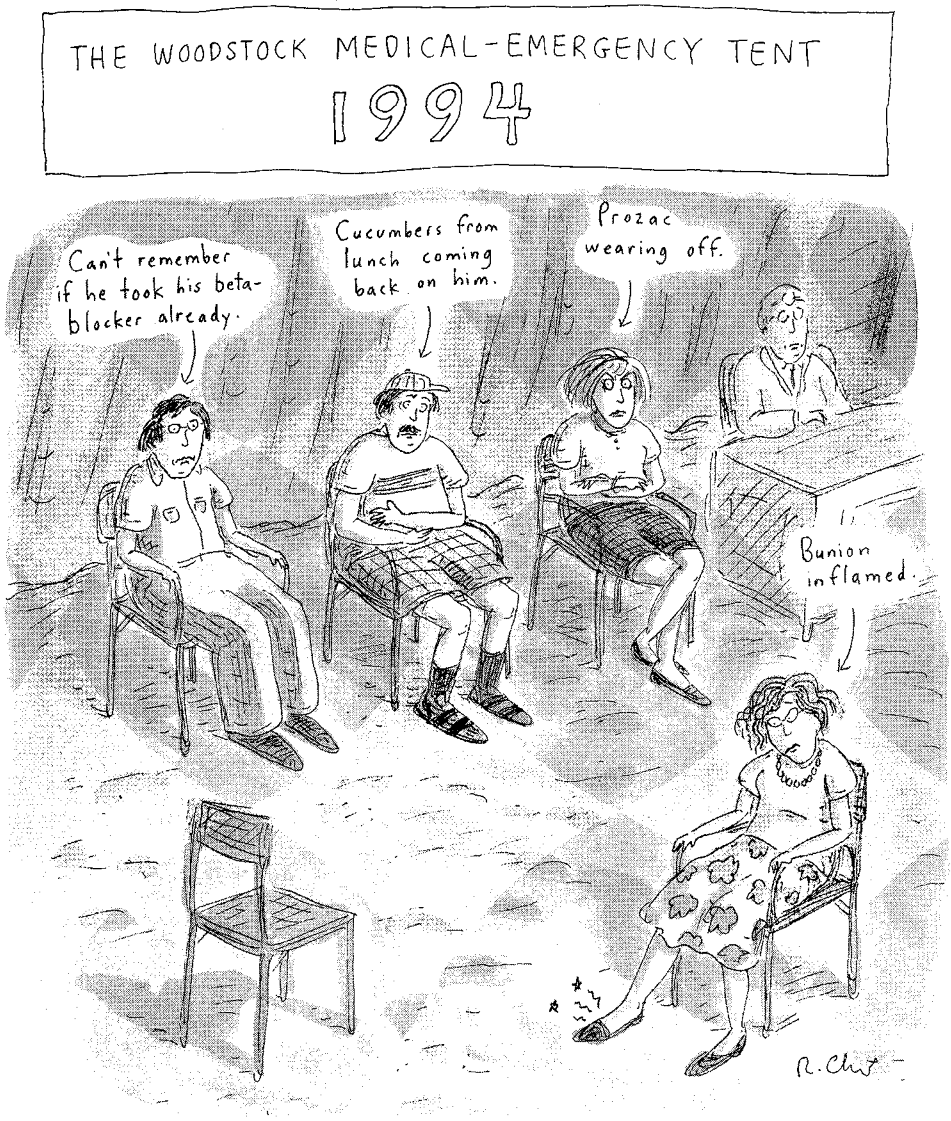
"True Lies" is certainly the oddest film of the season, severely touched by summer madness; both Schwarzenegger and James Cameron, who wrote and directed the picture, appear to be engaged in a desperate quest to further their ambitions, to work out what kind of artists—or, at least, operators—they would like to be. Even the basics have changed. In their previous collaborations, on the "Terminator" movies, they brought the art of the action sequence to an unprecedented pitch of doomy, iron-pumping darkness; now we are spun through a lighthearted game where nothing is at stake. The plot involves a terrorist attempt to blackmail the world with stolen warheads, but that's just an excuse for deliberately dumb antics, the inflicting of harmless harm. Art Malik plays a villain named Aziz, "a real psycho," whose main task is not so much to frighten us as to bug his eyes with wonder at the resourcefulness of his muscular opponent. Over the seventeen years of his covert career, Harry has killed many people, "but they were all bad," so that's O.K. He can ride a horse, pilot a Harrier, and speak six languages—an unlikely accomplishment, surely, given that Arnie's English still sounds like one of those car computers that tell you to fasten your seat belt. And here's the clincher: in the opening scene, he peels off a frogman's outfit to reveal a tuxedo, and thus, for the first time in his career, submits to an obvious role model. Arnold Schwarzenegger wants to be James Bond.



Arnold Schwarzenegger: Not really a champagne-and-banter man.

VICTOR JUHASZ

This is depressing news. For one


THE WOODSTOCK MEDICAL-EMERGENCY TENT
1994
Can't remember if he took his beta-blocker already.
Cucumbers from lunch coming back on him.
Prozac wearing off.
Bunion inflamed.

thing, Bond is history, sidelined by the end of the Cold War. But, more important, Schwarzenegger is not really a champagne-and-banter man, and Cameron was far more at ease with a spaceship full of alien life-forms than he is with a room full of people in evening dress. The lighting in that first scene is a nasty, grainy affair, anything but sophisticated, and the cheapness doesn't fade. "True Lies" is reputedly one of the costliest films ever produced, topping the hundred-million-dollar mark, and you can see where the money went (the production designer, Peter Lamont, also designed five Bond movies); but in the last half hour, during an exploding-bridge routine down on the Florida Keys, some of the shots jump at you with a glaring, plastic look. And who would have thought you could spot the back-projection in a James Cameron movie? When the thrills come, of course, they blow the audience away; but it's surprising how quickly you find your feet again. This is candy cinema, the sort that melts in the mind. Only once does an image escape the cartoon furor and remind you of Cameron's ability to conjure apocalyptic beauty. Harry dives off a dock with a fireball bursting behind; cut to an underwater shot, angled up at him as he starts to swim, while above him a hot, silent wave of orange billows over the surface. It could be the Devil himself on Harry's tail.

But derring-do accounts for only half the story; and if you think that part sounds like nonsense, you should check out the other half. Harry's wife, Helen (Jamie Lee Curtis), who has no inkling of his true career, is getting tired of his late nights at the office, and embarks on a liaison with a used-car salesman named Simon (Bill Paxton). Simon is an open-shirted smoothie who likes to woo women with fast rides: "The 'vette gets 'em wet," as he so delicately puts it. And if that doesn't work he pretends to be a secret agent—to do the kinds of things that Harry does. At this point, I thought I sniffed a delicious twist: Simon really *would* turn out to be a spy, thus wrapping everyone in a double bluff—he would be one of Aziz's henchmen, planted to reach Harry through Helen. In the event, something more unnerving happens: Harry discovers Helen's secret, sets a trap for her, interrogates her as if she were a terrorist suspect, and ends up lounging in the shadows of a hotel room, watching his wife boogie around in black underwear. She doesn't know that it's Harry sitting there, that he's planning to earn her affection and rev up his own lust into the bargain, and that the entire midsection of this movie is an hour-long session of marital therapy, possibly the most expensive in the history of counselling. Weirder and weirder.

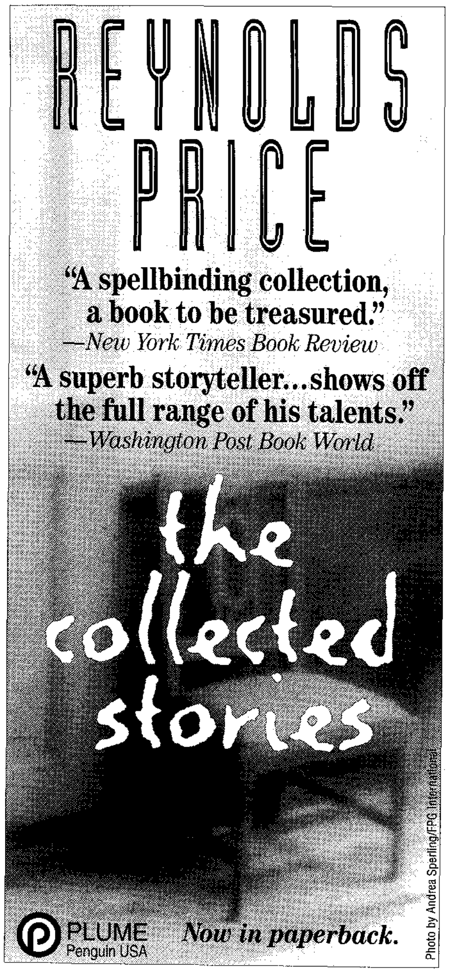
Let's think about this. "True Lies" is a major Hollywood production. This means that Cameron's script must have been through the mill a few times. At every stage, from budgeting to storyboards to rushes and test previews, there were people picking over the entrails, looking for omens. Did nobody point out that something was, you know, amiss here? Did nobody put up a hand and say, "Uh, Jim, I love the stuff with the missiles, but I don't quite see how it fits in with the dancing dame"? After all, it had happened once before, in "The Abyss," when Cameron stopped the plot to let a married couple thrash out their emotional differences at the bottom of the sea—differences that could have been settled more easily by the advent of a giant squid. Well, now we have the same dramatic hiatus, only ten times as big. It could be that Cameron is still wrestling with private demons and could not be restrained, or that Schwarzenegger thought he should have a crack at some scenes involving what he would cal *feelinks*. Either way, it's unfair to Jamie Lee Curtis, who has to bend down and have a camera leer through the steeple of her spread legs. When it comes to sexual nicety, the whole movie is right up there with Simon and his used cars. How the line "Women—can't live with 'em, can't kill 'em" made it through to the final cut I'll never know.

"True Lies" should do fine; people will go and see it for the sprightly mayhem at the beginning and end. But it's hard not to be unsettled by the misogynistic mess sandwiched in the middle; those who mistrust action movies, and claim to see a hidden agenda in their parading of machismo, will feel thoroughly vindicated. I wouldn't have blamed Jamie Lee Curtis if she had simply given up and decided to sleepwalk through the movie; to her credit, she does something smarter—she plays it for laughs. She knows the trouble with Harry, you feel, and it's always going to make her smile. The film belongs to her and to Tom Arnold, who enjoys by far his best role to date, playing Harry's tubby and cynical sidekick. Needing to cheer up his dejected friend, he suggests a course of action: "We're gonna catch some terrorists, we're gonna beat the crap out of them, and we're gonna feel a whole lot better." If only "True Lies" could have kept it that simple.

ROBERT ZEMECKIS, the man who directed the "Back to the Future" trilogy, has now come up with "Forrest Gump," a goofy, indolent wander through the past. The title is the name of the hero, a simple soul who sits at a bus stop and takes various kindly interlocutors through the story of his life: from the pastoral peace of his childhood in Greenbow, Alabama, to the great days of college football and the rainy nights in Vietnam. Gump, it becomes clear, is not just an idiot savant but an idiot triumphant—the extraordinary Joe who was everywhere, sprinkling American virtues into every rut of history.

This movie is so insistently heartwarming that it chilled me to the marrow. There are no moral crosswinds here, not a breath of doubt or unease to ruffle the Gump image. Woody Allen's "Zelig" was a narrow conceit, but Allen at least had the decency to make his hero resolutely unheroic, somewhere between a cipher and a creep; the only way to survive the century, he suggested, was to be the man without qualities. Forrest Gump, on the other hand, is pumped so full of qualities that he is able to deflect the march of time; his neighborly phone call sets off the Watergate inquiry, his prowess at Ping-Pong cements Sino-American relations, his appearance on "Dick Cavett" prompts another guest, John Lennon, to invent the lyrics of "Imagine" right there on the show. The patching of Gump into these visual backgrounds is snappy and seamless, and it's a pity that no one paid equal attention to the sound; new voice-overs simply dub Kennedy, or Lennon, with the required words, whether they match the lip movements or not. This nonchalance gives the game away; Zemeckis is happy to stack up the sight gags, but the small matter of their dramatic purpose seems no more than an afterthought. When Gump inadvertently supplies the slogan "Shit Happens" to a guy who dreams up bumper stickers, the audience thrills and giggles with recognition, but the joke comes out of nowhere and leaves no trace, apart from a faint stink of self-congratulation.

Gump is played by Tom Hanks, and the movie is a bit hard on him, because it's too easy. With his puppet-jerk motions and slow, yodelling Alabama vowels, Gump is the kind of technical exercise that Hanks thrives on, but it doesn't take him anywhere—it doesn't send him. Innocence comes naturally to Hanks, loosening him up with the prospect of fun; the Gump variety, however, feels more like a straitjacket, replacing his usual gummy grin with a stiff flicker of a smile. I can imagine the movie's being devised by people who kept hearing that Hanks was the Jimmy Stewart of his generation and thought they'd better do something about it. And so they clothed him in decency, stitching a character together from offcuts of George Bailey and Mr. Smith and Elwood P. Dowd, carefully ignoring all the perplexity in Stewart and all the mania in Hanks. In their different ways, both actors have proved their mettle by resisting the onslaught of sentimentality even when it threatened them from all sides. "Forrest Gump" is just such a test; at once mazy and tight-assed, it foists upon us the myth that we can know better, and do better, by being dumb. Tom Hanks is too smart to swallow that. ♦



REYNOLDS PRICE

"A spellbinding collection, a book to be treasured."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"A superb storyteller...shows off the full range of his talents."
—*Washington Post Book World*

the collected stories

PLUME
Penguin USA

Now in paperback.

Photo by Andrea Sperling/FPG International

MENS 100% COTTON PINPOINTS $25.00
First-Time, Introductory Price ...
All Made in the United States
FREE BROCHURE
1-800-367-7158
Treadwell Shirt Co., 231 Hancock Street, Madison, Georgia 30650

CRUISE THE COAST OF MAINE!
Cruise comfortably aboard the 83-ft. mini cruise vessel PAULINE (12 passengers).
Or sail into an adventure aboard the distinguished Maine windjammer Schooner STEPHEN TABER (22 passengers).
3- & 6-day cruises
Brochures : 1-800-999-7352
Windjammer Wharf, P.O.Box 1050, Rockland, ME 04841

JENNY LAKE LODGE
Visit Grand Teton National Park, and in addition to mountain views and meals from our award-winning dining room, you'll enjoy the superb service of a Mobile Four-Star lodge. Space available Sept.16-Oct.5. Call 307-733-4647 for reservations.
A CSX RESORT

For Literate Gardeners
ALLEN LACY'S HOMEGROUND is a highly-acclaimed, award-winning quarterly newsletter on gardening by former gardening columnist of The Wall Street Journal and The NY Times. $38.00 1 year, $70 2 years. Dept.N, PO Box 271, Linwood, NJ 08221. Sample back issue $11.00.

Blenheim Ginger Ale
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY..
SINCE 1903

Now you can order our famous Ginger Ale prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
SPECIFY #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT or #9 DIET
(or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES!
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
JOHN GRISHAM THE CHAMBER
- **Best Sellers on Cassette**
- **Full-length Readings**
- **Call for Free Brochure**

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

NUMBER SIXTEEN
Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.
16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: +011 44 (71) 589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: +011 44 (71) 584 8615

SPIN by Donald Everett Axinn
From a noted poet, the story of a young man's loss and self-discovery. **"A compelling novel of undeniable energy and lyric force."**—Oscar Hijuelos
Now in paperback, $11.00 **Arcade Publishing**

BOOKS

CARNAL DISCOVERY

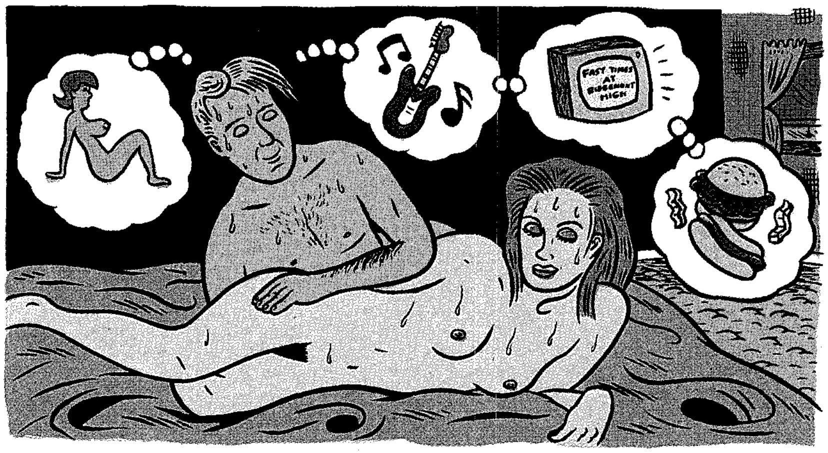
BY HAL ESPEN

Three Squirt Dog
by Rick Ridgway
(St. Martin's; $12.95)

THE world of cheap pleasure celebrated in rock and roll has almost never been successfully imparted in fiction. Rock is more interested in documenting eruptions of the she-blew-my-nose-and-then-she-blew-my-mind variety than in limning truths universally acknowledged or in trying to tell one unhappy family from another. The songs, of course, can be about anything at all, but the heartbeat of the music is a soundtrack for the coming-of-age of sexual desire, and "Three Squirt Dog" plays it loud.

Bud Carew, the blissed-out hero of Rick Ridgway's first novel, describes himself as "twenty-one, a college graduate with a buttwipe B.A. in English, no solid employment prospects." It's the summer of 1983. MTV has just arrived, AIDS is just around the corner, and this proto-Gen X slacker is back in his old neighborhood in suburban Cleveland. His father died a few years earlier, and his mother, still a little whacked out with grief, lives on a religious commune in Oregon. Bud and his fifteen-year-old brother, Omar—a gloriously foul-mouthed specimen of American boyhood—live with their bachelor uncle, Dewey, who is "strictly a non-disciplinarian." Bud works ten hours a week as a clerk at Dewey's used-record store. (The novel's canny musical references add up to a portrait of great early-eighties alternative-band taste.) Otherwise, most of his time is devoted to marathon screwing with his girlfriend Jane.

There's nothing angst-ridden or doomed about Bud and Jane. They're in love, and their sex is one big playful exuberant wallow. It's explicit, but non-pornographic, and innocent without being cloying. Bud's narration captures a suburban-hipster idiom that has usually been a vehicle for obliquely revealing the secret emptiness of it all, but Ridgway deploys it for the sake of an expansive comic frankness. There's no cutting away when the two lovers start exchanging bodily fluids:


FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

> When I rose up and prepared to mount Jane,
> I had a strand of syrup hanging from my dick to
> my kneecap. My dick was the color of rhubarb.
> Jane was shuddering, her nipples hard, her
> face flushed with color. She opened her eyes.
> "You gooey devil, you got a trapeze swinging
> from your thingamabob."
> "That's no thingamabob, that's a dick.
> Let me show you."

It may not be "Endless Love," but i
sure is love. "Life is messy," Bud declare
at one point, in the heat of passion. "Sub-
mit to it." And so the book does. It begin
on the night of Bud's twenty-first birth-
day, which he celebrates by going to
flea-pit theatre to see "The Road Warrior
with his oldest buddies, a pair of haples
losers named Zak and Tony. They g
drinking and driving afterward, and th
ritual debauch climaxes with copiou

vomiting. Later passages delve, with unblinking directness, into every other kind of excretion, including tears. (Bud tends to weep with happiness during intercourse.) After watching "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" on cable, Bud says, "Dewey and I agreed that the poor schnook jerkng off . . . was the most realistic depiction of teenage sex ever put on film." The bad-taste level reaches its zenith during a blow-by-blow account of Omar's performance in a Fourth of July farting contest that offers the most sustained inventory of puerile offensiveness since the disgusting-food recitation in "Gravity's Rainbow." The judge of the competition, a local roglodyte named Simpkins, delivers a tirring patriotic address to the spectators:

> Farting is one of the cornerstones of our heritage. This is a bean-eating society. The pioneers probably cut millions of bean-and-ornbread farts on those cold prairie nights. . . . Some call it vulgar. Hell yes it's ulgar. We're a vulgar country. Let the silk-heeters go to France. Be gone!

t's a dimwit's rendition of the mystic hords of memory, but anyone who grew up in the rude burbs will recognize the naive strain of folklore that revels in the razen stink of life.

"Three Squirt Dog" has no plot to peak of. Jane goes to Cape Cod with her amily for five weeks, and Bud has to cope with the ache of sexual deprivation. In the ourse of the summer, their affair goes hrough a minimal evolution from wanon isolationism to an inkling of social acommodation; i.e., in the end, Bud says he may get a real job and stop avoiding Jane's arents. But the novel is not about probems and resolutions. It doesn't try to be more than a smart, affectionate depiction f the ephemeral sweetness of carnal disovery. It commemorates that interval when young adults who are still living at ome steal whatever fugitive time they an get in borrowed bedrooms, and it porays the way that recent exiles from childood experience the regressive joy of sex:

> No talk for a long time. We were like win babies, happily moist, dawdling and ooing in a playpen. . . . Kissing and strokg and communicating in our fluent non-erbal post-fuck murmurs.

Ridgway does his readers a favor by not aking his characters snap out of their daze; e honors first love by not asking it to face e future or become sadder but wiser. He aves Bud and Jane "warm and safe and ted," untouched by the worries and sorws that life is waiting to give them. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Birthday Boys

by Beryl Bainbridge
(Carroll & Graf; $18.95)

If you didn't know it already, this novel's first page—a haunting and horrifying map peopled by stick figures of dying men—tells you that the Scott expedition to the South Pole, undertaken in 1910, was a disastrous failure. Each of the five explorers who came closest to surviving tells his own story here, naïvely charting the inner forces that joined with the outer to destroy him. Gentlemen where they should have been experts, Scott and his crew make error after error in the spirit of resolute bravery and good comradeship. For some, this pays off: a ten-day trek to capture the eggs of a rare penguin turns into a month of frozen hell, but, Lieutenant Birdie Bowers reports, he and his fellow-sufferers discovered brotherly love. Bowers' suicidal high-mindedness underscores the tension between grandness and lunacy in this enterprise guided—and doomed—by dogmas of class and deportment. Never, he says, did his companions overlook "those please-and-thank-yous which can mean so much when everything else has gone by the board." Bainbridge's historical knowledge is admirable, and her ventriloquism is perfect.

Louisiana Power & Light

by John Dufresne
(Norton; $22)

IMPROBABLE tales tripping over one another give comic momentum to this novel of the Fontanas, the most gossiped-about family in Ouachita Parish. At its center is Billy Wayne, "the last Fontana," haunted by the sins and misfortunes that have plagued his ancestors. His Great-Uncle Mendel took first prize in the 1925 Miss Monroe Beauty Pageant and Bathing Girl Review, and Uncle Ott, attempting to kill off every weevil in the Delta, killed himself instead, crashing a crop duster into a storage tank and pouring twenty thousand gallons of cottonseed oil down Trenton Street. Billy Wayne has been trained for the priesthood, but, in the first of a series of well-intentioned infidelities, he abandons his vocation for the purifying love of Earlene deBastrop, who means to help him perpetuate the Fontana name. The value of preserving the Fontana gene pool is, however, a matter for debate. Billy Wayne's story assumes the immediacy of revelation as the self-destruction running through the Fontana past, which at first seemed so whimsical, becomes his own inescapable reality. Along with bits of morbid family history and breezy philosophizing, there are passages of unlikely beauty, as when Billy Wayne watches a man cut open a carp, "and all that terrible, damp business slid out, the intestines, stomach, gall bladder, the yellowy velvet belt of eggs, all of it spilled to the sunlight."

The Three-Inch Golden Lotus

by Feng Jicai; translated from the Chinese by David Wakefield
(Hawaii; $28 cloth, $12.95 paper)

THE factual underpinning of this enjoyably disconcerting satire, identified on its cover as "a novel on foot binding," is what gives it a queasy edge. Foot-binding was practiced in China for more than a thousand years, and the stunted female foot was highly eroticized; if that were not the case, one might marvel at the nastiness of Feng Jicai's imagination. The heroine of the tale, Fragrant Lotus (as in the title, "lotus" is a euphemism for a bound foot), achieves success and power in the early decades of this century through her artfully created and artistically displayed deformity. The values of connoisseurship are deliciously lampooned in the scholarly conversations of the coterie of "lotus lovers"—bound-foot fetishists—who are responsible for her social ascent. Her story is presented with self-conscious, post-modern sophistication, and raises questions of universal relevance: about the sexual allure of the unnatural, about why mothers would maim their daughters to achieve it, and about the extremes that fashion—mental as well as physical—can take us to. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

HOW I MET MY WIFE

BY JACK WINTER

It had been a rough day, so when I walked into the party I was very chalant, despite my efforts to appear gruntled and consolate.

I was furling my wieldy umbrella for the coat check when I saw her standing alone in a corner. She was a descript person, a woman in a state of total array. Her hair was kempt, her clothing shevelled, and she moved in a gainly way.

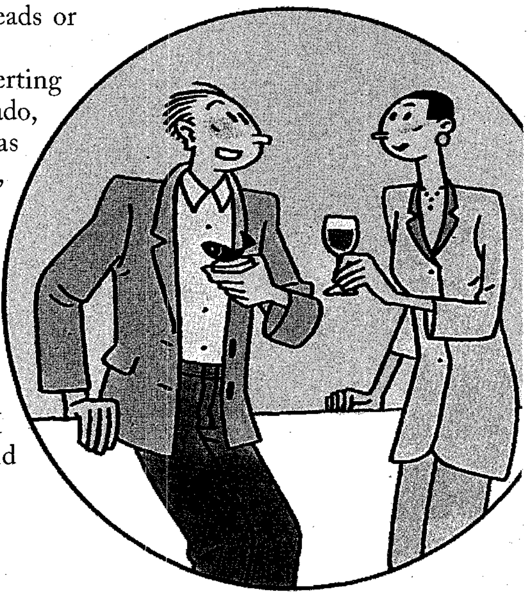
I wanted desperately to meet her, but I knew I'd have to make bones about it, since I was travelling cognito. Beknownst to me, the hostess, whom I could see both hide and hair of, was very proper, so it would be skin off my nose if anything bad happened. And even though I had only swerving loyalty to her, my manners couldn't be peccable. Only toward and heard-of behavior would do.

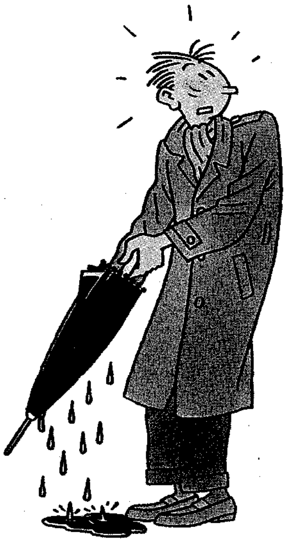
Fortunately, the embarrassment that my maculate appearance might cause was evitable. There *were* two ways about it, but the chances that someone as flappable as I would be ept enough to become persona grata or a sung hero were slim. I was, after all, something to sneeze at, someone you could easily hold a candle to, someone who usually aroused bridled passion.

So I decided not to risk it. But then, all at once, for some apparent reason, she looked in my direction and smiled in a way that I could make heads or tails of.

I was plussed. It was concerting to see that she was communicado, and it nerved me that she was interested in a pareil like me, sight seen. Normally, I had a domitable spirit, but, being corrigible, I felt capacitated—as if this were something I was great shakes at—and forgot that I had succeeded in situations like this only a told number of times. So, after a terminable delay, I acted with mitigated gall and made my way through the ruly crow with strong givings.

Nevertheless, since this was all nev hat to me and I had no time to prepar a promptu speech, I was petuous. Wanting to make only called-for remarks, started talking about the hors d'oeuvres trying to abuse her of the notion that was sipid, and perhaps even bunk a fe myths about myself.

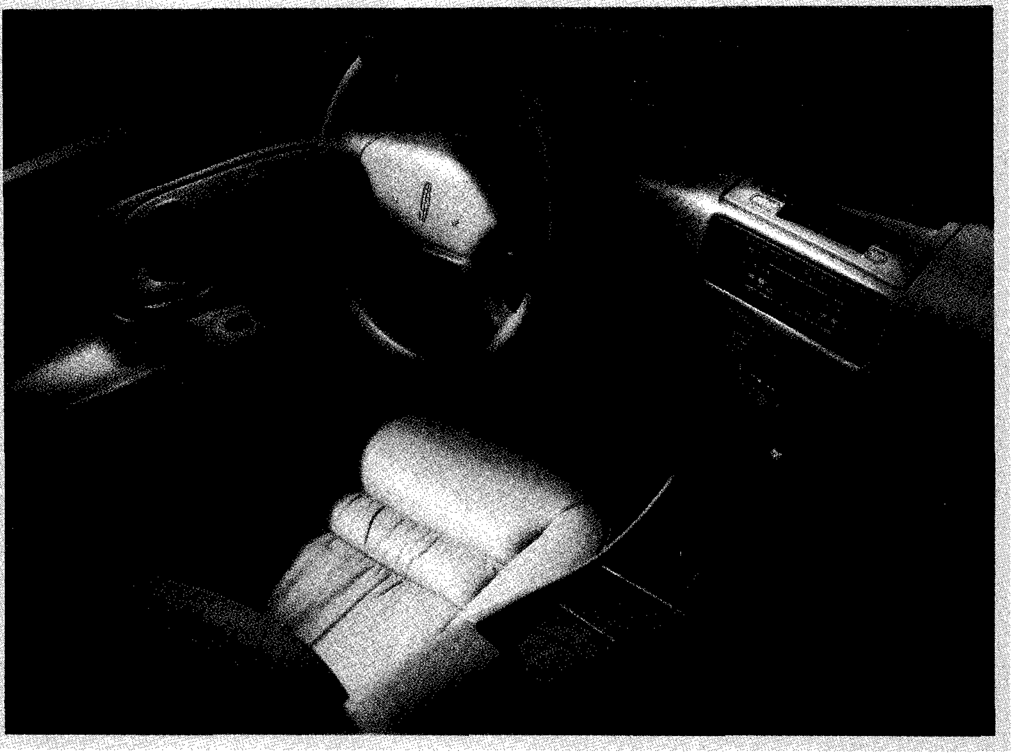




She responded well, and I was maye that she considered me a savory chara ter who was up to some good. S[illegible] tol me who she was. "What a perfe nomer," I said, advertently. The conve sation became more and more choat and we spoke at length to much ava But I was defatigable, so I had to lea at a godly hour. I asked if she want to come with me. To my delight, sl was committal. We left the party t gether and have been together ev since. I have given her my love, and sl has requited it. ♦

Lincoln Mark VIII

In Your Mark. Get Set. Go.



When you're in your Mark, you know you're in for more than just your standard driving experience.

Inside Mark VIII's ergonomically designed cockpit, you'll notice something not available on any other luxury sport coupe: Autoglide front seats that move forward to make room for easy entry and exit when the seatbacks are tipped fully ahead. When returned to their normal upright position, the seats automatically glide back to their original location.

Now fasten your seat belt.

The 280-hp 32-valve engine will rocket you to wherever you need to go. There's also standard dual air bags* and ABS brakes, and an exclusive computer-managed suspension that automatically lowers the car at 55 mph for better handling and less wind resistance. And all Lincolns are backed by the Lincoln Commitment, a comprehensive ownership benefits program that includes 24-hour Roadside Service Assistance.

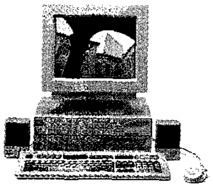
So get in your Mark. And get set for a truly unique driving experience. Attractive lease rates now make it even easier to get into Mark VIII. For more information call **1 800 255-5433.**

Exclusive dual Autoglide seating system.

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

NCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle up–together we can save lives. *Driver and front passenger Supplemental Restraint System. Always wear your safety belt.

If Christina McHale ever had a problem with her PS/1, our computer could talk to her computer and straighten things out right over the phone line. Hey, too bad we don't make VCRs.



The IBM PS/1.®
Now available to Christina McHale.
And everyone else.

IBM, HelpCenter and PS/1 are registered trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation. In Canada, call 1-800-465-7999. © 1994 IBM Corp.

For more information,
call our Personal Systems
HelpCenter at 1-800-IBM-3377.

IBM